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THE

MONTHLY

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AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXI.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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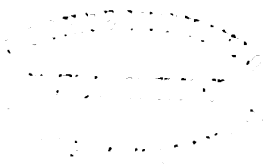

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INDEX TO VOL. XXI.

Amusements, 26.
Believing Doubt, 104.
Burns Festivals, 185.
"Charity and Truth," 410.
Commemorative Words: — William Hickling Prescott, 145.
Constant Dependence on God, 241.
Editorial Salutations, 1.
Egotheism, the Atheism of To-day, 165.
God, the Divine Man, 249.
Home Music, 234.
Jewish and Christian Ideals, 9.
Liberality or Indifference? 41.
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend, 89, 188, 242, 390.
Middle Life, 225.
Notices of Books, 64, 135, 281, 357, 425.
Obituaries, 121, 123, 195, 202, 342.
Pleading for Baal, 380.
Readings for the Sunday School, 338.
Reminiscence and Remains, 217.
Salvation by Charity, 289.
Secret Prayer, 175.
Some Reasons why Woman should have Part in Government, 179.
The Concessions of the Church to the World, 113.
The Divine Humanity, 52.
The Martyrdom of Saint Paul, 20.
The Missionary Spirit, 316.
The Mother of the Wesleys, 306.
The Previous Question, 257.
The Primitive and the Present Church, 298.
Thoughts concerning the Gospel according to John, 373.
Transfiguration of Calvinism, 73.
Unconscious Influence, 57.
Voices of the Night, 361.

SERMONS.

A Winter Sermon, 82.
Christ the Image of God, 327.
Death, 398.
Principles Practical, 236.
The Growth of the Soul, 4.
The Incarnate Word, 153.

POETRY.

A Prayer, 81.
Consolation, 370.
Guardian Angels, 388.
Health and Healing, 389.
Hymn to the Ascended, 406.
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," 120.
Nearer, 371.
On an Engraving from Correggio, 51.
The Altar of Sacrifice, 18.
The Babes in the Wood, 98, 216.
The Homes of our Fathers, 223.
The Little Cradle and the Little Grave, 80.

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The Rote of the Sea, 325.
The Two Baptisms, 38.
To a Geode, brought from the Banks of the Mississippi, 305.

RANDOM READINGS.

"A First-Class House, furnished with all the Modern Improvements," 274.
Another Hymn restored, — Hypothetically, 279.
Crying, 59.
David's Spiritual Locale, 351.
Defining one's Position, 271.
Dr. Coxe's Hymn, 280.
"Egotheism," 208.
Extract of Words, 419.
Falling Stars, 215.
Fine Writing, 63.
Great Sermons, 131.
God, the Divine Man, 347.
God's Anvil, — I hold still, 350.
How Gold may be kept bright, 356.
Hymn to the Redeemer, 214.
Little Willie waking up, 62.
Marriage Chimes, 129.
Matrimony, 127.
Men and Women, 205.
Mr. Gage's Sermon, 209.
Mysteries of Memory, 416.
Old and Young Grimes at Church, 420.
Response to the New York Christian Inquirer, 266.
Response to the Christian Register, 269.
Rev. Mr. Haley and Mr. Sickles, 421.
Song of a Family, 420.
The Anniversaries, 424.
The Child-Angel, 210.
The Morals of Trade, 423.
The Mother's Dream, 211, 280.
The Savoy Statuary, 419.
Whatever is, is Right, 351.
"What shall be done with our Charley?" 125.

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EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev FUS ELLIS.

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Several articles, which were sent the past year to the former Editor of the Magazine for publication, not having been used, the writers can receive them by sending to the subscriber,

LEONARD C. BOWLES,
117 WASHINGTON STREET.

CONTENTS.

	Page
EDITORIAL SALUTATIONS	1
THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL. A New-Year's Sermon for the Children of the Congregation. By Rev. Rufus Ellis	4
JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN IDEALS .	9
THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE . . .	18
THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PAUL, by Rev. E. H. Sears	20
AMUSEMENTS, by J. H. M. . . .	26
THE TWO BAPTISMS, by A. M. S.	38
LIBERALITY OR INDIFFERENCE? by Rev. Rufus Ellis	41
ON AN ENGRAVING FROM CORREGGIO, by S. G. B.	51
THE DIVINE HUMANITY, by Rev. E. H. Sears	52
UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE, by M. .	57
RANDOM READINGS, by Rev. E. H. Sears	59
EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — The Extent of the Atonement, in its Relation to God and the Universe; Testimony of Modern Science to the Unity of Mankind; The Power of Prayer illustrated in the Wonderful Displays of Divine Grace at the Fulton Street and other Meetings in New York and elsewhere; The Age of Chivalry; History of the Reign of Philip the Second; The New Priest; Arabian Days' Entertainments; The Persian Flower; The Ministry of Life; The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney; A Yacht Voyage, — Letters from High Latitudes; Christmas Hours; Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions	64

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXI. JANUARY, 1859. No. 1.

EDITORIAL SALUTATIONS.

In undertaking the editorial charge of the Monthly Religious Magazine, it becomes us, in a brief introduction to its readers, to declare our views and purposes. We are well aware, that to furnish a religious periodical for family reading which shall bear a message alike to old and young, to quicken, to cheer, to admonish, to help along in the pilgrimage of life and make the light of Heaven to shine more visibly upon it, is not a responsibility to be carelessly assumed. To do this is the object of the Magazine; and while its readers will miss the earnest words and eloquent persuasions of its late editor, — though we trust not entirely, and that his words will sometimes reach them still through its pages, — its present editors can only promise to keep it faithfully to its purpose, and devote whatever of time and ability is given them, that it may speak to the condition of its readers.

This Journal claims to be "Independent." That is to say, it takes its position outside of religious sects and parties, and aims to be the organ of the best Christian thought and sentiment which from any sect or party it can draw into its channels. On no other condition would we undertake to conduct it; for while we acknowledge the right and the use

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of denominational organizations, and are glad to work in them as we may, we yet see clearly, as we think, that the Church of the Future is not to arise through the conquest and enlargement of any single one of them, but through a new descent of the heavens into them all, drawing them nearer together and making them one in Christ alone. Whatever there is, therefore, in High Church or Low, in Old Church or New, in Orthodoxy or Unitarianism, which we think belongs rightfully to the truth of Christ, that we shall claim the privilege of giving to our readers, so far forth as we believe they can be aided by it in the work of regeneration and Christian living.

At the same time we wish to say, that we do not aim at any balancing of opinions, or striking a sort of average among opposing doctrines. We only mean to give ourselves and our contributors a perfectly free utterance, not expecting entire uniformity of theological statement, but claiming to utter ourselves with the sharpest individuality, yet tempered with the feelings of a heartfelt Christian kindness. It is not the design of this Journal to furnish theological articles *as such*, but, in applying Christianity to life and to the development of the deepest religious experience, a writer's theology must needs appear; and thus appearing, it is not the dogma of the controversialist, but a theology filled with life-blood and warm with the pulses of Christian love. Mere sentiment or mere moralizing is not enough. It ought to have the bone and sinew of Christian doctrine, or it can never bring home to us the provisions of the Gospel with any such directness and pungency as to alarm our fears, excite our most strenuous efforts, engage our deepest affections, and bring the mind and heart into complete consecration to the Lord. The readers of the Magazine, therefore, will not expect of us to tone down or keep out of sight our vital beliefs; but they will not be exhibited in the way of theological speculation or controversy, but in the bearings of Christianity on the regeneration of the soul, its

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redemption in Christ Jesus, and its enrobement in the adorning virtues and graces of the new life which he inspires.

It requires but a slight survey of the religious world to observe two very distinctly marked tendencies among the friends of human progress. One pertains to those who expect a normal development of humanity, such as shall leave Christ and his Word away back in the past as having accomplished their work; who think these were the natural products of human nature, and only show its possibilities; and who expect new Messiahs in the man of the future, and new Scriptures as his voice of inspiration. The other tendency is of those who look to Jesus Christ as the Divine Sun and Centre, and his Word as infinite and inexhaustible, and believe that all hope of the progress of humanity is through him as its Redeemer, Regenerator, and Cleanser. These two tendencies, we think, are to become more strong and divergent, and work out each its own separate results. We hardly need say that our position is with the latter. We believe that from the Christ and his all-revealing Word the power is to come, and is coming now, which will be felt in the Christian consciousness as never before,—a power from which the soul will melt down into a more humble receptivity of the Divine Life, and in whose revealings will be the Absolute Theology before which human creeds and philosophies will pale away. And we shall think we have succeeded in the object we place before us, so far as we may be the means of bringing others into more near and tender relations with a personal Saviour.

We shall not aim at uniform solemnity, but give ourselves room for any by-play of fancy we may feel impelled to, always keeping our ruling purpose in view. Several writers of known ability have pledged themselves to aid us by their contributions; and, bespeaking the candor and goodwill of the readers of the Magazine, we enter on our work in the full hope of the Divine blessing upon our endeavors.

EDMUND H. SEARS.
RUFUS ELLIS.

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[It has often seemed to us that the children of the congregation hardly receive their due share of the preacher's attention. Under this impression the following discourse, with others, has been prepared. We hope that it may find some readers amongst the young people of the households into which our Journal finds admission.]

THE GROWTH OF THE SOUL.

A NEW-YEAR'S SERMON FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CONGREGATION.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

MARK iv. 26, 27: — "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."

I WISH, on this first Sunday of the year, to say a few words which all the children of the congregation shall be able to understand. The subject of the sermon is "The Growth of the Soul." Let me see if you know what I mean by the growth of the soul. Sometimes you are told by friends who have been absent from you for years or months, that you have grown a great deal; they mean that your bodies have grown, that you are taller and stouter than you were. Sometimes you are told by your teachers who have charge of your studies, that you have grown a great deal; and they mean that your minds have grown, that you are more knowing than you were. Now, besides a body and a mind, you have a soul, made, as the Bible tells you, in the image of God, — a soul which Christ came into the world to save; and as the body grows and the mind grows, the soul ought to grow too; it ought to grow every year of your lives, it ought to grow after the body has done growing, and after the mind has done growing. The Saviour compares the soul to a plant; and if you wish to understand how your souls may grow, you must remember how it is with the seed planted in the ground, and how it is with the stalk of corn and with the tree; you must keep before you the picture of any plant which you have ever seen becoming larger and more beautiful every week.

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1. Take notice, first, that only live plants grow. You have seen children "playing garden." Sometimes they cut off a piece of dry, dead wood from a tree, and put it into the ground; but even if they should make the earth very rich, and water it every day, it would never be anything but a piece of dry, dead wood until it should crumble down into dust. Cut off a fresh, green twig, a small slip from a healthy plant, and it will take root and become a plant itself. There is life in it. It is just so with the soul. There must be life in it, or it will not grow. And if you ask me what this life is, I answer, it is Love, — love for God, love for the children of God, especially for your parents and brothers and sisters, for you must begin with loving those nearest to you. And if you ask me where you are to get this life, where you are to get this love, I answer, God has given some of it to each one of you, just as he has given life to your bodies, just as he makes your heart beat; and he will give you more of it, just as much as you wish, if you will only ask him for it, and go to receive it from Jesus who came to fill us with love, and use it when he gives it to you.

2. And now let me say to you again, that, if your souls are alive, they ought to grow a little every day, and that, if they only grow a little every day, these littles will have become a great deal by the end of the year; just as the small seed, so small that you can hardly handle it, becomes bigger and bigger, and a trunk and branches spring from it, and at last it is a great tree, all covered with leaves and blossoms, and at length with delicious fruit. And what I wish you to take notice of specially is just this, that you may improve a very little, at least, every day, — that if you do not improve, you will become worse, that if you do not grow the right way, you will grow the wrong way, and that you must not be discouraged if you are improving at all, even though your improvement may be very slow. Life is made up of little things. This mighty world is made up of atoms.

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This new year will be made up of moments. The drop of water that falls upon the stone takes away a very small part of it, — so small a part that, if you were to look at it with a microscope, you could hardly see it; and yet before a great while that little drop will have hollowed for itself a smooth basin. When you put one foot before the other, you do not get forward much, and if you are in any haste, you long for a horse to carry you, or for a rail-car, that you may move on swiftly; and yet if you could only keep on putting one foot before the other, and could have a road to travel over, you might go wholly round the earth in two years and a half. If you should cut down the great elm on our Common, you would find the trunk made up of little rings of wood, each one of which was a year in growing; but large as that tree has now become, and closely as it has been watched every spring and summer, no man or child ever saw it growing. You can all of you talk, and most of you can read, but you learned to talk and read very slowly. You do not remember how you learned to talk, to make all the sounds, to pronounce all the words that you are speaking constantly; you hardly remember how you learned to read, but your parents and teachers know that these things were done a very little at a time. There is a great difference between the babe and the man, but no one ever saw a child grow. Sometimes we say in summer, that we can almost see the plants grow; but it is never more than "almost," — we can never quite see them. Have you not sometimes been in the country after a great rain, when the deep hollows were all filled with water, so that it seemed as if they never would be dry again, and yet in the course of a few days they were as free from wet and as good play-ground as ever? Now that water was taken away drop by drop; drop by drop a part of it ran down into the earth, and was made clean as it passed through, and went to form a sweet spring somewhere for the cattle to drink of; and the rest of it was taken up into the air, only the least particles of it each moment, — so

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little, indeed, that you could not see it at all as it went up. You may understand, then, how much you may improve in the end, to what a giant's size your soul may grow, if you will only grow a little every day, be a little more obedient, loving, just, and generous to-morrow than you are to-day.

3. And then take notice that, if you are not improving, you are going backward. By and by you will get your growth and stop growing. But the soul cannot get its growth and stand still. Did you ever try to hold on with your hands from the top of a wall, hung up there, neither climbing nor falling? You know how hard that is, — that you cannot stay so long: you must go up, or you must go down. If you have not strength enough to mount up higher, you must sink to the earth; and men sometimes have made tremendous efforts, on the side of a precipice, to mount, because they knew that, unless they could do that, there was nothing for them but to fall into the whirlpool below. I remember reading once of a brave fellow, who cut places for his hands and feet all the way up a high perpendicular rock, because only by so doing could he save his life. He reached the top when his knife was completely worn out and his strength all gone. And remember that, when you are going downward, you go a little faster every moment. Those of you who have studied in school what is called philosophy, know that, when a stone or any other body is falling to the earth from a height, it falls faster as it comes nearer to the ground; and those who have done a great many wrong things tell us that it is easier to do a second wrong act than it was to do the first, and much easier to do the third than the second.

But I will not talk to you about growing worse. This is not to be thought of save with a shudder. Christian children, with Christian fathers and mothers, with all the privileges which the young enjoy in these times, beginning a new year with the expectation of growing worse! Please God, it shall not be so with any one of you! You must

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grow better: you must really grow, — and if it is but a little every day, the end will be very good and blessed and beautiful. It will be a really happy new year for you children, if you can only begin it with such a love for God and goodness that you can hardly help becoming a little better continually. Great houses will be built this year, and it will be done by putting one brick on top of another. Great characters must be built up in the same way. The sooner you begin, the better. It is likely that most of you have many years to build in; but you must go to work at once, as you cannot do much in a day, and the sooner you begin, the more you will accomplish. If you should live to be men and women, and find that your souls have not grown, — that, though your bodies are larger and your minds are larger, your souls are not larger, but perhaps even smaller than when you were children, — you must not come to me and say, "It would have been better with us, if you had only spoken to us in season, and begged and entreated us to pray and labor that we might grow true and loving"; for I do now beg and entreat you, on this first Sunday of the year, whilst you are young and your years are all before you; I do say, Try to love God, try to love Christ, try to love each other, — try to love ever so little, if you cannot love a great deal. Remember that goodness is better than gold, — gold, the finest dust of which is precious. May you never know what a sad thing it is to look back upon a wasted life, to find that your soul at the end of many years is like the infant which had continued an infant from the first year of infancy. God grant that this may be a happy year for all of you, happy in your homes and in your schools, on working-days, and on play-days, and on holy days. It is more than two years since any child has been taken from this little company of children by the angel of death. I say "the angel," for when God sends for any one of us, he sends an angel. May it be so yet another year! for though it is good for you to go, it is hard for us to let

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you go. But no matter what shall happen to you if you are only growing, — your souls as well as your bodies and minds. There are thousands and thousands of men and women who would give all they have in the world to begin life again with you. You wish to be men and women, they wish to be children. It is a greater blessing than you can know to begin well. Be obedient, true, and loving, and every day and every year shall be beautiful to remember.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN IDEALS.

The grand distinction between the Jewish and the Christian idea of duty may be stated in a word. The Jew's thought was covered by positive law. What was expressly forbidden, he avoided. What was expressly commanded, he performed. But he did not go one hair's breadth beyond the precise provisions of the statute. He paid "the pound of flesh" which it demanded, — not a tittle more nor less. The Christian's thought was only illustrated by positive enactments. He grasped the idea beneath the statute, and felt himself summoned to shun everything which its principle could be made to censure, and to do everything which it could be made to comprehend. The Jew stopped with the exact requirements of the letter. The Christian pressed on to meet the boundless applications of the spirit. The Jew treated Divine commands as the advocate often treats human laws. The pleadings of human courts illustrate the spirit of the Pharisee or Scribe. Do the very words of the statute apply to the exact question to be tried? Is there no ambiguity which opens a loophole for escape? Is it "so nominated in the bond"? And if the enactment does not precisely cover the point at issue, the cause may be lost, even though the strictest equity is stricken down. So the

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Pharisee or Scribe felt himself absolved, when, with a kindred ingenuity, he could evade the letter of the law, though the highest claims of purity and righteousness should be trampled under foot. But the Christian put forth the same ingenuity to include everything which could be embraced within the scope of the special statute. Or, as it may be more truly said, he recognized, with the profoundest sensibility of conscience, the principle upon which the statute rested, and everything which distinctly appeared within the field of moral vision, for a law as truly positive as if engraved upon tables of stone by the finger of the living God.

We see the inadequacy of the Jewish idea. Covetousness, selfishness, might grow unchecked within the heart, and devise a thousand plans to glut its insatiable desires, if it did not prompt the hand to violate the exact enactment, and literally to steal. Lust might soil itself with polluting thoughts in fancied scenes of unlimited indulgence, if it did not commit the forbidden deed. Hatred might nurse revengeful plans, dark and unrelenting as open crimes, if it did not stain the hands with blood. The Jew might conceive himself to be blameless in his righteousness, when his heart was black as night. It is true that such was not the life of the pure and faithful men who brighten the records of Jewish history. There were prophets, and others of kindred spirit, who looked above the letter of the law, to its eternal principle, — whose hearts were as true as their lives were glorious. Jesus said to the Jew, that true souls should come from the east and the west to sit down with those faithful ones in the kingdom of God. We may say, that those faithful souls of ancient days shall be in communion with the true disciples of Christ, because they rose to the comprehensiveness of the Christian ideal of life. Still the Jew might, and often did, limit and cramp the injunctions of his law. The law was literally honored. The temple rites were scrupulously performed. Yet abominations sat in the holy place within the heart. We under-

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stand the words of Jesus when he says, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven." We conceive of the power of his teaching, and imagine the astonishment of the multitudes, when he expounded the spiritual principle of special commandments in the Sermon on the Mount, and showed that those who seemed so blameless before men were culprits before God. We can imagine the awe and dread which must have fallen upon the conscience, and constrained them to exclaim, that "he taught as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."

A ground of classification between different human minds and different forms of character is here disclosed. We discover a principle which separates them into two divisions, which are as far asunder in genuine greatness, in moral glory, as the ideal of the Jew and the ideal of the Christian.

There is a law-fulfilling and a law-transcending mind. There is one cast of thought which is limited by positive statutes, and established customs, and present facts. It makes no new applications of admitted principles. It ventures no inquiries beyond accepted thoughts. Its vision of duty, its ideal of life, does not expand into something purer and nobler than man has known before. You can calculate its orbit, and write its history, long before its life has ended. It neither seeks to accomplish old ends by better methods, nor to apply present methods to nobler ends. Its morality, too, is fixed and limited. It pauses with the letter of the law, and never grasps the spirit. It has no celestial vision to which it continually aspires;—a vision of diviner conscientiousness, before which the soul bends in ceaseless obedience and prayer; a vision of a purer society, for which it labors in self-sacrificing devotion and unfaltering faith; a vision of spiritual glory, in the heart and in the world, which sheds down its own brightness and beauty upon the loyal soul, to impart new measures of power and life.

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There is another cast of thought, which has a far wider grasp, and rejoices in an immeasurably broader sight. It is not a law-transgressing, but a law-transcending mind. It keeps the letter of the command; but its conception of duty embraces spheres of action which the letter can never comprehend. The horizon is lifted upon every side, and grander prospects break upon its view. You cannot calculate its orbit until you can measure the infinite applications of eternal principles, and the possibilities of human thought. You cannot write its history, until the last opportunity of life has come and vanished. It has been smitten with admiration of the divine ideals of duty, and it looks on and on, through higher developments of truth and purity, up to the spotless soul of Christ. The relative power of these two casts of thought is illustrated by the contrast between a mind whose thought and vision are limited by the present world, and one which embraces immortality also within its view. The first beholds these visible glories, and receives their manifold instructions. The last sees the present with equal, perhaps greater clearness, while it superadds the unutterable beauty and inspiration of the heavens. The first may be great, regarded by itself, but it becomes small when measured by this higher greatness. Truly did Jesus say, that "the least in the kingdom of Heaven," with its higher revelations, "is greater than the greatest born of woman before."

Our distinction in practical duty is illustrated by the words Law and Life, and by the different ideas which those terms suggest. An obedience to law is limited and narrow. It goes where the law goes, and stops where the law stops. It is the idea of the Jew. Within its own narrow sphere, its sway may be complete. But that is all. Life is universal by the necessity of its nature. The reverent heart still beats when it has left the altar. The spirit of prayer becomes a universal presence, to hallow every thought, and to make life itself a perpetual worship. The

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pure minds revolt from imaginations, as from deeds, of guilt. Man can never lay aside his moral attributes; and his inherent baseness or nobility defiles, or glorifies, every feeling and deed. Principles cannot be laid aside when they are inwrought into the substance of the character. The thoroughly true man in private, can never become the false man in public life. The idea of the Jew is then outgrown, and the idea of Christianity is attained. The special law is changed into an omnipresent spirit, and the kingdom of Heaven comes in that uplifting and regeneration of the soul which renders its purity as universal and as enduring as its life.

The same distinction may be made in respect to mental life, as well as to moral development; and, wherever it appears, it separates true greatness from narrowness of thought. It is the law-transcending minds, — those which look beyond all present attainments to new applications of nature's forces, — who make great discoveries, brilliant inventions, that sometimes revolutionize the thought and life of the world. It is the law-transcending minds that look up to the everlasting principles of justice, and strive to infuse their divine rectitude into human legislation, in the faith that man's government must inevitably perish when it violates their eternal sanctity. To the same class of minds belong the poets, the children of genius of every name, — those who discern a higher beauty, a deeper thought, than pertains to the things that are seen, and embody it in inspiring works and inspiring words, to quicken, refine, and purify the soul. Here, too, belong those who have ministered to the moral life of the world. The merely law-fulfilling spirit never produced one of the noble army of martyrs. They were law-transcending souls, who recognized a purer truth, a higher righteousness, and served it with unfaltering allegiance, amidst obloquy and persecution. They were those whom conscience summoned to obey a principle far above the corruptions of their day and age, and therefore they received

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their bloody yet glorious crowns. All the saintly spirits, indeed, who did not suffer, but whose virtues rebuked the sinning world, and became an inspiration to a truer holiness, — the "great multitude whom no man can number," — "were not justified by the deeds of the law," but by a like glorious life. The distinction is verified both in divine and human things. It discloses the basis of the claim of Christianity to be the inspiration to all true progress, as well as to a diviner life. It is not an accidental coincidence, that every faculty of human nature awakes beneath its sway. It is not an accidental coincidence, that learning and art flourish by the side of Christian temples, and that man attains the highest earthly greatness where he looks up most reverently towards the heavens. The narrow idea of the Jew placed limits to human attainment. It must have been left behind in the manhood of the race, or become a fetter to hinder the spirit's growth. In the development of the Eternal Providence, it was necessary that the temple should be taken down. The Christian thought educates man to faith in everlasting principles, and thus emancipates human nature, and prepares the way for its universal redemption.

Christianity is not a system of positive statutes, but of everlasting principles. This is its peculiar glory. It condenses entire codes into single words. It does not stop to say how particular talents must be used in the details of duty. It writes that one dread word, "Responsibility," upon the whole of man's existence, — a responsibility as broad as the possibilities of his being, and as heart-searching as the eye of God, — a responsibility which begins at the first moment of moral consciousness, and only ends when the departing spirit bows the head to say, "It is finished." Christianity treats us as men, and not as children. Precise directions belong to childhood. Providence casts *men* upon themselves, and gives them truths, living thoughts. Jesus sums up everything in the brief command to love God and man. All the precepts of the older laws, every

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glorious word from seers and prophets, every gleam of truth illuminating the noblest minds, — all are but rays from that perfect light. All morality, all spiritual philosophy, is in that one command. All possible social reformations, the splendid train of ministries to the suffering, the enslaved, the sinning, which philanthropy has hitherto devised or shall hereafter conceive, — the whole is there. This condensation of special commandments into universal principles is the great characteristic of the Christian system, and marks it as the faith which can never be outgrown. When men overlook this distinctive feature, they overlook one of the chief glories of the religion which they claim to reverence.

The great difficulty for men is to grasp the Christian idea of character. The effect of a former theory, and even the idea itself, often lingers long after its foundation has been swept away. The open sin may be renounced, while the passion still remains restrained, but not yet crucified. Only by slow *degrees* can its every debasing influence be overcome. The winds may be hushed, while the billows which they lashed into commotion still wildly roll, and slowly compose themselves to perfect calm. Immeasurably more slowly, by the progress of ages, are low ideas of moral truth entirely overcome. Even in future times, long after the fetters shall have fallen from every limb, the influence of the spirit of slavery will continue to limit the sympathy for a once degraded class, and unknown periods may elapse before emancipated bondmen will be viewed as brothers. So Jewish conceptions of moral duty appear in the life of Christendom to-day. What mean the merely literal interpretations of Christian precepts, which find no condemnations for sins that are not expressly named by Jesus? What mean the evasions that relax or renounce moral responsibilities in certain spheres of action, — evasions that belonged to the period in which God was conceived of as present in peculiar places, and not as the All-pervading

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Spirit? What means the fancy, which it is almost impossible to dislodge, that the sins of fierce desire and evil thought, though buried in the secrecy of the heart, are venial when compared to overt deeds? Whence comes the feeling, existing and working still, even when denied, that forms of reverence can atone for irreverence or sinfulness of heart? These are Jewish dreams, every one. They belong to the scribe's idea of righteousness, and were obsolete two thousand years ago. We are Jews to-day, and not Christians, when such fancies silence or pervert the conscience. Even Judaism lives, though ages ago not one stone of its temple was left upon another.

What moral reformations would bless the world under the prevalence of the Christian thought! What social abuse, what slavery, could stand before a true development of the simple law of love! Society needs to repent for its Jewish interpretation of universal truths, its want of sympathy with Christian ideals of duty, more than for its special sins. A thousand sins will remain unrebuked, and even undiscovered, while this blindness remains. When will the finger of Christ touch the eyes of the world to give them sight?

We venerate the noble men, under the old Jewish faith, who did not confine themselves to the letter of the law, but caught its spirit. They gained, in the forms of worship, a spirit of omnipresent reverence, and carried away from the temple hearts that were as full of adoration as when they chanted the Psalms in its splendid courts, amidst the hallowed influence of its awe-inspiring ritual. Such men were great, — greater than their day. They were whole ages in advance of their time; and amidst a Jewish teaching they attained a Christian soul. These are they who poured out their great conceptions of a higher life, and a regenerated world, in words of prophecy and song, — conceptions which thrill the soul to-day, even beneath the higher revelations of the Son of God. Truly they lived in faith, and are among the cloud of witnesses who compass us about.

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But what moral position belongs to those who interpret universal truths by a Jewish thought, — who accept the spirit of the life of Christ, yet limit its application, and leave vast spheres of outward action and the depths of the heart exempt from its sway? What position is for those who fall into mere formality beneath a faith that demands a spiritual and universal worship? Where are those to be classed who cramp and mangle the word of Jesus, — who neither carry it out into the life of society, nor up to the action of legislators, nor down into the secret places of the soul? This is to be as much behind our day and faith, as the nobler spirits of ancient time soared above their age. The men of Sodom and of debased Judæa shall rise up in the judgment with such unfaithful generations, and shall condemn them.

It is truly said, "Not by the works of the law, but by faith, shall man be justified." Not by a limited idea of fidelity, which stops with the letter of the commandment, not by partial recognitions and occasional renunciations of Christian obligations, can man be justified. He is to aspire towards a steadfast, universal reverence for the law of God. The mere overthrow of the Jewish temple did not prepare the Redeemer's way. The Jewish conceptions of truth and duty, whose foundations have been so deeply laid, and which have been carried to a height so great in the world's feeling and life, must also be destroyed. The Christian ideal of duty must be obeyed, in order to usher in the Redeemer's kingdom. A kindred principle is moving over the world, to waken intellect and invention to glorious achievements. When shall it be accepted in the sphere of moral truth and duty, to accomplish its most ennobling, its regenerating work? Well may we pray for its coming, to bring the promise, the dawn, of a millennial day.

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THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE.

Sister, I see thee, with the head bowed low;
And to my pitying heart the truth hath come,
Touching a chord responsive with the thrill
Of kindred suffering, alone and sad,
Thou mournest for the *dead*, — alas! the DEAD.

And, as I look on thee, methinks I know
That in the sable robe of widowhood
Is thy frail form enwrapped; and on thy hair,
Where nestled once the rosebuds fair and white
Of thy young, bridal hour, rests trembling now
A coronal of cypress, intertwined
With those pale, silvery threads, which tell a tale
Of sorrow. Yea, I know it well, — so e'en
The sighing winds seem conscious round thy head,
And hymn in plaintive notes their symphonies,
Most sweet and touching, like low voices breathed
From spirit lands.

There is a hush; and all
Is silence, as before the solemn power,
The speechless majesty, of deepest grief.
And 'mid this stillness, woman, thou dost sit
And listen for the voice of thy beloved.
Sweet harmonies may come, and many a voice
May fondly whisper to thy heart; but, ah!
His cometh not. Thine eye yearns for that smile
So true, so consecrate to thee, *his own*, —
To thee and thy pure love. Earth knows it not;
And loving memory brings it back to thee
Now only with a tear; — yet tears are not
Forthcoming for this woe; such tears were bliss,
Watering the dust and ashes of the soul.
Henceforth thou art an altered one, unknown
Among the fluttering, bustling throng around.
Yet bind thou no dark name of widowhood

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About thy temples, — for such union sweet
Thou holdest yet with him, so rich, so full
Of bliss, in that high state where thy beloved
Dwelleth still, that thou must, in the depths
Of thy soul's being, answering say, "I *am*
A *wife*, serene in constancy and faith,
Devoted evermore to him and God."

Lone one, arise! lift up thyself, and here
With purpose new, resolved and noble, here
Give up thine all, — the brightness of thy life,
Thy body pure and undefiled, thy soul
Undimmed and free in its deep chastened joy;
Yea, make thyself, through sacrifice and love,
A peerless temple for the living God!

"Let not my sorrows make me weak," sad hearts
Have said; that prayer be thine.

Ah! fold a fresh,
White robe of spotless holiness and strength
About thee, pilgrim, and go bravely forth,
And set thee by the way, and thou shalt know
His will, who seeks to fill the deepest place
Within thy heart, and who hath loved thee best,
E'en when the chastening rod fell sorest. Lo!
God hath a work for thee, thou chastened one;
Cheerful and trusting, look above, and read,
In each new day of life, *where duty lies.*
Each chance and change some message brings from Him
To teach thy fainting soul *the better way.*

Sister in God, thy charge shall henceforth be
To wipe the tear, to calm the bursting heart,
To lead the wanderer, and the bleeding wound
To bind and heal: to bless with loving word
The trusting child, and pour o'er stricken hearts
Full consolation, — ah! be this, thou tried
But favored one, thy mission, beautiful
And blessed.

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Thy Saviour calls on thee: arise,
Be *faithful* and *obey:* and, though the sun
Of thine own earthly life for ever set
Behind that solemn shade, a light so pure,
So clear, will beam upon thy quiet path,
That all thy thoughts and words and deeds, if thou
Art true, will blend and rise, like incense sweet,
In blessing and in prayer to that dear God,
"Who doeth all things well."

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PAUL.

In reading the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, we are impressed with the fact that the great Apostle is near the end of his course, — that he is imprisoned and alone, and in daily expectation of a violent death. Why and where does not distinctly appear. But there is a swelling pathos in his words, which deepens as we read on, as if he felt that he was writing his last farewell. "I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The heart yearns to know more, — to follow the Apostle to the last earthly scene, and see with what grace he met the Destroyer, after having preached so successfully Jesus Christ and the resurrection. But sacred history stops short, and we lose sight of him with his first imprisonment at Rome. Ecclesiastical history here comes in and lifts the veil, and shows us where, and under what affecting circumstances, he "finished his course."

It was at Rome, and during the reign of Nero, which extended from A. D. 54 to 68. Tacitus gives us a picture of Roman life and manners during this period; and if there is any such thing as a depravity unrelieved and total, it is here.

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Rome is sitting on her seven hills in her worst state of degradation and wickedness, and the worst specimen of that wickedness on the imperial throne. Within the circuit of twelve miles that includes the city are about two millions of people. One million of these are slaves. The Senators and Knights, constituting the aristocracy of Rome, number about eleven thousand, and the soldiers or city guards about fifteen thousand more. The rest are *plebs urbana*, or city rabble, idle, destitute, depraved, and brutal, nearly a million in all, glorying in the privileges of Roman citizenship, yet vast numbers of them without a place of shelter by night or a regular meal by day. They are fed by the largess of the Emperors, or they steal, rob, and beg, and many of them sleep in sewers or under the porticos of the public buildings. The labor is all performed by the slaves, leaving the *plebs urbana* a seething mass of idleness and depravity, to lounge in the streets, or haunt the theatres and feast their minds on spectacles of blood.

The streets are narrow and gorged with people; the buildings are mean, and built of wood, or light, combustible material, with here and there a marble structure of palatial grandeur, which, if not a public building, denotes the residence of a Roman Knight or Senator. And Nero, the Emperor before whom St. Paul brought his cause when he made his "appeal to Cæsar," is dwelling in the palace that crowns the Palatine Hill, his soul already imbruted with sensuality and his hands imbrued with the blood of his kindred.

Into this "glut of iniquity," as Tacitus calls it, the Apostle was twice brought as a prisoner. The first time was on his own appeal, that he might get clear of Jewish bigotry and rage. Luke gives us a graphic description of the journey, the shipwreck, and the safe arrival at Rome, but he does not inform us as to the issue of the trial. We know, however, from other sources, that during this *first* imprisonment he was treated with clemency; that he was held as a prisoner at large, and suffered to preach the Gospel and make con-

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verts; that finally his cause came before the Emperor; that he probably stood up and pleaded in his own behalf before the royal sensualist and buffoon, in the hall of audience on the Palatine Hill; that either his Jewish accusers did not appear against him, or did not prove their charges, and he was acquitted and set free. Not yet had the Christians as a distinct sect drawn public attention upon themselves at Rome. They were confounded with the Jews, and regarded as a sect of the Jewish religion; but their numbers increased, probably through the seed sown by the Apostle himself, and the time was at hand when they were to be singled out as objects of hatred and cruelty.

Nero himself furnished the occasion. In the year 64 a fire swept over the city and laid one half of it in ruins. The picture-language of Tacitus gives a vivid impression of the scene. Old and infirm people, with women and children, huddle through the narrow streets, with cries and wailings, and lie in multitudes along the open fields. If any one attempts to stay the progress of the flames, he is prevented by a gang of ruffians, who "heighten it with volleys of lighted fire-brands, with loud declarations that they had one that authorized them," — meaning the Emperor. Whether this was so or not may be doubtful, but the people believed it; and after the fire was stayed, and ten out of the fourteen quarters of Rome were a blackened waste, the public hatred and indignation settled universally upon the Emperor. To turn the odium from himself, he attempted to fix it upon the Christians. The fact itself, as well as the language of Tacitus, shows with what scorn and aversion they had come to be regarded. It was a vile superstition, and to put to death its adherents was to furnish a gratifying spectacle to the *plebs urbana*, and perhaps serve as a substitute for the bloody shows of the theatres. They were "disguised in the skins of savage beasts, and exposed to expire by the teeth of devouring dogs," or they were "hoisted up alive and nailed to crosses," or they were wrapped in combustible vestments

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and set up as torches, that when the day set they might be kindled to illuminate the night." A "vast multitude" suffered in this way, showing that so early as the year 64 Christianity had made rapid progress in the corrupt city of Rome.

St. Paul was not there during this persecution. Following the order and chronology of Conybeare, which we think to be clear and indisputable, the trial and acquittal of St. Paul took place a year before. There is evidence that, after his first trial, he left Rome and made an apostolic journey through Spain, and through Macedonia, Asia Minor, and Crete, where he visited the churches he had planted, and strengthened them in the Lord. At length he visited Nicopolis on the same apostolic errand, — a city of Epirus, over against Italy, and on the opposite side of the Adriatic gulf. Here he is arrested and brought a second time to Rome, not now as the member of an obscure Jewish sect, but as the ringleader of those hated fanatics and incendiaries by whom half of Rome had been laid in ashes. How perilous it was now to be known as a Christian is evident from the fact, that, when arrested, his own friends forsook him and fled from Nicopolis. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world; Crescens has gone to Galatia, Titus to Dalmatia." The journey from Nicopolis to Rome was made in chains and with Roman officials, with only the faithful Luke to comfort him. The heart is touched in view of the sorrows that gathered about him in his last lonely hours. He is delivered at Rome this second time as a close prisoner and a "malefactor," and no one now dares visit his cell, or appear at his trial, lest he should draw down upon himself the vengeance of the authorities. "At my first answer, no man stood with me, but all forsook me; I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge." In the whole second letter to Timothy, which he wrote while his trial was pending, and when he had already answered to one count of his indictment, and saw how it would inevitably go with

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him, there is a deep tone of pensiveness that mingles in his strain of triumphant faith.

Conybeare, with much learning and citation of contemporary authorities, endeavors to reproduce the scene of his last trial and condemnation. Nero was now too far gone in indolence and debauchery to hear causes in person, and they were presided over by his creature, the Prefect of the city. They were held in those great rectangular halls, called Basilicas, which had been erected in the Forum. A place at one end was railed off for the court, the counsel, and the prisoner; the nave or main body of the building was open to spectators, and doubtless, in the present instance, the *plebs urbana* thronged in to get sight of the leader of the incendiaries whom Nero had before turned into bonfires to illumine the night. They cannot condemn him unheard. The cry, "I am a Roman citizen," was still sacred, even among the rabble of the city, and this was St. Paul's prerogative, and secured to him the forms of a trial even from the creatures of Nero.

The trial comes quickly on, and the Apostle stands up before the Prefect to answer his accusers. The nave of the Basilica is filled with the rabble, (as we infer from 2 Timothy iv. 17,) and the Apostle takes this last opportunity, not only to vindicate his innocence, but to exhibit the great doctrines of his religion before the multitudes who are looking on. He is now about seventy years old, and worn with hardship and labor; no Christian friend dares appear at his side; alone and deserted, he stands up and pleads in his defence; but "the Lord was with me," he says, and in this consciousness he pours forth his convictions in hearing of the Prefect and the "Gentiles" who throng the nave. But what avails his innocence before such a tribunal? He is convicted and condemned to die.

But they cannot torture him, nor put him to a cruel and lingering death. "I am a Roman citizen," is a plea which secures to him the less painful death by decapitation. It is

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the duty of a centurion, with a band of the imperial guards, to see that the sentence is executed "without the gate." Through the gate he is therefore led, on the road towards Ostia, situated at the mouth of the Tiber, a few miles below the city. Between two Roman soldiers, his right hand chained to the left of one of his guard, he is led a little way along the Ostian road to the place of execution, and there the head of the aged sufferer is struck off by the sword of the centurion. Throngs of travellers that frequented the Ostian road must have met the grim procession and the lone prisoner with his chain, without knowing of that grander procession in which he was to shine so conspicuous, — the saints and martyrs of that kingdom before which the Roman power was to fall down, and its glory fade away. So the Apostle "finished his course," alone and forsaken by his friends, yet the Lord Jesus standing by him; perhaps, as on the way to Damascus, with visible tokens, and splendors unveiled, yet not now with words of rebuke, but with the resplendent crown of righteousness, prepared for the faithful confessor who had "kept his appearing."

It was not far from the first of June, of the year 68, as Conybeare calculates, that the Apostle ended his labors. Only a few weeks later another death occurred at Rome, more conspicuous at the time, and in awful contrast with that of the saintly martyr. The tyranny of Nero became so intolerable, that even his own guards rebelled against him and declared for Galba. From his palace, glittering with gold, he escaped by night, and fled to a house belonging to one of his freedmen, about four miles from Rome. But the place of his retreat had been found out. He heard the trampling of horses, he knew that his pursuers were nigh, and stabbed himself. The centurion entered and attempted to stanch the wound. "It is too late, — is this your fidelity?" said the tyrant, and expired with a horrid stare.

How does the sovereign transforming power of Christianity appear in the contrast! Paul began as a bloody perse-

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cutor; the revealed Saviour met him, and he appears afterwards in the meekness of a saint, and the tenderness of a woman, and meets death with triumphal strains upon his tongue. Nero, his persecutor, began his reign lenient and universally beloved; but no Gospel came to him to change the natural man and curb its passions, and he became the murderer of his kindred and the enemy of his race, and killed himself to escape the execration of mankind.

S.

AMUSEMENTS.

The lights and shadows that chase each other over the landscape are an emblem of the swift alternations and contrasts that pass over us in life. It would seem to be a part of the great plan and design of Providence, that we should be hurried from one extreme to another. Labor and rest, care and amusement, anxiety and relaxation, weeping and laughing, mourning and dancing, rapidly succeed one another, and altogether make up that order of emotions, employments, and events which the Divine wisdom has ordained for our advancement in this earliest stage of our existence. All are needed. All should enter into the various texture of life, to call out our latent energies, to afford full play to our powers of heart and mind, to enlarge our sympathies, to give elasticity and vigor to our thoughts, and blended strength and softness to our characters. It is as if, in passing through the different zones of the earth, we had the power of taking up into our own system whatever is most valuable in every climate, till in our ripened characters at last we combine the matured and perfected results of all these varied processes. To exclude from our range of thought and life any one department designed by Providence to enter into our experience, is to curtail our means

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of education, and to cramp the free exercise and development of our powers.

We propose in this article to speak of life, not in its solemn, but in some of its lighter aspects and employments. We are not made for serious pursuits alone. Rest is as necessary as labor. And not only rest, but exhilaration, entertainment, amusement, is needed by those whose regular occupation tasks them to the utmost. The man whose mind is always bowed down by care and toil, must necessarily lose, to some extent, the elasticity of his mental faculties. He must, therefore, sometimes break off from his labors, and give himself up, without thought or care, to the passing impulse of the moment. Among most nations this necessity of our nature has been recognized, and the relaxation and entertainment required by it have been associated with their religious duties.

"The Hebrews," according to one of the ablest writers on Jewish Antiquities, "spent the Sabbath in rest and in a decent cheerfulness, and did not deem it inconsistent with its sacredness to dance, sing songs, and play on instruments of music"; though the songs, dancing, and music were of a religious character, or expressive of religious emotions. The new moon was announced by the sound of trumpets, and was, more or less, according to the season of the year, regarded as a festival. There were three great national festivals appointed to be kept by all the Jews. The Feast of the Passover in the spring, and the Feast of Tabernacles in the autumn, continued seven days each, and the Feast of Pentecost, seven weeks after the Passover, was intended to celebrate the first fruits of the harvest. While the idea of sacrifice and worship lay at the foundation of these three national observances, they were also marked, especially the Feast of Tabernacles, by every expression of festivity and gladness. Distant families met; new acquaintances were formed. There were jubilant strains of music. There was dancing, with every mark of social hilarity. For with the

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Jews religion was not set apart as a gloomy, repulsive thing; but its gladdening notes thrilled through their social and domestic enjoyments; it rung its gladsome strains amid the sports of the young, it welcomed the stranger, the widow, and the fatherless to its hospitable entertainments, and added a new charm to every form of social festivity.

Three times in the year the whole Jewish people were called upon to unite in these solemn and joyous festivals. When the seed had been sown, when the first fruits had been reaped, and when the whole harvest had been gathered in, they met together, young and old, master and servant, husband and wife and little ones, with feasting and dancing and songs, to celebrate the goodness of God, to rejoice in their national blessings, and to unite more strongly the bonds of social endearment. These religious gatherings, these festal songs and jubilant anthems of gratitude and praise, had their influence on the national character, and helped to keep alive a sense of God's infinite goodness to them. And when the national faith and character had been weakened by the inroads of luxury, and the voluptuous habits of foreign people, and the Jews had been carried away into captivity, nothing awakened in them such a longing to return to Jerusalem, and to the hills and pleasant haunts of their native soil, as the songs of Zion, — those songs which they had sung, accompanied by harp and timbrel, at their great national festivals. So important were the provisions made by Moses for the festive part of man's nature.

We, from the peculiarity of our origin, have in a great measure been cut off from all such provisions. Our ancestors, in separating themselves first from the Church of Rome and afterwards from the Church of England, were so persecuted and oppressed from one generation to another, that they came at last to look on every festal occasion and custom connected with those churches as an unclean and dangerous remnant of the old and accursed superstition. Christmas, therefore, and Easter, and all the holidays in which their

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ancestors had so delighted, were cast off, and religion came to them only in its most serious and awful character. In their religion we hardly recognize the Son of Man who came eating and drinking, and whose first miracle was wrought to "adorn and beautify" the marriage feast. They had a great work to accomplish. A nobler race of men was never employed by God in his providence to lay the foundations of a mighty empire, than those who first built their churches and school-houses on these Western shores. But they had been educated in too severe a school, and were bowed down by cares too constant and oppressive, to allow room for anything of a light or festive character. Hence amusements were more than half forbidden among them; and those which from the necessities of our human nature grew up with the young, and became almost established institutions, were for the most part ungracious and unlovely. The spirit which had lingered round the old holidays, and which had such a charm for poet and people, had been driven off. In pulling up the tares which the Evil One had sown, our fathers also pulled up many a sweet wild-flower which God had planted for the delight and comfort of his children. Gross and degrading indulgences crept in by stealth, to occupy the hours when the young could neither work nor sleep. Drinking was almost the only amusement that was allowed, and it found its way, to an alarming extent, into every class of society. Within the last thirty years, great efforts have been made to break up this pernicious habit, and not wholly without success. But innocent amusements must come in to take the place of old and dangerous indulgences, before the reform can be entirely successful. God, in the very constitution with which he has endowed us, has appointed a time to laugh and a time to dance, and it is a perilous thing for us to ignore and refuse to provide for that which he has made an essential part of our nature.

He is not to be worshipped only in sick-chambers and at funerals, or served by us only when we are burdened with

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care or bowed down with a painful sense of accountability to him. If he lights up with his bow of promise every penitential tear-drop that flows, so does he wreathe the smiles of his love around the countenances of those who rejoice in him. If he has made sorrow in the hearts of his children a sacred thing in the sight of his angels, so also do the angels themselves surround his throne, and celebrate his praise with songs of jubilee. He who formed the heart of the young child, with its frolicsome outbursts of mirth, and then caused it to be placed before us as an emblem of his kingdom, does not frown upon it when it smiles, and smile upon it only when it grieves.

We mistake the genius of our religion altogether, when we confine it to the sombre side of life. It does indeed, with Paul and Silas, uplift its clear and melodious song in the night; but it also gives new brightness to the day. Its Providential kindness gathers each little bird under its wings, as it sleeps beneath the shadows of evening; but it also pours itself around it in the light, and becomes the inspiration of its morning song. It strengthens the aged, and sheds its peace abroad in the souls of the dying; but it enters also into the hearts of the young and vigorous, throws its radiant hopes around them in their times of mirth and gladness, and gives new interest and beauty to their enjoyments. It could hardly be otherwise with a religion which ages before its advent to the earth filled the prophetic heart of holy men with visions of an unknown and unimagined joy, which came attended by the jubilant song of angels, and unfolded to the waiting souls of men the hope of a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

We must remember this in the provisions that we make for the good of society. The serious concerns of life are of course to be attended to first. But if the necessity for recreation which exists in our nature is shut out from the innocent amusements in which it might spend itself, the young will be tempted to break loose from the unnatural

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restraints, and to seek their pleasure in hidden vices or unbridled indulgences. If harmless amusements are forbidden, or even if no pains are taken to furnish them in order to make home lively and attractive, and to vary the routine of study and labor by some sort of pleasurable excitement and recreation, they will be driven to seek for themselves amusements which are not harmless, but which are likely to mislead and corrupt them.

It should be, therefore, a duty with all parents, to make home as attractive as possible to their children, and to furnish them with suitable amusements. It will be favorable alike to their intellectual and their moral vigor. Many a young man has been physically and intellectually broken down from the want of frequent and proper recreation; and many more have been driven into low and secret vices, — driven to the tippling and gambling room, and to the companionship of idle, dissolute, corrupting associates, — by the comfortless stupidity and dulness of their virtuous, and even religious homes.

In the first place, then, amusements ought to be as much as possible at home, — associated with home affections, pursuits, and habits. The happiest place in the world for young people ought to be their own home. But unless some provision is made for amusement, as well as for labor and instruction, it will be distasteful to them. They will be glad of an excuse to get away. The restraints of home will be felt to be unnatural and unreasonable, and soon they will be disregarded. Where there is the most unrelenting family discipline, there the young are most apt to deceive their parents, and to be led away into dangerous and ruinous excesses.

We would, therefore, entreat parents to make their homes as pleasant as possible to their children, to lay no hard restrictions on any innocent diversions, but rather seek them out, and help them on, and enter as much as possible into their spirit.

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To the young we would say, find your amusements as much as possible at home, or in the vicinity of home. Pleasant games in which you may be joined by your neighbors, in-door and out-of-door sports and exercises, the reading aloud of entertaining books, habits of pleasant, amusing, and even trifling conversation, are among the ways in which "idle time may be not idly spent."

It is very important that amusements, both domestic and social, should not be expensive. The toys of a child gain nothing in value from being costly. Pleasure is cheap in childhood, and the least expensive pleasures are usually the most healthful to body and soul. It is a poor entertainment which depends more on the costliness of food and furniture, than on the intelligence and spirits of those who are to enjoy it.

We should cultivate a taste for what is beautiful. And here, for the poorest child that walks beneath the heavens, God has provided resources of enjoyment beyond all that wealth can buy. No galleries of art can compare with what the earth and sky offer almost every day and night in the year, if only the eye is taught to see and the heart to feel. The same refinement of taste should be carried into other things. "I wish," said Luther to one of his friends, "that your furniture were more tasteful and elegant." Not more expensive, but more tasteful and elegant; for his keen and practised eye saw that the want of taste even in such things might lessen the power which home ought to have over the young man, and leave him to seek his pleasures in more objectionable objects and places. The young husband and wife should remember this, and neither of them esteem any matter small which may serve to make their home more attractive and beautiful to the other.

Our amusements should, as far as practicable, be such as tend to the cultivation of refined and generous tastes, and social dispositions and habits. Music, in this respect, where there is a natural aptitude for it, is a great resource, and its

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humanizing influence in a household or neighborhood ought never to be overlooked. The use of intoxicating drinks, on the other hand, a merely sensual gratification, is a habit which has nothing but the temporary enjoyment or excitement to recommend it, while it may not only betray the young into occasional excesses, but lead them into the most perilous and fatal courses. It is well, therefore, that they should deny themselves this dangerous indulgence. We say *dangerous indulgence*, for it always is a dangerous indulgence to young men. Where they are in the habit of meeting by themselves with tempting and exciting drinks before them, there is hardly one in ten who will not sometimes do that which he will remember with mortification and regret. Let every one, then, beware of entering upon a course which has deluded so many young persons of the noblest promise, and led them on, step by step, till the fairest hopes of life were blasted. You do not think that there will be any danger for *you*. This very security increases the peril. If you saw the danger, you might be on your guard. But in these matters more than in any other you will find the truth of the remark of a great and wise man, Dr. Johnson, who confessed that his only security from intoxication was found in total abstinence. "The diminutive chains of habit," he said, "are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken."

This is no place for details. But a few words may perhaps be added which look to something directly practical. There ought to be in every neighborhood, especially during the season of long evenings, simple, unexpensive gatherings of young people. Whatever enlarges their sphere of innocent enjoyment without interfering with their serious pursuits, is to be regarded as a benefaction to society. There are many games and sports. Dancing is a healthful and harmless diversion, if it can only be kept apart from its baneful attendants, — close rooms, late hours, extravagant entertainments, and the voluptuous movements which heat

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the blood, bewilder the senses, and are unfavorable alike to health of body and purity of heart. Where there is so much musical taste and skill as we have in some of our villages and towns, there is a pleasant and almost inexhaustible resource for social meetings. As a general rule, small gatherings are more favorable than large to health and enjoyment, and in a country town especially early hours are almost essential to success.

We greatly distrust in their influence on young men all convivial entertainments from which the other sex is excluded. The presence of refined and cultivated women is a humanizing restraint, and lessens every temptation to excess. Persons of both sexes and of all ages should be brought together. The graceful mingling of all, with the habits of mutual self-respect and virtuous reserve which the social instincts of their nature teach under such circumstances, tends to produce dignity and ease of deportment, true and noble aims in life, gentle and humane sentiments, while it prompts to the refined courtesies which throw their self-forgetting kindness into all the little acts that go to make up the delights of social intercourse.

As to the form that amusements are to take, the two leading remarks which we would leave on the minds of our readers are, that they should be mostly of a home character, and that, in order to be general in their influence through a neighborhood, they should not be too elaborate or expensive.

In addition to what we have alluded to, there are public entertainments, — the Opera and the Drama, — which once or twice in a year may be well enough, if parents go with their children; but they are too costly, too distant, and too late in their hours, for any but those who live in our largest cities. Besides, the habit of depending on such places of entertainment has a tendency to lessen the relish for more simple pleasures, and the adjuncts of the theatre are such as to make it always dangerous as a place of frequent resort for the young.

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With respect to all amusements, it is well for us to remember, that, if they make our home pleasures tame or distasteful to us, if they make our daily occupations uninteresting or burdensome, if they encroach on our more serious duties, if they tend to cherish in us habits of idle reverie, withdrawing our thoughts too much from the actual pursuits and interests of life, if they make virtue in any way less lovely or religion and its observances less attractive, then they cease to be innocent, and we should be on our guard against them. So if they are of such a character that we dare not look up from the midst of them to ask the favor and the blessing of God upon us, we should separate ourselves from them. For that which he refuses to bless cannot be otherwise than unblessed to us.

One further remark we wish to make. It must never be forgotten that amusements are intended only for relaxation, — a state between working and sleeping, to ventilate our faculties and recruit them for new efforts in the great work of life. Viewed in this light, they are beautiful interludes, provided by Him who knoweth our frames, and gracefully thrown in, like sunny openings in the forest, amid our serious occupations and cares.

These hours and scenes of relaxation from toil are pleasant spots to dwell upon in the lives of those who have labored most successfully, and from the highest motives, in the great field of human industry and enterprise. We love to think of Chief Justice Marshall unbending from his profound judicial investigations, and throwing himself on the ground with boyish eagerness to measure exactly the disputed distances reached by the quoits which he and his friends had pitched; or of Edmund Burke, and Wilberforce, and Buxton, and Chancellor Kent, leaving for a season the studies which have thrown light for distant generations on the whole science of government and law, or giving up for the time all thought of the exhausting labors which have done so much for the social and moral improvement of the

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world, to roll upon the floor with their children, to join in the sports of young persons, or to be among the merriest and noisiest in light and humorous conversations. We love to think of the gleesome spirit and sportive hours and words of some of the English martyrs, men of saintly lives and thoughts, who, like Sir Thomas More and Hugh Latimer, went to the block or the stake almost with an air of festal triumph. We love to think of Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers, not only in their devotions and their studies and their wonderful eloquence, which they put forth with all the strength of their earnest and powerful natures to move and save the souls of men, but also when they threw off their cares and disported themselves as overgrown boys let loose from school, — thus recruiting and refreshing their exhausted energies for new labors.* When the stern

* Take the following picture of Chalmers in his domestic hours of relaxation. "After some of his great public appearances, when he came home exhausted, his daughters would gather round him as he lay at ease in his arm-chair. One would play Scotch music, another shampoo his feet, a third would talk nonsense, and set him into fits of laughter. At such times, in a mock-heroic way, he would repeat Scott's lines, 'O woman, in our hours of ease,' &c. A spirit of chivalry ran through all his intercourse with his daughters. . . . . Reposing in his easy-chair, and recalling the subjects of his 'Bible Readings,' he would say: 'I am fond of the Old Testament; what a stately procession of Scripture characters! I have just twelve that I call my magnates; what a pinnacle that speech of our Saviour's lifts Abraham to, — he rejoiced to see my day, piercing the futurity of two thousand years. . . . . Jacob's early life is most distasteful to me. The truth is, he was just too much o' a sneck-drawer: he was the sneck-drawer and Esau the snool about the pottage. But how impressive his interview with Pharaoh and his closing scene! There was great chivalry, no doubt, in David pouring out the water before the Lord. . . . . I cannot say I altogether sympathize in it; I wad e'en ha'e ta'en a willy-waucht o' the water. . . . . I like everything that marks the identity of human nature. I am sure that judgment of Solomon's would make a great stir among the women: tongues wad no be idle at Jerusalem." If the hours of freedom from care and labor in our homes could be pervaded by an easy, playful spirit like this, it would have a most salutary influence upon us all. If our meals, for example, could be made more festal and social, and less a solemn act of eating and drinking, it would be favorable not only to health, but to many of the most desirable social enjoyments and graces. These lighter amusements ought to diffuse themselves through every day, giving a wholesome vivacity to the movements of body and mind.

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and terrible reformer, Martin Luther, with as heavy a task as God ever laid upon a mortal man, threw his cares aside from time to time, and played on his flute, jested with his friends, gambolled elephant-like with his children, or gave himself up with extravagant delight to the songs of birds and all the joyful restorative influences of nature, he thus kept his soul sweet and his powers fresh, so as to renew at the fitting time, and finish, the work which had been given him to do.

Here we see the true place and office of amusements. They are not the business of life, but interludes, recreations, refreshments, thrown in at intervals to save us from being utterly broken down by unceasing and perpetual toil. While we study or labor, while we do our part to work or to prepare ourselves for work, we have a right, nay, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give ourselves up from time to time to amusements. But when amusements become the chief thing, when they take the place of the serious duties which God has imposed on every man whom he has created, then they undermine our principles, and impair our faith in whatever is noblest in virtue, or most holy in religion. The soul which lays upon itself no weightier obligations and seeks no higher ends, is lost. Even poetry and music and art, so beautiful in their place as the handmaids of religion, only lead us into the paths of death when they withdraw from her guidance and demand for themselves the worship which is due to God alone. "This, too, is the ruinous effect of an education of accomplishments. The education of the taste, and the cultivation of the feelings, in undue proportion, destroy the masculine tone of mind. An education chiefly romantic or poetical, not balanced by hard practical life, is simply the ruin of the soul." *

And when such has become the character of a community, when æsthetic tastes have greater influence than the love

* Robertson.

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of truth, and amusements are allowed to stand in the place of better things, then, no matter what external show of prosperity or refinement there may be, the doom of that community is sealed. "For," in the language of an able historian,* "neither in sacred nor profane history, — neither in the monarchies of the East, nor the free commonwealths of the Western world, — neither in Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Italian, Saracenic, or any other chronicles, — could an exception be found to the law which dooms to ruin any people who, abandoning the duties for the delights of this transitory state, live only in the frivolities of life, and find only the means of a dissolute and emasculate self-indulgence in God's best gifts to man, — in wealth and leisure and society, in erudition and art and science, in literature and philosophy and eloquence, in the domestic affections which should bless our existence, and in the worship by which it should be consecrated."

THE TWO BAPTISMS.

The sunlight crowns the lofty hills,
Brightens the vale below,
And kisses into smiles the stream
That through the vale winds slow.

And smiles, as well, the tiny grass
Upon the river's brink,
And lowly bends the graceful elm,
To let its young leaves drink.

There is no cloud in earth or sky,
As glides along the way
A little band, and midst them one
Who seeks the Lord to-day; —

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* Sir James Stephen.

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One who would leave a careless life
Beside this placid stream,
And catch, through baptism's holy sign,
Of God's fair heaven a gleam.

The prayer and holy words are said,
The water cools his brow:
So far as outward seal can stamp,
He is the Master's now.

And once again the solemn words, —
"Until this life is done,
In rest, in toil, in joy or woe,
This soul and God are one."

And yet, O yearning soul, bend low;
This baptism is not all;
Another has our Father, God,
And every child He 'll call.

'T is not enough, this gentle stream,
To still a restless heart:
In God's great sacrament of fire,
Each soul will find its part.

That baptism will not come to you,
As this one has to-day;
Nor flowers nor sunlight, prayers nor hymns,
Will help you on your way.

It may be in some midnight hour,
No human soul near thine,
When sin is near, and God seems far,
That fearful light will shine.

Perhaps 't will come through waitings long,
By doubtings deep and drear, —
Some struggle fierce, on God's broad field,
With self and craven fear.

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Some time from out the breaking heart,
  Will burst the anguished cry,
That tells how human souls shrink back
  The fiery baptism nigh.

I do not know, the ways are His, —
  We all are in His hands;
It matters not, so He lends strength
  To meet His stern commands.

But kneel and pray, yet once again,
  That in His fearful day,
However deep the soul may sink,
  He 'll not be far away.

What! shrinking back so soon, poor heart,
  With lip and cheek so pale?
There are these strong, sweet words for thee:
  "My grace it shall not fail;

"My heaven shall surely wait for thee,
  And there, in soft, clear light,
For evermore shall stand the soul,
  That I by fire make white."

A. M. S.

"A short sentence may be oftentimes a large and a mighty prayer."

"Let him who prays bestow all that strength, fervor, and attention upon shortness and significance, that would otherwise run out and lose itself in length and luxuriancy of speech to no purpose. Let not his tongue outstrip his heart, nor presume to carry a message to the throne of grace while that stays behind."

"Nothing can be more absurd in itself, nor more unacceptable to God, than for one engaged in the great work of prayer to hold on speaking after he has left off praying, and to keep the lips at work when the spirit can do no more."

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LIBERALITY OR INDIFFERENCE?

It is a good thing to be a liberal Christian, but it is a very poor thing to be an indifferent Christian. True charity is a very sweet grace, but true charity does not spring from indifference. It is easy, of course, to be very charitable, where the dividing points are not so much points of difference as of indifference. The Jews, and not the Gallios whose weary task it is to calm their theological strifes, come to bitterness and blows in the attempt to adjust them. If, therefore, we find, or think we find, that Christians are more kindly disposed towards each other than they once were, is it because the matter which they all have at heart is no longer absolutely vital to them, or because they have learned to look at it in a larger way? Is it liberality, or is it indifference?

Perhaps some may think that as yet there is no very large measure of kindliness to be accounted for, that the demands of the spirit of dogmatism are still almost as formidable as ever, and that the peculiar bitterness known as *odium theologicum* has lost very little of its intensity. Undoubtedly, here as everywhere else, there is a dark side to look at, and desponding persons may turn their eyes exclusively that way. Undoubtedly in this direction, as in other directions, professions outrun practice, and the most liberal in name turn out sometimes to be the least liberal in fact. Old school and new school strive for the mastery in all denominations, and those who go from one religious home to another, seeking rest, often find that they have only been introduced to a new form of strife. The nominally religious journals often make their readers very sad with their displays of uncharitableness, and their contests, not for truth, but for individual triumphs. Here and there we even find vestiges of old persecuting opinions and practices. Now and then an eccentric Protestant, with his face turned

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backward, seems to be so defending the old acts of persecution, in his comments upon the deeds of the past in that way, as to lead us to suspect that he would look with favor upon the revival of such acts of faith, and might think it humane to afflict the body for the good of the soul. Sometimes we hear a story of persecution in a country where Romanism reigns supreme, that seems to cast a suspicion upon the sincerity of the profession, made in these late years by the Romish Church, of an exclusive reliance upon moral persuasives; though, where church and state are united, it is not easy to determine how far any specific act of oppression was religious, and how far it was political,— prompted by the fears of a tyrant, or by the hatred of the theologian. We know, too, how much may be said, with truth, of the breath of the lips by which a theological disputant may slay, or try to slay, his adversary, and perhaps may safely admit that as yet no church, denomination, or sect is Christian enough to be intrusted with unlimited power, so fearful to poor human nature is the temptation to play the despot. Moreover, here in New England we have no idea of the measures of sectarian bitterness which afflict the Church elsewhere.

But whatever may be the force of bigotry in modern Christendom, it is the veriest trifle compared with the spirit that fanned to fierce flames the fires of Romish or Protestant persecution, in days the like of which we may hope the world will never see again. Men who would once have been pursuing each other to death, now occupy the same pulpits, if not together, then in succession; and in many parts of Christendom the denominations so overlap one another that it is difficult to draw a line between them. The tendency, certainly amongst Protestants, is towards unity, however imperfectly it may be realized, and however much of the old leaven of sectarianism may still be at work.

But is it liberality or is it indifference? We find that we are very often asking ourselves this question, as we study the

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signs of our religious times. What we want, is to be tolerant and kindly in our believing, not tolerant and kindly because we believe no longer, because one form of faith interests us quite as much or quite as little as another. We can look with great composure upon the rival pretensions of Mahometan sects, but this is because we look down upon the Mahometan religion as unauthorized and incredible. It is of the first importance for us to discover whether the old, solemn persuasion, that man lives by the words that proceed from the mouth of God, is dying out of the world, so that we are no longer eager to gather up these words and arrange them in their due order. What we dismiss in a cheap, off-hand manner, as bigotry, and would have men rid themselves of in a moment, at whatever violence to their mental associations and life-long habitudes, cannot be dealt with by so summary a process. It is not wholly an evil, — it cannot be cured in an instant, except by one of those acts of violence which indeed put an end to the malady, but at the same time put an end to the patient. Bigotry is the abuse of a good quality of the human soul, a distortion of a healthy feeling of responsibility to uphold the truth, as the spring and guide and solace of life. Bigotry thinks to justify itself by insisting upon the moral element in conviction, the power which the heart will exert over the understanding, guiding and misguiding. Evil opinions, it says, make evil men, and again evil men will fall into evil opinions. Often what the errorist needs is not knowledge or reasoning, but moral reproof. No man has a right to proclaim false and harmful opinions; what he believes, is a matter between himself and God, — what he speaks and writes, men must take cognizance of. So urges the bigot, hating the alleged errorist as one who has wilfully given himself up to believe a lie, and who deserves, therefore, to be punished, that the unperverted may take warning. This, we say, is a distortion of the just persuasion that truth and life are inseparably blended; that to know and to defend the truth are solemn

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duties; that there is a truth, could one only find it, which we were all born into the world to bear witness to. Underneath the ugly surface of sectarian hate, a discerning eye, eager to discover light in darkness, will find at least a vague feeling of responsibility to the truth, a sincere respect for one's convictions, a dread of any compliances or compromises, a persuasion that it is a work of God to believe, and to insist upon belief, in whatever he has plainly revealed. A thoroughly honest bigot will be ready on his part to make the sacrifices which he exacts of others, and will unhesitatingly renounce any preferments, the tenure of which does not consist with the course of his thought. He will not subscribe "for substance" himself, and ask others to subscribe for the letter, and for every jot and tittle thereof. He neither asks for toleration, nor will he give it. His victories he holds to be victories for the truth, his defeats he regards as the disasters which a mysterious Providence appoints, even for the righteous; his opponent is no better than Antichrist, and to make terms with him would be an offence. Now there is in all this a small measure, at least, of a redeeming element, — an earnest appreciation of truth as a reality to live by, and to suffer and die for, — a kind of honesty which is to be commended, and which one would by no means part with in becoming liberal. Nothing can atone for the absence of an integrity at once intellectual and moral, — for a scrupulous reference to the bearing of opinions upon human life and human progress. The spirit which made the boast of the Romish Church to be one and undivided an empty assumption, and which has kept the leaders of the Protestant sects apart, each in his peculiar domain of religious thought and activity, until the new Christianity has become a by-word for dissensions and jealousies, is not all evil, — mere pride of opinion. Largely it is but an exaggeration of that solemn regard for revealed truth, which came in with Christianity, and prevented the early believers from accepting for their Divine Lord a place by the side of

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Gentile heroes and demigods, and compelled them to demand for their faith everything or nothing. It is not cheering, but saddening, to find men growing liberal because they are growing careless and worldly, — inviting into their sacred places the most various, and even opposite, religious ministrations, upon the single condition that they shall all be equally entertaining, — patronizing with equal kindliness of manner the latest form of pietism, and the latest form of rationalism, — jumbling all varieties of religious opinion into a confused medley of extravagance and tameness, of the strict and the lax. We recognize a certain grim earnestness in what is told of the Chancellor Gardiner, — "that he had stayed long for dinner that day that Ridley and Latimer were to be burnt, till one should bring him word that the fire was set to them, but that the messenger coming post did not reach London till four o'clock in the afternoon, and that he then went cheerfully to dine." We cannot escape the conviction that this stern bigot was more downright and honest, as he sat down to that dinner, which proved to be his last, than many an after-dinner-speech-making prelate has been, prophesying in smooth days the smooth things of liberality and universal toleration, having no real faith in eternal life and eternal death. We see that the Puritans could do no otherwise in their day, and with their light, than refuse a compliance with what seem to us trifling demands; and, on the other hand, that the friends of the Anglican Establishment could do no otherwise than press these demands. They could not be less scrupulous without being less earnest. Even what seem to us at this day mere trifles had once a representative meaning and value. In this spirit the martyr-bishop Hooper, in the days of Edward VI., "scrupled the vestments," as the phrase was, when, in the year 1550, he was nominated, on his return from the Continent, to the see of Gloucester. He could not at first consent to what seemed to him a vain tradition, a relic of the Popish superstition, and an indirect invitation to the multitude to return

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to the old forsaken paths of idolatry. The eminent theologians, Peter Martyr and Bucer, then resident Professors at Oxford and Cambridge, were appointed to argue away his difficulties with regard to the sacerdotal attire, and were so successful as to persuade him to be consecrated, and appear once in bishop's robes as preacher to the court, though this would seem to have been the extent of his compliance, and presently his days were ended at the stake. Undoubtedly he applied to the case the principle laid down by St. Paul, with reference to the Jewish ceremonial. "If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing," — meaning, of course, that salvation by ceremony is irreconcilable with salvation by faith and love. He forgot that, with the Jews, Paul became a Jew, that he might gain the Jews, submitting to the law, whilst all the while he was building up within a structure that would reduce even that costly framework into useless scaffolding. To some in those days it seemed eminently worth while to "scruple" the vestments, the book of prayer, the altar, and the chancel-rails; to others equally earnest, it seemed eminently worth while to insist upon them. We are glad to read of Chillingworth, that he hesitated long to subscribe the Anglican Confession, because he judged "that to say the fourth commandment is a law of God appertaining to Christians, is false and unlawful," and "that the damning sentences in St. Athanasius's Creed (as we are made to subscribe it) are most false, and also in a high degree presumptuous and schismatical." Such a delay contrasts favorably with that willingness so conspicuous in some to make light of doctrinal formularies, and, by explaining them away, to defeat the very purpose for which they were framed and are insisted upon.

We want, then, earnestness, zeal for the truth, convictions and a respect for them, quite as much as we want liberality. It is not good to part with either for the sake of gaining the other. Now we believe that liberality and earnestness are compatible, and that the union of these two qualities lies in

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the path of a true progress. A few hints in illustration and confirmation of this faith may be of service.

Let us see, first, what a genuine liberality would seem to require of us. Briefly, a kind and respectful bearing towards every thoughtful, reverent, hearty, positive statement of religious and moral conviction, whether it proceed from Jerusalem or from Nazareth, from Rabbi or from Galilean, a willingness to estimate the moral worth of an opponent by the same standard which we apply to those of our own persuasion, and a steady refusal to attempt to hasten the growth of conviction by any appeal to passion or interest. There are some who seem to regard liberality as including much more than this. They are not content when a respectful hearing is accorded to reverent words, but claim the same audience for crude and bitter and flippant denials, the smart sayings of those who flout at the popular faith and cruelly wound the hearts of the pious. They are not content unless the respectful hearing is followed by some word of assent or patronage, when the honest and fair response should rather be a word of dissent and hearty protest. If I believe that my brother holds views of truth which are working eternal mischief in his soul, and he comes fairly in my way, it is my duty to tell him my thought in all love. Liberality, moreover, does not require me to sustain or aid in the promulgation of views which seem to me in essential, or even in very important particulars, erroneous. After due inquiry, we settle upon certain grand particulars of belief and practice as in our judgment the best: it becomes then our duty to maintain them; they are our special heritage and peculiar charge; we prefer to confine ourselves mainly to our providential allotment, feeling under no obligation to spend the substance which belongs to our own household in an indiscriminate and aimless hospitality, and being satisfied that those who prize views which we hold in light esteem will care for their own as we are caring for our own, and will see that they suffer no detriment. It is not narrowness for a man to settle upon certain opinions, and then, giv-

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ing himself mainly and heartily to them, to try what he can make out of life under their guidance and by their inspiration. We may have sects without sectarianism; and if each family of believers devotes itself, not to destroying the dwellings of neighbors, but to building up its own dwelling, the waste places of the earth will soon be peopled, and its desolations reclaimed. Let each section of the Church move quietly forward, testing its views of truth by inward and outward experience, and we shall the sooner know how much of what is called Christianity is in word and how much is in power. For the present, Christians will arrange themselves in different groups, larger or smaller, and for a longer or shorter continuance; but by virtue of their common love and loyalty for Jesus Christ, they will come together ever closer and closer.

Now, understanding thus much by liberality, we shall succeed in maintaining it without indifference, just so far as we make good a distinction between truth and the forms of truth, and are able to see that the mind and heart must reach great Christian convictions by inward growth, and not by outward imposition. There is an important distinction between the truth itself and the various forms in which, for the time at least, it comes to various minds. Truth is essential, whilst the different forms of truth have only a relative importance. It is essential to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, but we may believe in him after different modes. It is essential to recognize the fact that holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, but we may accept this fact according to different views of inspiration. It is essential to believe in the reality of sin, but we may hold different views of its extent, and of the ways in which, under Christ, it is to be cured. It is found that, under the cover of confusing terms, we are often unconsciously seeking for the same thing by the most various paths. Those who are called orthodox and those who are called heterodox very often mean the same thing. We are aware that this distinction may be

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pushed too far, and that the truth may be so obstructed and hidden by the form as to be practically useless. Then there is nothing for us but to recognize a plain antagonism and utter an honest protest. A sacramental religion, for instance, can take no pleasure in an experimental religion. The world is not wide enough for the two. The Chancellor Gardiner, to whom we have already referred, was right when, in reply to Day, Bishop of Chichester, who comforted him as he lay upon his death-bed by assurance of justification through the blood of Christ, he said, "He might speak of that to him or others in his condition, but if he opened that gap again, and preached that to the people, then farewell all together." Farewell, he meant, to the Church of Rome, then reasserting herself in England. There is no line so deep as that which divides the Church of Law, ceremonial or moral, from the Church of Faith. It is that Gospel line which separates a man from his brother, and the son from his father. But we cannot say so much of the various forms under which the mystery of the Godhead is accepted, or of the different theories of the great fact of atonement through the cross of Christ. We find, ourselves, great comfort in this distinction between the truth and the forms of truth. It enables us, even in these days of sad confusion and outward divisions, to maintain the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and to believe in the possibility of reunion.

And, again, the utmost earnestness will be found to be consistent with a hearty and genial liberality, when we understand how necessary it is to wait very quietly and patiently, until, in the experience of the heart and of the outward life, those who seem to us to hold very imperfect views of truth have been brought to realize their poverty, — have learned how utterly inadequate they are to satisfy the deepest cravings of the soul, or to answer in any tolerable way its hard questions. Men and women will come in their own time, and according as their burdens press upon them, to cry out for and to welcome truths of the heart and life which

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they could never have accepted from without as dogmas. Leave them in all kindness with God and his Christ, and the word of his grace, and the wondrous discipline of joy and sorrow. Be of the truth yourselves, and entreat them by all the solemnities of time and of eternity to be earnest, simple-hearted, reverent seekers, quick to hear, slow to speak, and the way is open by which they shall pass out of their poor, dry conceptions, into richer and more vital doctrines. "He that is not against us is on our part." "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." If my creed will not keep me from starving, do not prevent me from making that discovery by thrusting upon me dogmas which as yet I do not crave, and in opposing which I shall grow warm with a sectarian heat that may be mistaken for the warmth of a true zeal. It is the Divine wisdom at once to constrain and to leave us in perfect freedom. The zealous propagandist, running before he is sent, and being more anxious to lord it over men's faith than to be helpers of their joy, often finds antagonists where he might have gained converts, and strengthens for another generation the error which he had hoped to root out for ever. One who really confides in the truth can wait until the occasions of life illustrate and enforce the need of it, and readily understands that, when it is forced upon a reluctant and unresponsive soul, it is no better than a falsity.

Is it Liberality, or is it Indifference? It is a healthy Liberality, if, in all loyalty to the truth, and with entire willingness to make sacrifices for it, we have learned to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials by the light which God gives us to-day, and have realized what a sacred and most inward and spiritual experience is a religious conviction, — a redeeming and saving faith in God and Christ. There is a Liberality which is as far as possible from being a cheap and easy thing, a liberality which has no fellowship with indifference, but, on the contrary, can be exhibited only by souls that are profoundly in earnest, — as conservative in their liberality as liberal in their conservatism. E.

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ON AN ENGRAVING FROM CORREGGIO,

REPRESENTING ST. JOHN AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

A VISION of that glorious land
Where, met from every age and clime,
The good around their Saviour stand,
And meditate his love sublime!

Two such with rapture scan the page
That bears the eternal light of truth;
One wears the reverend locks of age,
One, the bright front of angel youth.

Such grandeur to Augustine's mien
Old Rome's expiring glory gave;
Thus the beloved John was seen,
Radiant from Christ's deserted grave.*

Stern Bishop of the Afric shore!
Hard was thy path to heavenly light,
With foes within, and foes before,
To conquer in thy Saviour's might!

And traces from the well-fought field
On thine ascetic doctrine rest,
Like dints upon the warrior's shield,
Like blood-drops on the conqueror's crest.

O, well the mighty artist drew
Thee, 'mid the bliss of entered heaven
Raising thy kingly front to view
Truths by that holier teacher given.

Yes! read with him in yonder sphere —
Meet lesson for the realms above —
The truth that "Love doth cast out fear,"†
The truth that "God himself is Love!"‡

S. G. B.

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* John xx. 8. † 1 John iv. 18. ‡ 1 John iv. 16.

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THE DIVINE HUMANITY.

This phrase, which is becoming familiar in Unitarian literature, comes originally from Swedenborg, and sets forth the central doctrine of New Church theology. But it is liable to be misunderstood, and we observe in one instance that the Swedish seer is quoted as teaching something very different from what he means. What that is may be made clear, if we can find language to translate the thought into the common speech of men.

First, then, it should be observed, that, in his theologizings, the Deity is not the abstract unity of the metaphysicians, but his nature is a Divine Organism composed of attributes some of which exist *within* the others. It is with God in infinite degree as with man in finite degree, and man being the abridged copy and likeness of the Infinite Original, we may take him to help our conception of the Divine nature.

Now man is not a simple unity, but has one nature within another. He is affection, mind, and body. Affection, or the dominating love, is inmost, or deepest; then there is his mind, or understanding, which is clothed upon it, and serves to shape it to its ends. But both affection and understanding are overlaid with a body, which serves to symbolize and show them forth in action. It may be material body, the most external part of us, while we remain in this world, or it may be spiritual body, which we shall have hereafter; but whether here or there, there is no such thing as love and understanding as mere qualities, but they must needs be *embodied*, and have the form adapted to the work they have to do.

Just so it is with God. He is Love and Wisdom. But his Love is inmost, the eternal fountain or the primal essence of his being, and his Wisdom clothes it and is warm and radiant with it, and there is an eternal and perfect union between the two. He is never good except wisely so,

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and his wisdom or truth is always filled and warmed with his goodness. But these attributes are not abstractions any more with God than with man. They exist in form. There is a Divine Form which is the perfect impersonation of the Supreme Love and Wisdom; and since the most perfect form is the human, it is the form of the Divine Substance, and this is the DIVINE HUMANITY.

"What then! God limited and confined within a form! How, then, can he be omnipotent and omnipresent?" The objection of mere naturalism, says the old seer, proceeding on the assumption that substance must needs be material and occupy natural space, whereas it is *because* God is Divine Substance in Divine Form, that he is omnipotent and omnipresent; for unless love and wisdom were BODIED FORTH, they would have no power, and be present nowhere.

And here comes in Swedenborg's doctrine of "discrete degrees," which is the key to his whole system, which saves it from gross anthropomorphism, and yet makes it stand forth with amazing boldness of outline to the eye of faith. We readily apprehend that material objects are not the most real ones. So much as this the Christian Fathers, and even the old philosophers, maintained, as any one may find by reading Cudworth. Therefore, above the natural world there is a spiritual, of more perfect forms and more delightful scenery. One is not a sublimation or refinement of the other. Spiritual body is not matter rarefied, but differs *in kind* from it, and one is not convertible into the other; and hence above or rather within the sphere of natural space and time rises the realm of immortality, in its unimagined beauty of form and coloring.

But Swedenborg stops not here. He carries this august philosophy to its last sublime result. He asserts it as a universal principle, that substance must exist in form, or it has no existence at all. And spiritual body such as clothes the human immortals in the heavens, though of far higher quality than natural body, is not the highest of all. There

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is the Divine Substance differing still *in kind* from spiritual, the perfection of all form, and whence, in fact, all beauty of form originates, — infinite not by extent of natural magnitude, but infinite in quality and degree of excellence, and, because it impersonates the First Good, is itself the First Perfect and First Fair. And because of this Form, and its infinite adaptation to the Divine Mind, God can be omnipotent and omnipresent, — just as the sun has power and is all-present in the planetary spaces because its solar essence has a body and form whereby its power can emanate, can hold the remotest planet true to its orbit, and fill immensity with the undulations of its life and glory.

Herein Swedenborg reaffirms the old doctrine with which the Theists confuted the Atheists, and on which Plato and Aristotle largely insisted, that there is such an entity as *immaterial substance;* only, as set in array by his doctrine of "discrete degrees," it takes a shape immeasurably more distinct and bright. To state this doctrine at large in connection with that of the Divine Incarnation in Jesus Christ, would require many pages; but it may be clearly outlined without being discussed.

Some writers are fond of assuming that the nature of Christ was "simple," and that the theory of a "double nature" is absurd. The notion of a double *personality* may be; but who will not acknowledge that human nature in any form is composite, and that our mysterious being exists fold within fold? There is the most outward envelopment of flesh and blood; there is the spiritual or immortal body within that, which death cannot injure; there is mind or intellect within that, and the ruling love still within that; and still farther inward, and veiled from consciousness, is that awful shrine where God dwells with man, and whence comes the renewing influence of his Holy Spirit. To say how these are folded one within the other, and especially how, by the last, man takes hold of God, and God takes hold of him, is beyond our analysis quite as much as the union

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of Christ with the Father. Moreover, who does not know that we act sometimes from one sphere of consciousness, and sometimes from another, — that the child, conscious as yet of little else than an animal nature, uses the personality *I* out of a different sphere of motive from that which afterwards opens inward and inward up to the spiritual nature itself where God dwells face to face with his angels?

The doctrine of Christ's essential divinity recognizes the fact, that, though born into the world with a finite human body, intellect, and will, yet the *inmost* of his being was not some inspiration from God, such as prophets have, but the Divine Essence itself, though veiled at first from his consciousness, — that towards this his natures were opened successively, as he was led obediently through all of human experience and suffering, and that then the Divine came forth in its fulness, and all that was assumed from human parentage was successively excluded, so that the glorified Christ is the complete and unclouded humanity of the Godhead. And one result of the Divine incarnation and excarnation is, that the Divine Humanity exists in lower ultimations than ever before, and brings God nearer to the human heart and mind as an object of thought and love, and enables him to operate on our souls with a new and more influent power. It is bringing down the sphere of the Godhead more closely to our fallen nature, in the only way that it can, savingly, approach us and make us receptive of itself. As the Evangelist says of the Word incarnate, or humanized more completely to our apprehensions and wants, "The only begotten Son that dwelleth in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." The Divine Humanity, the complete receptacle and enrobing of the eternal love, hath disclosed him to our minds and hearts.

The entire phenomena of Christ's appearing, taken as a connected series of facts, — the birth without human parentage on one side, the life, death, resurrection, and glorification of the Saviour, and the procession of the Holy Spirit through

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him as an inheritance to the Church in all coming time, — these are the evidence of the essential divinity of that humanity that broke on the world out of the veilings of the assumed finite natures; which more or less perfectly has been acknowledged ever since, and will continue to be till the last cloud is dissipated and the earth is flooded with the sunshine of the Divine countenance. And if a textual criticism can here and there raise objections in the letter, we should remember that we are to seek first a system of interpretation which unveils the spiritual contents of the Gospels, and shows them in organic wholeness and in clear consistency from beginning to end.

The doctrine of the Divine Humanity, as revealed in Jesus Christ, asserts irresistibly its importance in its practical bearings upon our piety and worship. Alas for us, if we expect to kindle our devotions by words and phrases which are only descriptive of abstract qualities! That God is good, kind, wise, just, fatherly, we may repeat from night till morn, and still look up through the blank and boundless heavens and see nothing there but vacancy, and our devotions waste and die. That is the damage which piety suffers when Christ is only seen as a man like ourselves. The forms of worship remain, but they are emptied of their contents, and the thoughts "wander through eternity" without rest. "I go to the left, but he is not there. I go to the right, but I cannot find him." Prayer degenerates into words and phrases, whose precious burden has dropped out of them, instead of being the "vials full of odors sweet," always passing down to us from God to give our souls the unction of his love. Without the mediating provision which he has furnished, the mind seeks in vain for any Divine Person, and its conceptions fade off into dimness and shadow, and man is left only to deify his own nature and call it Divine. He sinks into the slough of Pantheism, and God only takes form in nature and in man. But the moment Jesus Christ is revealed to us as the Divine Humanity, God appears in all

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his gracious condescension, and the Mercy-Seat is near. Thence we fly on wings "swifter than meditation, or the thoughts of love," and our eternal refuge is secure. True enough this doctrine may be received as a speculation of the intellect, or the formula of a creed, without asserting its power. But it cannot be received into the affections without melting down the soul in the fires of the Divine love, and pouring it out anew in heavenly charities and yearnings of good-will. And thus received by the Church, it would hush her Babel tongues, and fulfil to her the old prophecy, — "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

S.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A SHORT HOMILY.

"None of us liveth unto himself."

It was a lovely morning in the full tide of summer, — a Sabbath morning, when the voice of man was hushed, and his varied occupations ceased. Only the grand operations of Nature pursued their accustomed course. Her sun rose in all his splendor. Her birds and breezes raised adoring hymns to the Lord of the Sabbath and of Nature.

In her quiet chamber sat one to whom illness and bereavement had spoken many and solemn lessons. The world wore to her a chastened aspect; yet was not its beauty dimmed, nor had its sweet sounds lost their harmony. She was alone. They were absent whose voices had been wont on that holy morning to blend with her own in hymns of praise; but on the hushed air came to her ear the sound of sweet voices from a neighboring dwelling. She leaned from her window, and caught the words of

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Bishop Ken's fine morning hymn, dear to herself and to many a believing heart in generations present and past. The tune also was one precious and familiar to her from childhood. Perhaps the strains were even sweeter from the fact that those who sang were of a faith somewhat differing from her own, and that some of them were strangers, whom she might never meet on earth, and whose very names she did not know. Unconsciously to themselves, they bore her spirit upward with their own; and a gracious influence was breathed through her soul, and lingers still in her memory.

It was a very trifling incident, if anything should be called trifling which leaves a permanent impression on any human mind; but its very insignificance makes it all the better illustration of the great word of Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ.

"None of us liveth unto himself." No man can so live, even with the most selfish intentions. Our most unstudied words may be caught up by those of whose presence we take no note, and be, whether for good or for evil, as seed of wheat or seed of tares sown in a fertile soil. The tone of the voice, the expression of the face in the home or in the street, may awaken emotions of pleasure or of pain. As the man of mesmeric power, without conscious action of the will, sometimes sends a mysterious influence into the frame of another, so about each one of us, more or less, there seems to be an indescribable atmosphere of attraction or repulsion.

Happy is the man whose life is so imbued with holiness and love, that his whole aspect and his hourly walk shed around him "the dew of a continual blessing," — whose simple presence is a benediction! Blessing and blessed he goes on his way, perhaps like the sun, unconscious how many blossoms and fruits of beauty he warms into life, till the revelations of the great day show him the abundant harvest.

M.

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RANDOM READINGS.

CRYING.

Scene, — a nursery, with three chairs and a cradle. *Dramatis personæ*, — a mother, two boys, and a baby. The big boy has snatched a wooden horse from the little boy; the little boy roars, and digs his two fists into his two eyes; the baby cries lustily because the little boy cries; and the big boy cries because chidden by his mother. So all three have set up what may be called a most concording discord. Father comes in, and wonders what all the noise is about, and demands that it shall stop instantly; but the more he demands, the more it will not stop, but gushes out in fresh and more vigorous wavelets. At length he threatens the boys that he will whip them unless they stop crying; thus recognizing, unconsciously, the new principle in medicine, that like cures like, for, as what makes a well man sick will make a sick man well, so what will make children cry that did not cry before, will make them stop crying when the fit is on. But the principle fails in this case, as we have known it to do in a great many others; and we have come to regard it as a sort of axiom in domestic affairs, that whipping will not stop crying, but aggravate it rather, and develop the symptoms more. And the father gives over in vexation, and asks his wife, "What 's the use of having all this noise?" — as if she were responsible for the whole thing, and got it up on purpose. *Use*, my good man? A great deal of use. Do you suppose tears are secreted for no purpose, and that that system of glands was made in vain? Sorrow makes up nearly one half the experience of human life, and crying is a sort of viaduct for draining it off. These children, you see, are practising and learning how, and getting their pipes and viaducts in excellent working order. Woe to the man who has never learned to cry! Like learning to spell, it must begin early, or the faculty will never be fairly waked up and developed; and when sorrow comes, for it comes to all, it will settle down into chronic moroseness and sullenness, a standing pool of ill-nature and depravity, having no regular outlet. The worst men never cry; or if they do, it is the turning-point where reformation begins. So, too, that melancholy which set-

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tles down in brooding care, or hopeless insanity, is the result, mainly, of the disuse of the faculty of crying. Once, at the funeral of a good man, all the mourners sobbed aloud except the widow, who sat tearless as a tatue. People wondered, but *she never cried again*, and she died within the year. On the other hand, we remember the case of a freshman at college who received unexpected news of the death of a parent; and so violent was his grief, that some one went to the President in alarm, and asked him to go and administer consolation. "He will die of grief," said his classmates. "No he won't," said the President. The next day the young man was playing at football.

Byron never learned to cry. That was the reason of his being so bad a man. His childhood was sadly neglected. No viaduct was ever made between his heart and his eyes, or if so, it was early closed up, and the rills of tenderness could not find the way out. He has left twelve lines which let us far into the secret of his inverted nature. We have not seen them in any collection of his poems, but we found them afloat somewhere.

"I know not what hath seared mine eye;
The tears refuse to start,
But every drop its lids deny
Falls dreary on my heart.

"Yes, deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care,
As caverned waters wear the stone,
Yet, dropping, harden there.

"They cannot petrify more fast
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which, coldly fixed, regard the past,
But never melt again."

There are two kinds of crying, — *silent* and *explosive*. The language of the first is only tears, or at best low sobbings and moanings, and always moves us most, because suggesting the woundings of a deeper anguish. Animals have no tears. If they had, their mute appeal to the human brutes that abuse them would sometimes prevail, and make men merciful to them. The stag is said to be an exception; and if so, we think the penitentiary ought to be kept in reserve for his hunters and tormenters. We always choke when we

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come to that passage in "As You Like It," where Shakespeare has described the sorrows of the poor animal:—

> "A poor, sequestered stag,
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
> The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
> That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
> Almost to bursting; and *the big round tears*
> *Coursed one another down his innocent nose*
> In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
> Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
> Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
> Augmenting it with tears."

A gentleman once told us that he knew of an ox who actually *spake*, as far as mute signs can speak, in dumb appeal from his owner, who was abusing him. He had beaten the poor animal till he lay down in the yoke, and he was beating him still, when the humane gentleman came up, and the ox turned and rolled round his great eye, and fixed it steadily upon the gentleman's benevolent face, with an expression of almost human intelligence, which said, "Save me from this wretch, good Sir."

Among the human species, silent crying expresses the sorrow of more refined and gentle natures. Some children of finer mould only move you by the mute appeal of tears, whereas those of coarser make roar and bellow and go into contortions. We would suggest that the best policy with crying children would be, not to stop it short with threats and dark closets and flagellations, but, by milder methods, to turn the explosive crying into the silent, that by regular accidence they may slide into the grief of refined natures. If the child really needs punishment, administer to him, first, a sorrow somewhat milder than the one that now occupies him, then one rather milder than that, and so, instead of the vain attempt to put a sudden period to his roaring, you will give it graceful tractations into semiquavers and sobs, and at last into trickling tears. There is a habit which some people have of eternal croaking and whining. They never have any crying fits that the bad humors may exude in a single flood, and therefore the grief that is in them keeps up a perpetual chafing and irritation. We are inclined to think there was some defect in the education of

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these people, and that perhaps their crying when children was stopped too suddenly, or by too harsh and violent methods, and their hereditary evil was checked, and has been pent up in them and plaguing them all this while. When we were at the water-cure, — as a visitor, we mean, — a man who had been pining for years, and nobody could tell what ailed him, was put into the cold packing, and very soon an eruption of measles came out all over him. It turned out that the man had the measles years before, and the doctor drugged it out of sight, and ever since it had been tormenting him inwardly. Even so the grief of childhood may be violently flogged out of sight, instead of being drawn to the surface by more gentle methods, and the result may be a sorry temper that never knows the relief of tears, but always sulks and whines.

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

Some have thought that in the dawning, in our being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents ever know,
And that, if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer, but I knew a little child,
Who among the thyme and clover and the bees was running wild,
And he came one summer evening with his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn in pieces chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now I 'll go to bed, dear mother, for I 'm very tired of play!"
And he said his "Now I lay me" in a kind of careless way,
And he drank the cooling water from his little silver cup,
And said, gayly, "*When it 's morning, will the angels take me up?*"

Down he sank with roguish laughter in his little trundle-bed,
And the kindly God of Slumber showered the poppies o'er his head.
"What could mean his speaking strangely?" asked his musing mother then.
"O, 't was nothing but his prattle: what can he of angels ken?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaned her ear to listen if his breathing could be heard:
"Oh," she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

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Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child;
Up she starteth from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear,
And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,
And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me" will be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover will he chase the humble-bee;
Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,
And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

FINE WRITING.

A PREACHER had been discoursing for several Sabbaths on the highest themes, from a high pulpit, and in a highly wrought style, adapted to the place and the subject. It at length occurred to him that the children might not be able to follow him; and having finished the series, in order rightly to divide the word to the people, he preached a sermon for the special benefit of the little ones. Much to his surprise, the older ones opened their ears wider than before, and the accustomed sleepers all kept awake, and some of them thought he had better preach to the children all the while. The truth is, that, when we get into a pernicious habit of fine writing, we use book words instead of the good old Saxon English, redolent of home associations and memories, that comes directly to our business and bosoms. When an earnest preacher, like old Berridge, for instance, breaks away from the trammels of the pulpit, and gives full play to all his humor, pathos, and fire, we shake our heads at his want of dignity and propriety; but, nevertheless, he draws the crowds after him, and, what is better, convinces them of sin. Dr. Holmes suggests that he once wrote a poem which so affected a poor fellow with laughter that he "tumbled in a fit," since which he never dares to write as funny as he can. Would it not be a good rule in sermonizing, for some preachers, at least, not to write quite so well as they know how, and to present more jagged points and angles and rough surfaces, that the sermon might stick in the memory?

S.

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EDITORS' COLLECTANEA.

The Extent of the Atonement, in its Relation to God and the Universe. By the Rev. Thomas W. Jenkyn, D. D., late President of Coward College, London. Third Edition, carefully revised by the Author for the American Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — The author is no more in this world. He has been called, as we may trust, to a more intimate communion with Him who accomplished at Jerusalem that wondrous decease through which the kingdom of Heaven hath been opened for all believers. As Moses and Elias spake with the Lord upon this transcendent theme when they were seen together upon the Mount of Transfiguration, so, we may believe, the gracious Teacher lovingly unfolds the mystery for the dear friends who have been redeemed by his Spirit, and gathered into those bright mansions which are invisible for us only because they are so real. As a treatise upon the *Extent* of the Atonement, this work of Dr. Jenkyn is very satisfactory; and, as this is all that is directly proposed as the subject of discussion, we do not know that we have any right to look for anything more. It is the fruit of a clear and careful mind, whilst a very tender, loving spirit, a heart yearning for the salvation of man, an earnest Christian sense of the practical and experimental, meet the reader at every point. We cannot, indeed, subscribe to their judgment who compare Dr. Jenkyn with Bishop Butler. In passing from the Analogy to this treatise, we are sensible of a great descent. To provoke such a comparison is unwise, and cannot be serviceable to the reputation of a really thoughtful and Christian writer, who has acquitted himself admirably in the controversy with those that hold the opinion of a limited atonement. No very important controversy, some of our readers may think; but to a multitude of sincere Christians it is an important controversy.

With Dr. Jenkyn's treatment of the general subject we are not so well pleased. We find, indeed, a vast deal with which we can go along most heartily, — positions that relieve the type of opinion upon this subject with which our author is associated of every positive objection; but in the whole method of handling the great topic there is a lack of breadth and depth, with an extreme literalness, —

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an absence of all the rich life-juices. The conception of the Atoning Act seems to us immeasurably beneath the greatness and mystery of the theme; it is altogether too intelligible; nothing mystic remains for the heart to feed upon; the "Personage" to whom the writer refers is our dear suffering Lord no longer. Earnestly protesting against commercial views of the Atonement, he has not escaped the dry and measured speech of trade. We do not know that we have anything to offer on our part which would be more satisfactory, but that does not make us any better satisfied with this. We are very sure that what we might say would seem to many very unintelligible. The suffering through which the imperfect and sinful may be reconciled to the Perfect One, — the cost to God, the cost to man, — is a matter for the reason and the heart to ponder. The understanding gives us poor husks, and only belittles a vast topic. To our minds, the hint contained in a small portion of a paragraph from Lord Bacon, quoted by Dr. Jenkyn, is more instructive as to the internal meaning of the Atonement than all the rest of the book. He says: "I believe that God is so holy, pure, and jealous, that it is impossible for him to be pleased in *any creature*, though the work of his own hands; so that neither angels, man, nor *world* would stand or can stand one moment in his eye, without [his] beholding the same in the FACE OF A MEDIATOR." There is a look of a seeing eye down into the heart of things, a bit not of argumentation and mere human logic, but of reason. Sacrifice is inseparable from the relation of the Infinite to the finite, of the Holy to the unholy. The Infinite Love provides it without stint; — "God, who is rich in mercy for that great love wherewith he loved us even when we were dead in sins." But although we cannot regard this treatise as anything more than an attempt towards a discussion of the whole subject, it is singularly encouraging to find in a work so widely acceptable such passages as the following: —

"It must be remembered that the atonement is not a measure of law, but of prerogative and grace. Had the atonement been a measure of law, it would have been under the direction of pure equity; but as it is a measure of grace, it is, like all such measures, under the direction of infinite and benevolent wisdom."

"The great sufferings of the Son of God were not intended, nor were they calculated, to affect the *character* of a single attribute in

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God; but they were intended, and eminently adapted, to affect the disposition and the character of the sinner."

"In the Holy Scriptures, the atonement is never represented as calling into exercise any divine perfection, which it does not suppose to be in exercise before. By exercise I do not mean *expression*."

And here is a passage in which the subjective side of the atonement is put forward, perhaps even to the neglect of the objective. "When the aspect and effects of the Divine dispensations alter, the change is not in the Infinite and Eternal Mind, but in the state and relations of the offenders towards the Divine government."

Testimony of Modern Science to the Unity of Mankind; being a Summary of the Conclusions announced by the highest Authorities in the several Departments of Physiology, Zoölogy, and Comparative Philology, in Favor of the specific Unity and common Origin of all the Varieties of Man. By J. L. CABELL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Virginia. With an Introductory Notice, by JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. — We have set down the title of this book in full, because it is a fair description of what its pages really supply. It is the work not so much of an original investigator, as of a studious, judicious, and receptive disciple. The facts and the arguments are candidly and skilfully presented, in what must be regarded as a very formidable array; and for those who have neither sufficient time nor sufficient inclination to undertake the larger treatises, this summary will be of great service. The discussion interests us more in a scientific than in a religious aspect; and whichever way it should be decided, we think that our interpretation of Scripture would not be much affected by the result, one way or the other. Whether the tribes of the earth sprang from various centres of creation, or are all descended from one pair, the Scriptures are not broken, so long as we hold fast by the *oneness of humanity*. According to an exegesis which is recommended by some of the best names in the Church, Adam is the man, and what the Spirit has taught of Adam is the story of the Fall of Man, — the beginning of wilfulness, the turning away of the finite from the Infinite, the cutting away of the branch from the Vine, which is the cause of spiritual death, and is to be cured only by an act of reconciliation, a free return on the part of

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humanity to the obedience of the heavenly child. In this experience all the tribes of the earth are one. There is one human nature. But the discussion to which these pages are devoted will be very attractive even for those who will not read under any dogmatic stress, but simply from a desire to gather up the curious and striking facts which bear upon the question, and to reach, if possible, some well-grounded results in the premises. To all who hold the descent of all men from a single pair to be an essential, — *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, — this book must be eminently satisfactory.

The Power of Prayer illustrated in the Wonderful Displays of Divine Grace at the Fulton Street and other Meetings in New York and elsewhere, in 1857 *and* 1858. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. New York: Charles Scribner. — It is impossible to read over these narratives and fail to perceive that the awakening of the last two years has been a real advance, both in temper and method, upon previous revivals. To recognize the human element, and the consequent possibility of progress in these great spiritual manifestations, is but to accept the spirit of the precept which bids us "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, because God worketh in us both to will and to do." It is very plain that men are learning "to pray with their duties before them," to borrow a word from Fénelon, and that they ask of the mysterious invisible Spirit, coming unsought or in answer to their prayers: "Lord, what wouldest thou have me to do, as a child of that divine kingdom into which through thy grace I have been born?" This chapter of modern religious experience will interest a very large company of readers, and supply some valuable hints to those — not a few, we hope — who would have in the Gospel of the Son of God more than a form of sound words or a decent ritual, holding little relation to the living age and the multitude of the toiling and sinning, — of the rejoicing and suffering.

OUR readers will be glad to know that there is a call for a new edition of that standard book of practical piety, "Selections from the Writings of Fénelon, with a Memoir of his Life, by Mrs. Follen," and that James Munroe and Company, of Boston and Cambridge, have answered the call with an attractive volume, which one can

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scarcely open at any page without finding a sentence that is as bread for the soul.

MESSRS. Crosby, Nichols, and Company have added to their *Trauermantel* series two pleasant and pleasantly illustrated volumes, — "A Will and a Way," and "Seed-Time and Harvest." *Trauermantel*, "the Mourning-Cloak," brings joy to the children. The butterfly there, upon the title-page, can be chased winter and summer, and not only chased, but caught.

The Age of Chivalry. Part I. *King Arthur and his Knights.* Part II. *The Mabinogeon; or Welsh Popular Tales.* By THOMAS BULFINCH, Author of "The Age of Fable." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — We are satisfied that many who are not very young will be glad to take in their hands this luxurious book. There are not a few persons whose only resource is silence when allusion is made to the matters which are here treated. Very vague are the notions of the majority even of readers about King Arthur, Sir Tristram, the Lady of Shalott, and the Sangreal, scarcely extending, in the first instance, beyond what is written in the melodies of the Mother of Unwisdom, that fall so sweetly and so significantly insignificant upon the ear of childhood. Let not any despair of added knowledge, for here is one who has gathered into a delightful volume, from most reliable sources, what we need in this way, and put it within the reach even of those who are not technically students.

THE same publishers have issued an excellent "Life of George Washington, written for Children, by E. CECIL." The writer sticks to his text, uses intelligible language, and has striven to be accurate. Our children cannot hear too much of this providential man.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — This most welcome third volume is devoted to the struggle of the Spaniards with the Moriscoes, — the preparation for their cruel and impolitic expulsion from Spain, — the war with the Turks, ending in the capture of Tunis, by the Christians, and its recapture by the Moslems, — and the domestic affairs of Spain, until the death of Anne of Austria. The interest of the story heightens

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as it goes on, and many a home circle will be most pleasantly taught, as a book singularly fitted to be read aloud passes from hand to hand, and is taken in place of netting reeds, or needles. It is refreshing to read such clear, simple, smooth-gliding English, — words that are transparent for the mind's eye, and admit us at once to a vision of the writer's thought, and do not sacrifice the truth of history for the sake of antitheses and smart sayings. Mr. Prescott's kindly and truly Catholic spirit is as conspicuous in his writings as those other qualities which have placed him in the foremost rank of modern historians.

The New Priest, published by the same firm, is more than an ordinary production, though we fear that it will not be much applauded by our brethren of the Church of Rome, a communion which is rather ungently discussed. As we have turned over the pages, our eyes have rested upon more of priest's talk than we have cared to read; and yet the book is rich in pictures of nature, and of men and women, which, if they are drawn by a 'prentice-hand, nevertheless prophesy the coming master.

Arabian Days' Entertainments. Translated from the German, by HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — We have submitted this volume to the judgment of a tolerably competent young fellow, and his verdict upon letter-press and pictures is very enthusiastic, as might have been expected when Arabia and Germany blend their voices for the recitation of fairy tales. We propose reading the book ourselves, encouraged by the translator's assurance that those who are no longer young, as well as children, will gather entertainment from its pages.

THE young people are much indebted to the same publishers for "Karl Kiegler" and "Walter Seyton," which, without being officiously didactic, are really earnest and elevating in their moral tone. The acquaintance of Oliver Optic is much prized by the same young people. Not they, but we, put the question, whether in "Poor and Proud," his last gift to growing America, he has not made Miss Katy Redburn a little too fortunate? We wish that what befell her might happen to all the little lozenge-girls who cower at this cold season in doorways, or hang about the theatres, late in the evening, to their own extreme peril.

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Brown, Taggard, and Chase have added "Rollo in Rome" to their Rollo Library of Travel, which consists now of ten volumes, — a series equally welcome to parents and to children, and deserving of the heartiest commendation.

Struggles of the Early Christians, from the Days of our Saviour to the Reign of Constantine, with an Introduction, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. — This will be found to be a valuable compend, for the young student of Church history, and is every way an attractive little volume.

The Persian Flower, a Memoir of Judith Grant Perkins, of Oroomiah, Persia, issued by the same publishers, besides being a touching story of the brief pilgrimage of a sweet Christian child, is incidentally a picture of missionary home life in Persia. We have been much impressed by the following testimony to the "strong and genial common sympathy" which binds together men of every kindred and faith. Said a Persian prince, a follower of Mohammed, to the father of Judith, "Rest assured that our grief has been inexpressible since we heard of your affliction; but it is God's doing; his will must be done."

The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth, Author of "Ministering Children." New York: D. Appleton & Co. — As we have turned over the pages of this book, our eyes have been arrested by so many words of Christian wisdom and Christian simplicity, that we feel no hesitation in commending it to those who read to be instructed, as well as entertained.

Meta Gray, or What makes Home Happy, from the same publishers, illustrates a most precious lesson.

The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Sir Philip Sidney is a name to be reverently and lovingly remembered; a believer at once and worker, as every real believer is, his story cannot fail to quicken, nourish, and cheer all who are in the least accessible to the spirit of a true life. Especially should it be rehearsed for the young, whose enthusiasm will surely be both heightened and chastened by the study of so rare an example. It is a pity that so little material remains for a household picture of the

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hero; and yet the reader may rather congratulate himself, that a man so true and gifted and lovable has found at length a biographer, — it must needs have been a woman, — able at once to appreciate his spirit, to sketch his character and fortunes with so much fidelity and grace, and to group about him so skilfully the fair and majestic forms of that bright day. We cannot too highly praise the mechanical execution of the work.

Ernest Carroll, from the same publishers, is not so properly a novel as a narrative, pleasantly unfolded, with much anecdote, many choice bits of art-gossip and descriptions of life and scenery in Italy and Austria. We are sorry that the low tone of Italian morality does not somehow get a more emphatic rebuke. The solemnity of the marriage covenant, and the awful peril of trifling with it in any circumstances, cannot be too much insisted upon, at a time when conscience is made a plea for a selfishness which refuses to regard the relation of husband and wife as demanding, like every other earthly relation, mutual forbearance, patience, and faith, and would take into hands often capricious and wilful what Providence has committed to the guardianship of divine and human law. What if Prince Zerlinski, culpable as he was, had fallen in with *caro Ernesto* in the Palazzo Zerlinski? Can we say too often that two wrongs do not make a right?

One of the most healthful, refreshing, and instructive books for the year upon which we are just entering is *A Yacht Voyage. Letters from High Latitudes; being Some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht "Foam," 85 O. M., to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in* 1856, *by* Lord Dufferin. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — What Anglo-Saxon does not love the North? Undoubtedly a very brief experience would dissipate the fancy, but the hyperborean world has always seemed to us more charmingly homelike and cosey than any clime farther south. What can be better for those who love chimney-corners and snowy days and untracked door-paths? Who cares for a Christmas in summer? Who could keep Thanksgiving in dog-days? Think of returning from the sea-side for that purpose! No, cold weather is indispensable! With such paths open before them as this which Lord Dufferin has illustrated, how can young men of culture and means and latent energies be willing

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to hang about cities, and pass days and nights in club-rooms, crowded drawing-rooms, theatres, and hotels, amidst the fearful temptations that assail the idle and luxurious? If they could only come to themselves, how they would long to cease from trifling, and breathe the breath of a true life on the prairie or the ocean, or in any place where a man can be a man!

Christmas Hours. By the Author of "The Homeward Path," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — The readers of this journal will hail with great satisfaction a new work by one whose pen is so faithfully devoted to the illustration of the deepest Christian experience. We keep a true Christmas when we celebrate the birth of Christ in any soul that lives and labors, rejoices and suffers to-day. To this high and holy use this book, so beautiful in its simplicity, is consecrated, and the nativity of the Lord is made truly festal, a holy day and holiday at once. Its sweet and elevating thoughts will bless the soul as the fair pages will gladden the eye. All of every name who love or would love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity will find in this little volume, not intellectual stimulus, but those words of truth and love and soberness that nourish the heart, which doth live for ever.

Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions. By WILLIAM SMITH, Author of Athelwold, a Drama: A Discourse on Ethics, etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — We feel personally indebted to the publishers for their selection of this work for republication. Pressing engagements have not been able to prevent us from reading at least the half of its pages, and we shall be sure to finish a task so agreeable as this perusal has proved to be. We have found already some positions which have not won our assent; we do not know that we shall be content with the issue of the "conflict," if there is to be any issue; nevertheless the book is eminently suggestive, deep-toned, spiritual, positive, and cheering, — meditative without being dreamy or morbid. Contrary to our intent, we have been drawn on page after page, fascinated by the words of a writer who speaks out so sweetly and reverently the inmost thought of our times, and who is plainly a believer in the truth and in the God of truth.

*** We are reluctantly compelled to defer until the next number notices of many books with which we have been kindly supplied.

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THE

MONTHLY

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AND

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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117 WASHINGTON STREET.

1859.

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NOTICE.

THIS number of the Magazine will be sent to several persons who are not subscribers, for examination; those who may wish to subscribe for the present year will please to give early notice, as no other number will be sent them unless ordered; and those who do *not* intend to take the work will confer a favor by returning the number by mail.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
TRANSFIGURATION OF CALVINISM, by Rev. E. H. Sears	73
THE LITTLE CRADLE AND THE LITTLE GRAVE, by A. M. S.	80
A PRAYER, by A. F. W.	81
A WINTER SERMON, by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D.	82
MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND. No. III. By E. P. P.	89
THE BABES IN THE WOOD	98
BELIEVING DOUBT, by Rev. T. T. Stone	104
THE CONCESSIONS OF THE CHURCH TO THE WORLD, by Rev. Rufus Ellis	113
"LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I," by M. W.	120
OBITUARIES.	
Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D., by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D.	121
Rev. Barzillai Frost, by the Editors,	123
RANDOM READINGS. — What shall be done with our Charley? Matrimony; Marriage Chimes; "Great Sermons"	125
EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — Annals of the American Pulpit; Salvation by Christ; The Poor Girl and True Woman; The Great Day of Atonement; Mount Vernon, a Letter to the Children of America; Bertram Noel, a Story for Youth; Life Memories, and other Poems; The Queen's Domain; Poetry of the Bells; Mrs. Kemble's Poems; The Olive and the Pine; The Swedenborgian; A Letter to the Receivers of the Heavenly Doctrines on the Want of Union; Wild Sports in the Far West; Rev. Mr. Thayer's Valedictory Discourse; Hymns of the Ages; History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty; Bitter Sweet, a Poem; Howard and his Teacher, &c.; From Poor-house to Pulpit; Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics; Miscellaneous	135

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOL. XXI. FEBRUARY, 1859. No. 2.

TRANSFIGURATION OF CALVINISM.

DR. BUSHNELL'S great argument, "Nature and the Supernatural," though written in the interest of Calvinistic Orthodoxy, gives us Orthodoxy breaking from its old theological rind into a clearer light and a purer air. It is not the production of his sect, but of the Church Coming, flinging its splendors along before, and shaping the theology of a new era of thought. Two tendencies of these times are manifest enough, and sooner or later, we think, will draw into their controlling currents all the religions of Christendom. One is to sink religion in Naturalism, and even merge the Divine Personality in the dumb forces of the universe; and the other is to clear the Supernatural of old superstitions and errors, to organize it and show its place in God's system of beauty and order. Dr. Bushnell's argument is in the latter interest, and in our estimation it renders to it an incalculable service. Our object in this brief article is to note a few points of prominent importance and practical bearing.

1. Dr. Bushnell eliminates from his theology the monstrosity of a personal Devil, but he does not for that reason adopt the notion of Rationalism, that man is an independent

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unit, having no relations to a spiritual world, nor open to the invasion of spiritual foes. He adopts the view far more consentaneous with the facts of experience and revelation, that the word "Satan" represents the collective powers of moral evil, whose influence streams down from the spiritual world into the natural, and into man, if he chooses to admit it, by a corrupt and sinful state of the will.

2. Angels are not an order of beings who are neither Divine nor human, but they have had a probation like ours, and have passed on before us. Not admitting the soundness of the logical process by which Dr. Bushnell comes to this conclusion, we yield our assent to the conclusion itself; and it is not without its importance in rationalizing our conceptions of the future life, and bringing the heavens nearer to our familiar thoughts and fond affections. Those anomalous and winged people disappear from the ranks above us. The angels are the elder brotherhood, touched with a fellow-feeling and sympathy with us, and warm with the life-blood of our own humanity; and we shall rise up to their condition, and, like them, be glorified as we rise, if we walk like them the ascending way.

3. It is very easy to find fault with definitions, and Dr. Bushnell's definition of "Nature" will be the first point of attack from the side of Naturalism. Looking beyond the mere terms, however, to the place assigned to Nature in the system of things, it would be difficult for any one to show that he has not fixed the *terminus* where it ought to be. Unless we mean to play fast and loose with words, Nature, philosophically considered, is that range of forces which lies next below the spiritual, having its own laws of sequence and order, constituting the three kingdoms, mineral, vegetable, and animal. This we mean, by the natural world. It includes man only so far forth as man is an animal; that is, it includes man's material coverings. The spiritual world is a range of existences above this, having also its own laws of sequence and order; and man as to his inmost and im-

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mortal being is, like spirits and angels, included within this latter range; for man — his material coverings excepted — *is* a spirit or an angel. Dr. Bushnell's definitions, starting from a point of etymology, do not put the matter in just this shape; but such is the place which the realm of Nature assumes in his argument, and most clearly it is the just and true one.

4. It follows inevitably, that not only matter may act upon matter, as in the case of winds, waves, earthquakes, sunshine, growths, and decays, but spirit also can act upon matter, as it certainly does through man, making it obedient to a human will, and to spiritual laws. In other words, there may not only be action which is *inter-natural*, but action also which is *super-natural*, and there inevitably *must* be, through man, who links the two realms together, and makes the spiritual forces play down upon the natural continually, and without end. Yea, since the spirit-realm and the natural are so connected and conterminous, and since the natural exists for the sake of the spiritual, there is no reason why the whole of the one may not act upon the whole of the other, and shape it to its ends. This action, however, of the spirit-realm into the natural, can never be contrary to law, — for what is law but the Supreme Order? Man's volition moves his muscles. There is action upon nature from above nature. The Divine Word becomes incarnate, and through it the dead are raised and the winds are stilled. There again is action upon nature from above nature. In neither case is there any suspension of law, for both are according to the Supreme Order; yea, without the latter, the Supreme Order might have been broken up. The latter we call miraculous or wonderful, for the simple reason that we see less of it, or that such events are interspaced by centuries, instead of months or years. The shining circle revolves out of our sight, and comes only at long intervals into view; and so when it *does* come, we marvel and hold our breath, — as the Indians who had never seen nor heard

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of an eclipse of the sun wondered when it came, and fell down beneath the darkened heavens and wept aloud.

5. The starting-point of divergence between Dr. Bushnell and those who will reject his conclusions, will be the intrinsic nature of sin. All our conceptions of the Divine plan date from this. If sin is only a matter that pertains to the external man, and human nature internally is all sound and right, then there needs nothing but normal development from within to make us grow into the beauty of angelhood, and we shall do so almost in spite of ourselves, through the action of the God innate within us. Sin is only a little roughness of the rind, soon to scale off and drop away. We do not need redemption and regeneration, but only time and room to expand and show our comeliness and glory. We do not need a Saviour, but only a teacher to show us the best external arrangements and give us a model of good behavior. If, on the other hand, sin is an internal *disease*, which mere development will only bring more and more into light with all its canker and corruption, then, under the cultus of Naturalism humanity lies helpless and prone, and cries out on all its flimsy provisions as ghastly mockeries that insult its grief. And then when it looks up and sees the Divine Incarnation, or God, coming down into human conditions, down into Nature itself, in order to touch his children and draw them up into the sphere of the Godhead and make them live, it not only regards that as the most credible of all events, but the very one without which the Supreme Order might have been eternally lost. All the stupendous array of Christian miracle becomes the very thing for which the soul hungers and pines. Man had fallen away from God *internally*, and was therefore locked in Nature and invaded from hell. God as the Redeemer not only comes into Nature and finds him there, and draws up all the sorrows of humanity into the Divine heart, through an all-reaching sympathy, but rolls back the malign powers that beset him on the spiritual side, that health again might come

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within by the inauguration of a new era of the Holy Spirit. And to a Redeemer coming thus, the soul looks up almost with a convulsive joy; whereas, under the development theory it may indulge its sense of security, and sit down in careless pride and self-admiration, and carve out wooden moralities from "good examples."

So again, if sin be not a roughness of the rind, but a disease of the core, our idea of its deranging and deforming power will be essentially changed. Dr. Bushnell does not think it a wrinkling of the surface, and therefore he sees its traces ploughed deep into the natural world. Nature is not all sweet and beautiful as the poetizers and the school-girls make it, but it groans with man in his apostasy, and reflects his sin back upon him. Dr. Bushnell alludes to Swedenborg's doctrine on this subject, though he does not give it a statement at all clear and adequate. Swedenborg's philosophy is, that the natural world is not a creation out of nothing, nor yet *immediately* out of God, but that it is a creation mediately out of God through the spiritual world. The creative energies flow down through heaven and through hell, — through the whole spirit-realm, good or bad, — and keep on and have their final ultimation in Nature; and therefore heaven and hell are both represented on Nature as their dial-plate. And therefore, again, man is represented there too, since good and evil, or heaven and hell, are both in man; and he can thus see in his surroundings the images of things within him. Nature, then, is not, as the Gnostics held, essentially evil; it is both good and evil, and so exfigures before man's eyes the heaven and hell of a future life; or, what is the same thing, the heaven and hell now struggling in himself. And he may see, if he will, in the poisons, the snakes, the reptiles, the beasts of prey, and the things unclean, his own lusts, cruelties, and hatreds, in their true shapings and colorings; and he may see, too, in the doves and songsters and innocent animals of the outward world, its beautiful flora, its golden mornings, and its spangled skies, the outshadowings of the

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heavenly condition which God seeks to create within him. Thus Nature opens to him the long vistas upward and downward, and confronts man with a mirror that reflects the hues of a redeemed or an inverted humanity.

The sentimentalists can shut themselves up and babble about the beautiful, and make this world all good and perfect, and convince themselves that God created it as an artist, and that toads and spiders and wolves and green flies and obscene birds are turned out as *his* models of the comely and fair. But we think a tolerable use of the reason would convince almost any one that there *might* be a nature compared with which this is cold, deformed, and dim, and that there *would* be, if it were not best that man's natural world should be the analogue of his spiritual condition, warning him against the downward lapsings, and inviting him to patient climbings towards the glorious summit, and the eternal stars. And it is a most significant fact that the universal consciousness has taken up into itself the meaning of Nature; for all human language represents the operations of mind, good and bad, by things good and bad in the world without. Into Nature all language sends down its roots and draws up its life, to depict the hideousness of sin or the sweetness and beauty of virtue; and for this purpose all the snakes and beasts of prey hiss and howl through it, and all pleasant sights and sounds make it chromatic with their colorings and resonant with their music. There is hardly a word in any language that describes a mental process or a heart process which, traced to its root, is not found to conceal an image drawn up from the natural world to reflect the beauty or deformity of the soul; and however the sentimentalists would have it, the soul intuitively reads its subjective heaven or hell in the face of nature, "clear as in a molten mirror." The very words we are using illustrate the point, — for heaven is the participle of the verb *to heave*, and means something raised or arched above, and, by analogy, the soul's serene heights above the perturbations and storms

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beneath; and hell in the Hebrew was a loathsome valley, whence rose the fetid smoke of human sacrifice, and hence the soul's cavernous deeps where humanity is sacrificed in its lustful fires.

6. Dr. Bushnell's chapter on the character of Christ describes with great skill its traits of more than a human greatness, and its tints of more than a human loveliness. No biographer's imagination could have originated such a conception, he argues; no finite mind could do it, for it could furnish no such ideal from itself; therefore it is a Divine reality come down out of the heavens. The logic of this chapter, as severe as it is beautiful, crowds us closely to one of two alternatives, — either to bow before a superhuman and divine virtue in Christ, such as can never be "developed" out of man by the highest reach of his faculties, — or else to accuse Christ of making extravagant, false, and boastful pretensions. Imagine a Socrates, a Fenelon, a Washington, or any model man you please; and how much "progress" must he make before he can stand up and proclaim, "He that hath seen me hath seen God," — "All that the Father hath is mine," — "Receive ye the Holy Ghost while I breathe upon you"? And when any "developed" finite being says this, will not the world turn from him as developed into a blasphemer or a madman?

7. The doctrine of justification by faith, as woven into Dr. Bushnell's argument, is relieved somewhat of the hard literalism of the old Orthodoxy. The death of Christ is not substitutive, or made "to square up a legal account of pains and penalties according to some small scheme of book-keeping philosophy." What then? He does not tell us what, with any sufficient clearness and amplitude. That Christ "fulfilled the law," and thereby rendered it possible for man to be saved, is certainly true, taking the word *law*, not in the narrow sense of a technical rule or verbal commandment, but as the Supreme Order of the universe, which God can never break or disregard. In this sense the

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whole Divine Advent in Christ — the birth, life, death, glorification, and the mediation by which God yields himself to the heart of man — is the fulfilment of LAW, for it is the upholding of that Eternal Order without which humanity might have perished, and, for aught we know, the heavens might have rushed down into ruin.

We have called Dr. Bushnell's system "Calvinism transfigured," for all the Calvinism there is in it is toned by the softer and sweeter colorings caught from more heavenly revealings of the truth of God. But we care not much about names, if so be they do not obscure our vision of things, and we will be tolerant of sect, provided it will keep out of the way as the Lord comes to gather up the scattered truths of his broken Church, and reset them as the jewels of his kingly crown.

S.

THE LITTLE CRADLE AND THE LITTLE GRAVE.

I HAD a little cradle,
And a little face slept there;
It was the glory of my home,
That childish beauty rare.

And now I have a little grave:
Do thou be still my heart, —
God doeth well, and he has fixed
For me the bitter part.

The cradle now I put away,
(I scarce can see through tears);
This little grave it will be mine,
Through all my coming years.

Some day the little form would stray
From out its cradle bed;

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This lowly grave will hold it well,
Till earth gives up her dead.

It is enough, — my changeful life
Has this one thing secure,
This precious grave; a child in heaven,
A child for ever pure.

My child is safe, for ever safe,
And I must patient be;
Until I too look through the veil,
Christ and my baby see.

A. M. S.

A PRAYER.

Help me to bear, my Father! lift me up
Above the snares that compass! If my cup
Should prove a draught of bitter, and the way be rough
Thou choosest I should go in, — 't is enough
That thy *Love* ordereth; — let it be for me
The cup to drink, the way to walk in cheerfully.

A. F. W.

"We demand an immortality, and we run to waste unless our very days are numbered."

"We are ultimately in the power of our ideas. These modify our passions. In this or that individual man, the victory between passion and reason may be doubtful. In Humanity, as it lives from age to age, the final victory is not so doubtful."

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A WINTER SERMON.

BY REV. A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

PSALM XXXIX. 3: — "My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned."

AT this season there is a strongly marked contrast between different classes of those exposed to intense cold. In not a few of our narrow streets and rickety houses you may find poverty-stricken families, hovering with contracted limbs and chattering teeth over scanty fires, while their dwellings seem a mere lattice-work, designed for the free passage of the northern blast; and probably there is no suffering from the cold, that is keener than might be witnessed, not far from any of our homes, on such a morning as this. But with the thermometer at its lowest range, the axe of the woodman plies with a vigorous and merry ring; the farmer trudges, unchilled, in the snow by the side of his team; and warm, glad life far outspeeds the wind it braves in the swift sleighs that track our interior river-courses and lake-beds.

Whence this contrast? The cause is, manifestly, internal, not external, — personal, not atmospheric. We are heated, chiefly, not from without, but from within, — not by the fuel burned in our presence, but by the fuel which we ourselves consume. We carry about within us our own hearth with its undying fire, — our own stove with its perennial radiation of heat. Our lungs are the seat of a perpetual combustion; of a coal-fire kindled with our first breath, extinguished only with the last. The fuel is the carbon and hydrogen contained in our food, which are carried, in combination with other elements, through the processes of digestion and blood-making, conveyed to the lungs, and there oxidized, or, in other words, ignited and burned by the oxygen inhaled from the atmosphere. This combustion it is which heats the body; while the circulation which it demands and sustains enables the human system to resist to a wonderful, and in some cases a seemingly miraculous degree, the effect

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of external heat. In extreme cold, no particle of blood remains near the surface for more than an instant; but the entire life-tide circulates constantly to and from the central hearth, thus sending to the surface, from moment to moment, a freshly heated current. On the other hand, in external heat higher than the average temperature of the body, the constant withdrawal of blood from the surface before it has time to become unduly heated, preserves the internal temperature unchanged. Thus, for a range of more than three hundred degrees of external heat, there is a variation of not more than three or four degrees in the healthy human body.

Now the contrast between the suffering and the unsuffering in the severe exposures of our Northern climate is due to the different amount of fuel employed to feed this internal flame. Fire, it is often said, cannot warm the very poor. The reason of this is that their meagre vegetable food, even if it seem unstinted in quantity, is deficient in those unctuous, carbon-making ingredients which sustain the fire within. What they need, even more than replenished wood-piles, is a generous diet. On the other hand, those who can meet the bleakest exposures without suffering, are well fed on carbon-yielding viands, and the fire that they carry within them never burns low for lack of fuel.

This self-heating apparatus is well worthy of our study, as one of the most recondite and marvellous arrangements of the Divine wisdom in the economy of animal being, — or, I should rather say, of human being; for in man alone does it attain its perfect adjustment. Other animals are limited in climate, and their constitutions are adapted to their appointed limits. Man, the destined denizen of every zone, can subsist alike on tropical sand-wastes and beneath a roof of Arctic ice.

The perfect working and cosmopolitan adaptation of this apparatus have been most strikingly illustrated in the experience of Dr. Kane and his companions. With a temperature sometimes of seventy degrees below zero, for weeks

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together below the freezing-point of quicksilver, — often burrowing in the snow at these low temperatures, — they found themselves dependent on food rather than on fire. With an adequate supply of walrus-flesh and other carbon-yielding food, — the natural and fitting nourishment for those high latitudes, — they enjoyed health, comfort, vigor, gayety, hopefulness. When this supply fell short, the red-hot cabin-stove seemed to yield no warmth; chilled nature drooped, sickened, and was ready to perish, — reviving again, and burning with its accustomed fires, when a kind Providence again spread their board in accordance with their needs.

I have dwelt thus long on this portion of human physiology, not alone with reference to what I have yet to say, but for its own sake, as a chapter of natural theology which the season makes appropriate for our contemplation and our grateful recognition, — as furnishing thoughts which, with our wintry winds, and in the rich comfort of our sheltered and affluent homes, may give added definiteness and a higher glow to our ascription, — "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Our text suggests a similar economy in the spiritual organism. What a contrast is there between different classes of exposed, tempted, imperilled, afflicted souls! Some seem at the mercy of every external blast of evil or misfortune. Their principle shrinks into itself on the first access of temptation. Their courage yields to every petty trial. Their serenity can stand no shock. They are utterly unfortified against assault, whether from an adverse moral force or from an afflictive Providence. Pierced through and through by every wind, chilled to the soul's centre by every privation, stripped to wintry desolation by the inevitable calamities of life, they awaken in one who is a discerner of spirits very much the same kind of shuddering sympathy which is aroused in the heart of the winter visitor of the poor. There are others, who are always bright and warm,

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serene and happy. Every blast of adverse fortune may sweep around them and over them without chilling them. All things may seem against them; yet in all and over all, alert and joyous, they show that their happiness has its cause as well as its seat within, — that there are in them self-sustaining and self-feeding resources adequate to their intensest need.

We find such persons even in the arctic regions of human experience. We have known those who for many years have had not so much as a single unsuffering night or painless hour, who yet showed no symptom of inward unrest, whose countenances always betokened tranquillity and gladness, whose lips never opened for complaint, but constantly for gratitude and trust. Among the most serenely happy of our acquaintance have been some who have been bereaved at every point, — who, were it not for the attractive power of their Christian excellence, would stand almost alone in a stranger-world, — yet over whose hearts has passed no touch of cold, over their sympathies no blighting, over their affections no wintry frost. Not that they did not love the departed tenderly; but there is a vitality within them which resists every depressing influence from without, — a full, warm current of spiritual life, which circulates so fast, and throbs with so strong a pulse, that it cannot be chilled. There have been also those, who, in the service of God and man, have encountered every conceivable form of adversity, hardship, privation, and persecution, who yet, morally and spiritually, have held their own and more, not in faith and steadfastness alone, but in peace and joy, — who have felt as the Burman missionary did, when, wasted with consumption, he was borne through pathless jungle and over swollen streams, to preside at the baptism of a little company of converts from idolatry, and, dying on the field of his bloodless victory, seemed lifted to the third heaven of ecstatic joy, with no regret but that he had not more lives than one to wear out in his exhausting toil.

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How beautiful an example of this self-sustaining warmth of life and happiness is St. Paul in his hunted, outcast pilgrimage, in frequent stripes and imprisonments, hardships and perils, sometimes for many consecutive months chained by each hand to a Roman soldier, yet so joyous in soul that the best wish he can breathe is, that one might be as he was, "except these bonds"! Hear him, when in the grasp of the terrible Nero, and with no prospect so probable as that of being thrown, the next week or day, to be the food of savage beasts, over and over again calling upon his Philippian friends to joy and rejoice with him. See him, in this fearful crisis, inditing that letter, in which it seems as if words could not flow fast and strong enough to give expression to the grateful gladness that fills his heart.

Now here is a spiritual contrast closely analogous to that which I cited of varying bodily experiences in this climacteric of our winter. The two cases are also analogous in their physiology. There is in every soul a central hearth, a self-heating apparatus, a self-gladdening faculty, an innate power of rejoicing for evermore. But it is not a power which works without feeding. It demands nutriment. It craves fuel. It desires meat to eat that the world knows not of, — such as nourished the Saviour when he refused the food that the disciples brought him, — in the beautiful figure of the old hymn,

> "Such as the saints in glory love,
> And such as angels eat."

This fuel is not given, this fuel-yielding food is not supplied, even by the happiest experiences of the outward life, which, like the fire in our houses, warm only the surface, penetrate not the recesses of the inward being, and which withdrawn, the soul feels instantly its wintry chilliness and desolation. But when the soul is fed upon its God-appointed food, then is the heart hot within, and in holy musing the fire burns bright on the hearth of the affections, the sym-

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pathies, and the hopes, though the outward world be drear and chill, though winter mantle the earthly life, though fresh snows rest upon the graves of the most tenderly beloved. There is in such spirits a vital warmth, which radiates from within outward, suffuses the countenance, breathes in cheerful utterances, glows in the whole life, and shows how little man need be dependent on his externals, — how entire and self-contained is the soul that knows its own blessedness, — how true it is that there is a "peace of God, which passeth all understanding" indeed, yet which is proffered for every heart that will seek it aright.

What are the elements of this inward joy, — what the heat-creating food, the fuel of the fire within?

Its first essential element is expressed by the Psalmist, when he says, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"; and in still more explicit terms by our Saviour, "The Father himself loveth you." Without this assurance, I would neither wish to live nor dare to die. With this, full, deep, and clear, I know not what ought to disturb our tranquillity, or to cloud our joy. If Omnipotent Love presides over our being, what room should there be for repining, discontent, or foreboding? In the Father's counsels there can be no thought but for the child's welfare; and the mystery that enwraps his dispensations is only that which must, of necessity, belong to the plans of Him whose vision pierces to the heart and to the depths of eternity, when viewed by the short-sighted and ignorant spirit in the very infancy of its existence. It is enough for us that Infinite Mercy fills the throne of the universe, — that events flow under the guidance of Him to whom all the souls of men are unspeakably dear, and who will say to the winds and waves of adversity, beat and surge as they may, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my children no harm."

The Christian's assurance of pardon for his sins, and reconciliation to God through the ever-blessed Mediator, forms also an essential element of the food that makes his heart

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hot within him. There is no chill like that of the consciousness of unrepented sin, — nay, even though it be only heart-sin; for to the awakened conscience heart-sin is the ungrateful neglect of Him whose least due is perpetual loyalty. There is for the soul no wintry experience so bleak and desolate as when it finds in the spiritual universe nothing to cling to, to confide in, — no being to whom it may commend its dim future in implicit faith, — no pledge of complacency and approval from Him whose favor is the warmth and joy of life. O, we do intensely need the voice that says, "Thy sins be forgiven thee!" — the reconciling message of the cross, — the assurance of loving and approving sympathy on the part of Him through whom alone we go to the Father, in whom the Father comes forth to meet the forgiven, accepted child. With this, let cares, sorrows, sufferings be heaped upon us, they cannot overwhelm us; but we may, with the great Apostle, pile up in our cumulative enumeration all the forces of outward evil to give emphasis to the glad exclamation, "Who or what shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Another essential element of the fuel-making food of the soul, is the hope full of immortality. St. Paul had seen in vision the joy of the redeemed, had been caught up in revelations of the Lord into the third heaven, and heard the unutterable song which none can learn but those that are redeemed unto God from among men; and thenceforth it would seem that heaven was ever around him and within him, and that earthly trial and calamity had lost all power over his soul. In revelations from the Lord we have the same assurance, which our musings may present in realizing vision, from which our fancy may dress up the eternal mansions, and behold the fields in their ever-living green, the golden gates within which there is no suffering, no night, no winter. We need to dwell on this prospect, to feed on these promises, to muse upon them till the fire burns, and then by prolonged and renewed musing to kindle it into a

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life-long flame of holy desire and yearning. In our earthly experience how willingly do we encounter toil, hardship, and loss, in a near and seemingly certain view of a happy issue! And how does the utmost that we can do and bear seem light and of no account, when incurred in the confident pursuit of some great good! O, if we would but think enough of heaven to make its hope constant and vigorous, it would repel every chilling influence from our outward fortunes, would quench with its radiating warmth the icy blasts from our scenes of conflict and sorrow, from our desolate homes and the graves of our kindred. The worst that could befall us would be but as a painful vision of the night when joy cometh in the morning. For what is earthly privation, if at every step the celestial city rises higher, brighter, clearer to our view? What is bodily suffering, if the soul have its sure heritage where all tears are wiped away? And what are our separations through the ministry of death, if we know that we are to meet again where the farewell shall never be uttered?

MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. III.

John Jackson was a peculiarly lovely child; of a sweet, sportive nature, which continued unspoiled of that characteristic throughout life, the deep religious sentiment that early developed in him, not destroying it, but keeping it innocent and fresh, even to his dying hour. For even then, when too weak to speak with ease, or help himself at all, and "Sister Jane" was feeding him, over whose expressive features the conviction of his impending departure had spread a veil of sadness, he contrived to make her laugh, by

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a characteristically playful movement that manifested how entirely death was to him but a transparent veil between the two mansions of our Father's house, which we call two worlds; and their life one and the same. Throughout his life he had never exhibited a particle of sanctimony, though, from the time he was ten years old, he was earnest in his religious studies, daily leaving the play that he enjoyed no less than any other boy, to read George Fox's Journal, the works of William Penn, and Sewell's History of the Quakers, with other testimonials of the trials of the early Friends which he found in his father's library.

He was not only a "gentle boy," in a passive sense, but actively amiable. He loved his mother and sisters with practical demonstrations; for he assisted them in their daily work by spontaneous self-denials, and thoughtful, kind offices, that lightened the labors of housekeeping. He loved the society of girls, and was much loved in his turn by them. In a thousand gentle ways he would insinuate serious aims into their youthful pursuits. His eldest sister told me many anecdotes of his playful ministry to their improvement. Sometimes, when a sewing group of girls were gathered at his father's house, conversing in the wild way common to a certain age of girlhood, not seldom degenerating into "fun without wit," and "laughter without images," (as Rasselas complained of the young men of Abyssinia,) her brother would sit by, unobserved, and write down all that was said, and read it to them afterwards, to convict them of their nonsense. But he could do such things with that genuine tact of the heart, which healed the disease, without wounding painfully. He had no quarrel with the merriment, for he was himself full of practical jokes, which will hardly bear the telling, but were the innocent overflowings of the vitality of his mirthful nature, irrepressible except by sympathy with the troubles of others, or by some duty to be done.

A lecturer on Botany coming into the village, he became, at an early age, quite an adept in Vegetable Physiology.

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"He was the only one of the class," said one of them, "who learned Botany; and after the lecturer was gone, he collected us together into a voluntary class, and roamed the fields with us, gathering and analyzing flowers"; — really teaching to his sisters and their companions the delightful science he never ceased to love.

But it must not be understood that, because he was thus refined and lovely to woman, he was in the smallest degree effeminate. On the contrary, he was an athlete. He lived and worked on his father's farm, who had not a more efficient laborer. A description of his feats of wood-cutting, and other farm work, — not once or twice, at long intervals, but for days and weeks in succession, — would sound fabulous in the ears of those who only knew him in the later years of his life, when his person used to remind me of a stanza of poetry I learned in my childhood: —

"Great minds, with energetic thought,
Wear out their shell of clay,
Yet at each crevice LIGHT IS CAUGHT,
Till all is mental day."

But those too strenuous labors of his early years undermined his constitution. In telling me, within a year or two of his death, of one of those feats of wood-cutting, after which he most sensibly felt the decay of muscular power, he confessed to some excess of that natural ambition of young men for pre-eminence in physical power, which sends so many into the military camp. In his case, the principle of Divine Love, which was *his religion* by inheritance, both of the flesh and spirit, conducted his physical energy into the channel which God first marked out for man, when he put him into the garden of Eden; while, spiritually, he followed in the path of the Son, whom the Father sent into the world, not to destroy men, but to save them. John never ceased to farm his paternal acres, although he was a preacher from early youth; and gradually exchanged the extreme labors of the body for scientific pursuits and the education of youth.

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His own opportunities for education were not great. During his childhood he went to the Friends' school in Darby; — for the Friends as well as the Puritans provided for the education of their youth, though it must be confessed it was on a much smaller scale than the founders of Harvard and Yale Colleges. He learned to read, write, and cipher at this school, and spent a year of his youth at a Western boarding-school, where he studied the higher mathematics, and the art of surveying. But he supplied the deficiencies of school education by habits of reading, cultivated from early childhood; and his father's literary inclinations insured him a good supply of books. He was not only a botanist from boyhood, but a mineralogist. For after he left school himself, his younger brothers and sisters still attended it; and thus he was brought into familiar relations with a remarkable teacher of the Darby school, who was a man of great acquisitions in natural science and philosophy, as well as of a strong and interesting individuality of mind. With him, he roamed the country in his leisure hours, for mineralogical specimens; and commenced to form the very extensive cabinet which he has left. As a teacher, he was afterwards led to study Chemistry and Geology, in which he made great progress. But, in the end, Astronomy became his favorite science; and he made tables of observations for the use of the Smithsonian Institute.

The religious character of John Jackson's childhood was, as a profound writer has declared the true miracle ever to be, "not a monster on the face of nature, but one with the growing clover and the falling rain." It was a simple consequence of that conscious presence of God, which his Quaker education had never permitted to be shut out from "the angel beholding the face of the Father," as Jesus Christ declares the normal state of childhood to be. He realized the experience of David, who, notwithstanding his occasional sins, that were even crimes, could in the sincerity of devotion say of this inalienable endowment, "Thou wilt not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption!"

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Whatever may be thought of the Friends' discipline as a means of ultimate development for a man, no religious denomination seems to be able to protect so well from profanations of their innocence the denizens of the kingdom of heaven, and leave them, "without let or hindrance," to the guidance of God's spirit. In the case of this child especially, living in a secluded place, where the Friends' influence was associated with all that was most respectable in social position, and the quaint attire and language were the rule, not the exception, no shadow of mortification (as generally in England, and even in New England) was cast, by the peculiarities of the sect, over the innocent frolicsomeness of his opening life. But, ever and anon, the spiritual temple of silence was reared within the scope of his senses, as it were; and he learned, simultaneously with the forms of things, that there was a venerable Power *invisible*, whose presence within himself was nearer, dearer, sweeter than any outward thing, being nothing less than the Spirit which made all outward things, and was at once cherishing and regulative of his inward being. Did he sit down to the family meal with the keen appetite of childhood? A gentle pause of self-recollection, in all present, was soon understood to be a grateful recognition of the Goodness which suited the supply to the want, together with a glad surrender of the appetites to the moderating law of the spirit. It might, perhaps, recall the words of Jesus, when he bade his disciples, as oft as they sat down to supper, eat and drink in remembrance of him, whose body and blood, nourished by earthly food and drink, were poured out *to make men love one another*. Not unfrequently, in the midst of conversation, in the social circle of Friends, one and another would drop into silence, which, when observed by the rest of the company, would be respected, until it became general. Often this custom of the Friends does no more than remind each other that there is a greater Presence than meets the eye, which is *felt;* but often, on the other hand, some one comes

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out of that temple not built with hands, and speaks of the eternal principle of love and truth, which always directs the mind that seeks it. At an early age he was taken by his parents to "the solemn assembly," where he would see all the friends he loved and reverenced sitting wrapt in a silence that might be felt. He soon understood that this was the worship "in spirit and in truth" of the Father of them all, who was speaking to the inward soul of each, and it gave to the voice of God within himself, that he could not fail in such circumstances to hear, an authority he might not else have allowed to it. For when that solemn silence was broken, as it occasionally was, — was it not always by the voice of supplication to the Father of spirits, — or by some one rising to tell his brethren that he felt the truth and love of God constraining his mind to conceive, and his lips to utter, some counsel of truth, or motion of love, regulative of conduct, or quickening of the soul? Above all, if reproved by his mother or father for any childish aberration from right, or stimulated to any good action, he was always referred to a guide *in his own mind*, beyond their authority, — obedience to which would be conscious rectitude and peace, and which they, no less than he, acknowledged to be a Master's voice. Thus in earliest childhood he learned to realize the dignity of spiritual being; free to consult — and bound to obey — nothing more outward than an inward speaking Power, unless he should recognize some command to be in harmony with "that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the Light that is the Life and Word, without which nothing was made that is made.

Independent by joyousness of temperament, of quick sensibilities and vivid perceptions, and a disposition sweet and docile, how could it be otherwise than that he should grow in faith as simply and certainly as he grew in the material world, — and that the relation of spirit and matter in the universe should be reproduced within him, the former sovereign over the latter?

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That it was so, even from the beginning, we not only have the testimony of all who were brought up with him, but his own. In one of his last discourses, delivered in the week-day meeting at Darby, he addressed, as he not unfrequently did, the children sitting on the lower benches, — speaking to them of the Gracious Presence which they might realize by looking within themselves, and asking, each for himself, *the reproof of wrong*, and encouragement to right. He ended with a reminiscence of himself, as he used to be when sitting where they were now sitting, and feeling the love of the Invisible Presence so sensibly, that "the tears of his tenderness" "watered the floor before him." That these were words of truth and soberness is not to be doubted, for he was of that integrity of soul and speech, that, when uttering, as his audience understood him to be doing, "the word of the Lord," he would not have allowed himself a syllable beyond the transcript of his actual experienc

Mr. Jackson's aim in preaching, whether to young or old, was to awaken the voice within to the forgetting of the voice of the preacher; for he knew that as "deep calleth unto deep," so the hearts of men answer each other. As the soul springs into consciousness, by the recognition of the souls of others, so the child learns to put faith in the powers of his own soul. "I too am a painter!" said the young Correggio, when he was gazing upon the great picture of Leonardo da Vinci, though he had never touched a pencil. "I too can suffer, even unto victory," hath cried out the soul of many a witness to the heroism of the martyrs to principle.

And do we not discover here the true method for the spiritual teacher? Rhetoric may be in place, when men are to be persuaded by men to some external action. It is deadly, when the object is simply to put us in possession of our own spiritual insight. One soul cannot live for another soul, except for a brief moment, in any case. Children by their

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lack of memory, and by their quick sympathies, may be transiently caught up into the mood of another; but it will ever engender, as a second thought, *want of faith and self-respect*, unless they are directed in that tender moment to the *vision of principles within themselves*. The wise teacher will then make it his aim, having awakened attention, to set the soul of the hearer to musing. "As I mused upon my bed in the night watches," said David, "the fire burned."

Perhaps it was on this principle that Jesus of Nazareth as little as Socrates dealt in what is generally called eloquence. According to John the Evangelist, — whose kindred spirituality, as well as personal affection, has enabled him, if we may trust a certain internal self-evidence, to report the discourses of Jesus more in their original individuality of expression than any of the other biographers, — Jesus taught the relations and duties of all souls to the Father, as well as their destinies, almost exclusively by relating his own. Bunsen has suggested, in his Universal History, how to translate the Shemitic into Japhetic, in such wise as to make the original preaching of Jesus available to supersede, at least to supply the place of, not a little modern preaching. It is to be hoped his hint may be followed out, and not encounter a superstitious obstacle akin to that which hindered a certain Swedenborgian minister, who, in his desire to give *the Word* to his hearers unadulterated by human whim, insisted on reading the Bible in church to them without intonation or emphasis! He hardly understood the Scripture declaration, "the temple of the spirit is the body"; or conceived of man's body animated by an intelligent and intelligible soul capable of inspiration.

In the case of which we speak, Mr. Jackson recalled the religious experience of his childhood, to prove that even a child is capable of this inspiration, so far as his own needs for guidance should go.

And here we are tempted to tell an anecdote of the orphan child of another of this sect, whose action in life was

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so angelic, though the child was not among angelic influences by any means, that people who watched her, through several years, looked at her life as a kind of miracle, and doubted if she ever was really overtaken by any sin of omission or commission. One day, when she was twelve years old, a peevish boy whom she was restraining from some mischief was heard to reproach her with the words, "*You* never had any temptation!" on which she weepingly replied, "O yes! I once struck Lucy." She was immediately asked the occasion; and the inquirer found it was a very venial offence for six years old, for she "struck Lucy" in defence of a lame chicken. The opportunity was seized to inquire into her mother's mode of discipline. "Did your mother know it?" "O yes!" "And what did she say?" "She asked me if it was the principle of divine love in my heart which made me strike her." The words were a perfect explanation of the character of the child. Ah, yes, said every one who had known her, that is the question she ever asks herself, and it explains the whole miracle of her sweetness, her patient temper (though she was of an irritable temperament), and her never-failing magnanimity.

Mr. Jackson showed in his childhood also, that this principle, which holds Christian perfection in its bosom, could be comprehended and acted upon by a child, consistently; and that it leads away from temptation and delivers from evil, glorifying God with a manifestation of his "kingdom come on earth."

E. P. P.

(To be continued.)

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THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

BY ELENCORA NUGISCH.

PART I.

" The one a fine and pretty Boy,
Not passing three yeares old;
The other, a Girl more young than he,
And made in beauty's molde."

Old Ballad.

THE MOTHER.

Once, once again, good Bertha, let me look
On my fair babes; the morrow's sun —

BERTHA.

O, speak
Not thus, dear lady! On the velvet lawn
That skirts the terrace wall they were at play
Not long a go. I'll bring them hither!

THE MOTHER.

Ay!
Then haste thee, Bertha, for I fain would see
Their joyous-beaming eyes, and hear once more
Their laughing voices. I am sad to-day.
Alas! how soon their days of infant glee
Will be o'ercast by this dark cloud of grief!
Methinks this heavy languor is of death.
Can I depart? thus leave my precious babes?
Why doth my heart so tremble at this thought?
O, grant me, Heaven, I be resigned to part
Erelong with them, — O, not neglected nor
Forsaken! He who heareth the faint cry
Of the young raven, every sparrow's fall
Noteth, will guard with tenderness and care
My orphaned ones! Our Father, in thy love
I will repose! Yet I will trust in thee!

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BERTHA (*entering*).

My lady, here 's the little girl! At first
She wept that I should drive her pets away, —
The rabbits, that were spoiling all the flowers,
Gnawing the leaf-buds with their strong, sharp teeth ;
And so I locked the gate, bidding her come
To thee, my lady. Then she wiped her tears,
And gladly followed me. Her brother waits
To greet poor little Nelly, in the hall.

THE MOTHER.

Thank thee, kind Bertha. Janie, my fair child,
Come hither! Kiss my cheek! Ay, twine, Janie,
These straying locks over thy dimpled hand,
As thou art wont. Thou know'st not, canst not know —
My passionate, loving words and weeping eyes
Can never teach thee what is death. I would
Thou ne'er couldst learn it! That this struggling grief
Of farewell to the scenes of this bright world
Might ne'er be thine! Ah, no! forgive my soul
The unblest thought, Most High and Holy One!
That aught could be more wise, more merciful,
More full of glorious hope, than thy decree,
That unto dust shall dust return, — the soul
To Him that gave it! Yet regard, I pray,
The yearning of a mother's heart, who leaves
Her tender babes thus orphaned, for thou knowest
Our frame, and pitiest us, thy children! Thou,
In thy great mercy, hast already loosed
The chain that bound my soul to earth, — the link
Strongest and brightest hast already riven!

EDGAR (*on the terrace*).

See, see, mamma! how gay these posies are, —
Posies that Nelly brought! How sweet they smell!
Is it too heavy?

THE MOTHER.

Take the basket, love,
To deck yon marble vase. These opening buds

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How pure and fragrant! Edgar, wilt thou go
Bid Nelly wait till Bertha comes? How faint
And weary she must be! Her little feet
How tired with toiling o'er the rocky path,
And through the tangled bushes!

EDGAR.

Do not weep
For Nelly. Nelly smiles so bright to-day
I know she 's very happy. But I 'll go
And bid her stay till Bertha comes!

THE MOTHER.

My boy!
My lovely, happy boy! how soon thy heart
Will swell with grief that cannot be consoled,
Alone, and motherless! Fair forest-flowers,
Oh! will not He who gave your living forms
Of grace beyond the art of human thought,
Your fragrance, passing sweet, that on the breeze
Is wafted from the unknown forest dell,
Where mortal foot hath never trod, to view
Its wondrous beauty, — He who marks a path
For every tiny blade of grass, — will He
Not help a fainting human soul, in this
Its trying hour? Be calm, thou throbbing heart!
Sweet slumber, fold thy gentle wings around
My heavy soul, and soothe with thy soft touch
This weary heart to dreams of heaven and hope.

THE MOTHER (*waking*).

Ah, Bertha, thou art here! Wilt thou not tire,
My faithful friend, with thine unceasing care?
Methinks thine eyelids droop, thine arm doth bend
Over thy frame, as it were powerless!
Canst thou not rest, dear Bertha, for my sake?

BERTHA.

Fear not for me, my lady. I am strong
To bear so light a service. Deem it not

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A toilsome watch. Believe me, rest would be
More toilsome, out of thy dear presence. While
I may, O let me give this poor return
For all the kindnesses of many years
My friendless youth received, till womanhood
Bestowed the power to render back to thee
Some faint requital.

THE MOTHER.

As thou wilt. The sun
With his declining ray of my last hour
Betokens the approach. Not many more,
Kind Bertha, wilt thou watch for me! Ere morn
Arise again, my parting breath will be
Borne on the wingéd wind aloft to skies
Purer and brighter than the air of earth,
Where 'midst the voices of angelic ones,
Freed from the darkness of this mortal toil,
My hymns of praise shall rise to Him who gave
The bliss of adoration and of love.
I dreamed a dream of heaven! and my soul
Is calmer now. I heard its golden harps
Of silvery sound, and saw its glorious light
Resplendent with the beams of million suns!
My dark and anxious fears have fled away,
And all is peace within! My babes I leave,
Secure that in my Father's care they need
No other help; that he will tenderly
Watch o'er them, as my own fond heart doth love
To linger on the gentle little one
That slumbers here so softly on my couch,
Wearied with play. An angel heart doth speak
In voiceless whispers to my inmost soul,
Hope thou in God! Hope thou in God! God! Hope!

Go, Bertha, seek my brother! Ere the night
Comes on, for my last hour is nigh, I ask
That he will come to grant my last request.
Kind Bertha, promise me that thou wilt leave

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My children never! Long they will not need
Thy watchfulness. My heart doth prophesy
They soon will follow me. But thou wilt be,
Till then, a mother to my babes?

BERTHA.

So long
As Heaven shall grant my life!

THE MOTHER.

In peace I die,
My kindest Bertha, for as my own love
I trust thy faithfulness.

BERTHA.

Thanks, thanks to thee,
My dearest lady!

[BERTHA *goes out.*

THE UNCLE (*entering*).

Sister, much I grieve
To see thee thus! Is 't not this gloomy, dull,
And melancholy life that brings to thee
Such sad forebodings? Since my brother's death
Thy mind has fed on its unhappiness.

THE MOTHER.

From all unhappy fancies I am free!
Though sad enough, in truth, since Edward's death,
I go to meet him ere the morning sun, —
A thought most welcome! To thy care I leave
My little orphaned ones. O brother kind,
Thou art the man must bring my babes to joy
Or misery! And God wilt thee reward,
If thou dost keep them carefully; but if
Thou seemest otherwise to deal, he will
Thy deed regard.

THE UNCLE.

Edith, I promise thee!
Kept as my dearest treasures, I will guard
Thy orphan babes. Sister, I promise thee!

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THE MOTHER.

It is enough! Faithful I do believe
Thou wilt be to this sacred charge. I ask
That Bertha, my tried, constant Bertha, be
Retained as their attendant, until death
Shall come to part them. Brother, promise me!

THE UNCLE.

Edith, I promise thee!

(BERTHA *enters.*)

THE MOTHER.

Now, Bertha, bring
My children hither, ere I close mine eyes
For ever! Are they here? I cannot see.
The shadows fall upon mine eyes! Ah, now
I feel their soft embrace! Sweet babes, I go.
Farewell! Yet once more, kiss my lips! once more!

BERTHA (*leading away the children*).

Her eyes are closed, and she is sleeping now!

THE UNCLE.

No more she 'll waken from her still repose,
So sculpture-like and beautiful! And yet
I fear me that I may disturb so sweet
A slumbering! — And this is death, that I
So often dread to meet! It comes not thus, —
Ah no, not thus to all! It cannot be!

[THE UNCLE *goes out.*

BERTHA (*re-entering*).

Will those sweet eyes, that never looked on me
But kindly, smile no more? Those lovely lips,
That opened but with music, ne'er again
Will greet my longing ear! Can I forget
Thee ever, gentle one? O Holy Christ!

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BELIEVING DOUBT.

"O God, Father of mercies, save me from this hell within me! I acknowledge, I adore, I bless thee, whose throne is in heaven, with thy blessed Son and crucified Jesus, and thy Holy Spirit; and also, though thou slay me, yet I will trust in thee. But I cannot think that thou canst hate and reject a poor soul that desires to love thee and cleave to thee, so long as I can hold by the skirts of thy garment, until thou violently shake me off; which I am confident thou wouldst not do, because thou art love and goodness itself, and thy mercies endure for ever."

LEIGHTON.

We may let the commonplaces alone. A word, however, we must pronounce at the outset, even at the risk of touching the vexed and weary topic. From the time of the Protestant Reformation, Christendom has presented two sections of feeling and thought, which may be designated as the believing and reverent, and as the sceptical and daring. Protestantism, as such, was characterized by the latter qualities. Its original assault on Rome and Pope seemed scarcely less audacious and infidel, than any assault in our times on what are deemed popular notions of Church and Bible. At first it left doctrines unquestioned, seeking to overthrow despotism, not as despotism indeed, but as bulwark of what was believed to be idolatrous worship. Soon, however, the roused mind began to interrogate dogma; and the relentless inquisition has continued to this hour, bringing out all the motley creeds, from that of Calvin to that of Socinus or of Priestley, which appeal to the Bible for their support, and all the theories, from the religious Deism of Herbert to the sneering scepticisms of later times, which either put the Bible with other sacred books, or attack it as false and evil. These processes of thought, joined with others more purely intellectual or scientific, have issued in a peculiar position of the Church itself. Not the dogmas only have been abandoned by multitudes resolutely claiming to be Christians; but, as the Church before, so now the Bible is believed by them to be, not an authoritative Word proceeding from God, not even an infallible record of such Word spoken of old, but a collection of books in which error is mixed with

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truth, evil with good, whose elements must be severed by the reason and conscience of man, and the worth of each separate portion determined by searching investigation. A growing thought seeks out the spirit within the letter and the historical drapery, making the whole a radiant shrine of the indwelling God. Others, meantime, throw themselves back upon a dogma of inspiration, never Catholic, never Protestant, always held, when held at all, merely as opinion of those who avowed it, which makes every sentence, when correctly explained, an immediate dictate of God's Spirit: on this basis they labor to ground all doctrine and all faith.

For none of these do we now write. They have chosen their respective sides, and, it may be expected, will for the most part hold to them, preparing their successors for the movements and questions still awaiting us. There is another class of minds, to which our attention is now directed. They cannot return to any form of external Catholicism; they have too strong an attachment to the central ideas and impulses of the Reformation for that: and yet they shrink with instinctive aversion from the bold, and, as they think, rash and irreverent speculations of the critical theology, so sincere, so deep, so native to them, a sympathy with all devotion and with the Church of the ages. The sects repel them, because they cannot accept the dogmatic formulas, or submit to the prescribed discipline or ritual: their hearts linger still amid the sweet and solemn communions of earlier hours. With those who have abandoned the sects they find but imperfect sympathy, for such have commonly dissolved in sterner feelings their old attachments; and while men of gentler mood feel at once that they cannot, at least cannot wholly, deny the charges which are advanced to justify the sternness which rebukes their yielding timidity, — such it is misdeemed, — they feel just as strongly the impossibility to themselves of following the hardier example: the heart and the head do not quite go together; or rather both

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heart and head are divided into segments, partial sympathies flowing out from each in the most opposite directions, nowhere finding undisturbed repose, everywhere meeting some repulsion. They are commanded imperiously, on the one side, to believe what, on the other, they hear denounced as impious, and satirized as exploded nonsense. The very Scripture which here they see invested with Divinity, raised to dominion over reason, over conscience, over all conscious insight of God, there they see shorn of its splendor and its sacredness; no longer a Divine Word, it is brought out under the arctic night of conjectural criticism, and spelled word by word in the cold glimmer: the genial heart shivers amidst frozen letters and sunless lights. If all knew each other better, the repulsions and antipathies might often disappear in attractive unions; as, if all understood better the doctrines of Christianity and the meaning of the Bible, their relations might be changed, and themselves brought to rest in a stronger and calmer faith. But this cannot be yet. And now for those, probably not a few, who feel the dreariness of that wide waste; — thirst in the soul, every seeming fountain perhaps an illusion; hunger for bread of life, each fair fruit perhaps filled with bitter ashes; weariness, the toil has been so long; to sleep or rest, perilling death; — what shall we say? Chide their unbelief? or ridicule their superstition? The soul of man is too sacred a thing for either; and this state of earnest doubt brings an added sacredness.

The state itself may be set forth more briefly. Suppose the man conscious of it giving expression to his deepest consciousness: "I would believe, but I cannot. I cannot believe, for the simple reason that all the objects of faith lie before me, not fixed as truth, not luminous with celestial light, but scattered and tossed into conflicting waves, a dark uncertainty covering them all. The moment I think myself to have reached a firm ground, I am assured by some new explorer that the firm ground is but a floating island, if not

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a deceptive mist. Tell me to believe my own reason, not his word; but his word, addressed by reason to reason, demands of me further inquiry. So I am borne from wave to wave, struggling for a repose which drops beneath me so soon as I think it near. I can pray, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief! but the unbelief masters the belief, and drags the prayer down. What in this sea of doubt shall the swimmer for his life do?"

Now to the soul sinking in these deep waters it is of little use to command him, or to press upon him, as is sometimes done, to believe; that is, to believe the accepted doctrine, the Christ of the Church, Christianity as interpreted by the prevalent systems, Evangelical or other. This is the very thing he cannot yet do. His real question is that ancient one, What is the Truth? And while he is asking that question, before the answer comes, we tell him, forsooth, to believe. Believe what? Believe how? That which he has not yet found true, and so virtually to believe what he has no right at present to believe, — accepting what he does not understand, ignorantly assenting to what he does not perceive, substituting a wilful determination for an intellectual consciousness. Who shall dare to insult the majesty of Truth, by worshipping the image, before he knows whether it be the reality or a soulless idol? To believe without thought, may be no better than to disbelieve against reason. Let no man force belief. He does not so gain faith; he may become a bigot, while also his doctrine may be true in itself; but his soul is infidel, and his faith a mockery, both of himself and of Truth. Rather let him wait his life through, reverent and praying at the temple gate. There may be truer faith in religious doubt, than in unquestioning confidence; there certainly is more in calmly refusing to go beyond our present vision, than in boldly rushing into the holy place before it is opened. To believe the Truth, is the thing; not to persuade ourselves that we believe it, and persuade men, for the sake of the rest we fancy ourselves to

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have gained, to cease thinking and be content with believing. Such rest cannot be lasting. The whole soul will some time assert itself; and when reason is wide awake, dreams will vanish.

But when the reason is wide awake, and the soul roused to its integral and highest action, let it never be thought that general unbelief will be the result. Dreams vanish, not to leave a boundless void, but to surround us with a substantial and living world; and mind, delivered from conflicting and bewildering opinions, from twilight shadows and midnight spectres, gains, for the dissolved chaos, new heavens and a new earth, the consciousness of reality, the vision of the Lord, the sunlight of immortal Truth. Let not the doubter seek to relieve himself by rest in scepticism. To disbelieve despairingly may be as unjust to God and the soul, as to believe presumptuously: it is as sad certainly, for the present. He who says, "I am tired of searching longer for the Truth, so will ever dismiss it from my thought," careless what it is, and whether there be such a thing or not, is as reasonless as his more complacent neighbor, who says, "I have done searching, now the treasure is found. I do not dismiss the Truth, for the Truth I have won already; but I have no longer a weary way to travel after her, — these are the serene heights on which she sits, throned, and overlooking all darkness, and tempests, and tossing souls below. What questions I once had, they are all answered now; what doubts, they have passed down into these low waves now; for the future, I shall only set my feet firmer on the ground won for me in the past." But if this is taking the thing before it is fairly ours, yet the other is not to be commended, for it is casting the thing away before we have proved it; the one will make a metal gold by willing it so, the other will reject what may be gold because all is not gold which glitters. The one exults in what may be the shadow of a banquet; the other repines, bread and wine before us, that, there are so many false appearances, one knows

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no reality, and had rather starve with abstinence than run the risk of being fooled by semblance. There is certainly some difference between swallowing a theological system whole, and pushing religion, virtue, God, and immortality quite away from us, as either dreams of a feast or baits to catch credulous and foolish souls. The skies and earth, suns and planets, are as real to-day as if men had not once thought a solid expanse overarched us, and below this fixed surface of earth a dark underworld stretched, unpierced by rays from circling lights above us.

All is not lost then. Nor is all gained. There is no reason in believing everything; there is as little in believing nothing. Reason itself is one reality. Be true to that now; then it will grow stronger and clearer, and discover new and wider spheres. The benevolent affections are realities; exercise and cherish those affections, breathe out those aspirations if it seems a void into which they pass, as one would still continue to breathe the air, even if he should come to doubt whether the air exists. Allow that atheism were the theoretical truth; it is just as true that religious aspiration is an element of human nature. If prayer suppose God really existing and present, yet the deep longing within us, out of which it flows, is on any supposition a fact of experience. The soul of man is in very essence a living element, seeking after something unmeasured and unbounded: it is nothing less than an unconscious prayer. And what if one be forced in silent sadness to prostrate himself the whole day long beneath the mystery which hangs over him, and to weep through sleepless nights, before he can find strength of faith, trust in God, rest after lonesome toil, quiet from a long tempest, peace in his soul, and a Sabbath to hallow the perfect work with its heavenly benediction? The end is worth more than all; and if it were not, there is another thing to think of: the soul nobly living is an unspeakable good, even if this be all, and it does nothing but live nobly. A mediæval saint is reported

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to have said, If sin were on one side, hell on the other, I would leap into hell to escape sin. If we are allowed to make such separations of things rather identical than inseparable, we might suppose one to say, If I saw before me Heaven and Virtue, and could gain the one only by losing the other, I would choose Virtue. Now, with these simple affections, aspirations, and purposes, let us live the life of this day: the morrow may bring relief from doubt; if not, let us live calmly on, still waiting, if this be all the service we can render.

It is not uncommon in our times to present, as the remedy for troublesome doubts, the going forth into direct active service. By doing the will of God, we are told, we shall attain knowledge of what he teaches. Grant it. But what is this doing the will of God? Suppose it his will that one should study, think, pierce into the very depth of uncertain speculation, that thus he may reach higher truths, and become, perhaps, a guide to other asking souls? And as the will of God in regard to different persons assigns wholly unlike spheres of action, so, too, action is equally real under numberless varieties of form. With one it passes into manual labor, with another into speech, with a third into commerce; this man cultivates a farm, that man pleads for the oppressed; here is a senator, here a preacher, here a scholar; and there we find the blind cripple, who can do little but think and speak to his friends. This last may be doing the will of God, doing it, doing it in genuine activity, just as really as either. Doing, considered in this broad sense, may be the remedy for these mental conflicts, supplanting doubt by faith; but not doing in the narrow sense to which it is often limited. Every disease has its own antidote. None of us would prescribe walking as the cure for a man so weak that he cannot stand upon his feet, or bleeding to one already faint with the loss of blood; and who would put a bow and arrow into hands which cannot lift the lightest weight, or enjoin fasting on him whose sickness

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has come only from long want of food? As false is it, when the mind is oppressed with the weight of its unanswered questions, to give it reasonable content in what is so often called practical duty. This may make a man forget his questions and hide his doubts; but it does not remove the grounds of them, nor satisfy his reason. Teaching a Sunday school does not answer the questions whether the Scriptures are inspired, or which of the books contained in the Bible are authentic and holy. Giving money to a poor man does not settle the question of Original Sin, nor searching out the statistics of crime illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity. We assume here that these are all questions deserving thought: if the sole object be to get rid of the questions, to unload the mind of speculation as a useless burden, then it is true this rule may be a very good one; but if it be to answer the questions, it is not so: they must be pursued, pursued in earnest action, it is true, but action of the mind rather than of hand or tongue, action of mind directed to the subjects themselves, not to something else. Nor is there any greater defect in our times, than precisely this absence of earnest and sincere thinking. If the doctrines affirmed on one side are true, so true, so mighty, so fundamental, as to involve the salvation of man, they ought to be known, with a knowledge which only deep thought can insure; if false, as affirmed with equal confidence on the other side, their falseness should be ascertained, and exposed with a distinctness and a power which only mental activity, not bodily, can command; or if, again, these same doctrines, the accumulations of centuries revolving through multitudinous and incongruous causes and influences, are mixtures of elements, good and evil, strangely blending celestial airs and infernal blasts, it is not eloquence in preaching, nor zeal in philanthropy, nor any method of external charity, which will dissolve the combinations, and loosen truth from the embrace of falsehood, and at once remove the error to its congenial darkness, and call forth the

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ethereal spirit to go out in its higher mission to imbruted and bewildered men.

We may now bring the whole to a brief conclusion. Suppose some living questioner directly before us, deploring the inextricable perplexities by which he is encircled, the flutterings of his soul to escape only making it weaker, and tightening the web which holds him fast. Might we not speak to him words like these? Wait in earnest thought and calm trust. Yield neither reason to authority, nor religion to atheism. What thou seest as true, welcome with glad heart, and quicken into daily life. When an ancient lover of moral wisdom referred all his excellence to his consciousness of ignorance, and the modern oracle of science confessed that only some few pearls were yet gathered on the shore, while the whole vast ocean spread out untraversed, do not expect to take in all knowledge at once; do not dream of opening before the eye, of fathoming with the line, that greater ocean of spiritual being. Nor yet suffer thyself to sleep, like the unthinking brute, careless and thoughtless beside the mighty deep, beneath the murmuring music of the everlasting sea. Up, loving soul! Listen, and hear; obey, and listen longer; see what the Lord reveals, rejoice, and be lowly; wait, if the vision fades; pray fervently, but trust calmly; the night may be long, but there is a sun, and the east shall yet glow, the dawn shall shine: every earnest thought is a ray from the day-star risen in the heart.

T. T. S.

"STAND apart and look on, — take up your station at the porch of the church, and only question why others enter there. O, you may stand and question to the day of doom! Step within, — creep but to the first altar, — bend a knee, to any saint you please in the calendar, — utter but one prayer, one petitionary word, — henceforth you are enrolled amongst the faithful."

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THE CONCESSIONS OF THE CHURCH TO THE WORLD.

THERE are very many Christians in our day who are disposed to meet the world at least half-way, in not a few points of faith and matters of practice, affirming that both justice and expediency demand large concessions. There are very many other Christians who will hear to nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, resist every proposed allowance of possible error in dogma or discipline, as a fatal admission, sure to be followed by another and still another demand, until every position shall have been abandoned. Between these extremists, the lover of truth often holds his ground with much difficulty, and at great temporary disadvantage, charged by the one party with obstinate conservatism, and by the other with a reckless liberalism. What shall he do?

We answer, in this as in everything else, he must be true, he must fight the good fight of faith and bear his cross, steadily maintaining his intellectual integrity and his moral simplicity, whilst he guards the ancient beliefs and sanctities. It is easy to baptize heathen, but to change them into Christians is not so easy; it saves a vast deal of trouble to decline all recognition of the doubts and difficulties which press upon the minds and hearts of really honest and earnest seekers for the truth, but such a course must needs alienate the more discerning and thoughtful from the Church that should be seeking by all fair means to allure them into her fold, and is fearfully conducive to hypocrisy, and one who really confides in the Master will cheerfully and bravely face every inquirer, and weigh every sincerely spoken word. We cannot consent to seem to make Christians, instead of really making them,—it is not enough merely to convert men (if one can use the word "convert" in such a connection) to what is called Christianity, to a Gospel from which all mysteries and sanctities, all great be-

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liefs, and all exceeding righteousness, have been carefully eliminated, nor yet, on the other hand, will we draw ourselves up in stately magisterial attitude, and put down every suggestion of allowance to a world which complains, whether with or without cause, of the unreasonableness or asceticism of the Church, of her idolatry of letter and form, and of her contempt of human nature. Let us, at all hazards, be just. The Church is built upon a rock. It appeals to a Divine promise. Does God need to have lies told for him? Do we not greatly dishonor him, when we either court the favor of the worldly and erring, and bring down his truth to their baseness and folly, or, on the other hand, affect to patronize the Gospel, and put it under guardianship as unreliable, incompetent to go alone and stand upon its own merits? We believe that we shall render some slight aid to a true conservatism in religion and in morals, by directing the thoughts of our readers for a moment at once to the duty and the danger of concession on the part of the Church to what are called "the demands of the age." We must limit ourselves to a few suggestions.

1. We cannot take our places with those who will hear of no least departure from ancient theological statements, or rigorous and puritanical strictness. The temptation so to do is at times very strong, but it is a temptation which must be resisted. It is hard to be regarded as sceptics and dangerous innovators, because we cannot drop quietly and without question into the old paths; but conviction is sacred, and we have a duty to perform to honest inquirers, and often the ancient and venerable lives and works only upon condition that it be clothed in new forms. In the language of the writer to the Hebrews, we must take away the first, that we may establish the second. Those who have grown up in an atmosphere of great religious freedom, who, it may be, have enjoyed even more than was good of this great blessing, can form but a feeble conception of the sacrifices which are often demanded of strong, original, and earnest thinkers, whose lot has been cast within the enclosures of Christian

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denominations that are esteemed orthodox or Evangelical. Holding fast, as they believe, by the old verities, they cannot accept the theology in which they are expressed, — devotedly attached to the old Church, they are yet compelled, in all honesty, to use much freedom in the interpretation of its symbols, — the advocates of a strict Christian morality, they must yet admit that some of the demands of the popular religion upon its adherents have only a conventional validity.

We find a striking illustration of what we mean in the volume of Lectures and Addresses, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, a notice of which will be found in the *Collectanea* of this number of our journal. As earnest and devoted a believer in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Church of our day can boast, he was yet denounced as latitudinarian and neologic, as unmindful of his great Christian trust, as sadly unclerical, if not unchristian. Exeter Hall sent down to Brighton a lecturer to discourse upon Neology, with no result, as it proved, so far as the thronged attendance upon Mr. Robertson's ministrations was concerned, and yet, one cannot help thinking, sadly to his discomfort, as one who would avoid even the appearance of evil. He lived and wrought and died under a cloud of suspicion. He was much blamed for refusing to confine the deep and transcendent mysteries of our holy religion within the formularies of a dry and technical theology, — a procedure as needless and unjustifiable on the part of orthodoxy as on the part of heterodoxy; he gave great offence by declining to confound the Sabbath of the Jew with the Lord's day of the Christian; and there were those who were filled with amazement, that a clergyman could be found willing to draw attention, in a literary lecture, to the works of a writer of fiction, even of one as true to the best interests and purest aims of humanity as Charles Dickens. A Church of England minister commending Dickens! Why, it was worse than fox-hunting and card-playing! And yet Robertson, with Arnold and Kingsley and Maurice and

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Jowett, could not avoid seeing that new times demand, not new truths, but new statements of old truths, revisions of mere opinions, new means for reaching old ends, a recognition of the Christian spirit in departments of literature which were once given up to heathenism, but have now been in part reclaimed for Christian and sanctuary uses. The Christian Church lives and grows; its mind and heart are ever expanding; its views of its own truth, and its opinions upon life and duty, though essentially, radically, the same through all Christian ages, demand new expressions and continual readjustments. Duty may require a concession of the old form for the sake of the substance which it sets forth. If we mean to keep the citadel of Faith, we must be careful not to undertake the defence of anything untenable. The multitude are very likely to mistake the capture of an insignificant outpost, into which, with the carelessness of superior strength, the garrison had thrown themselves, for the overthrow of the strong-hold itself. The distinction between believing a great many things and believing much, must never be lost sight of. The ablest advocates and the best servants of the prevailing creeds are those who have restated them in terms which the thoughtful and discerning of our day can accept.

We hold Andover and New Haven to be truer friends even to what is called Orthodoxy than Princeton. The great preacher of Brooklyn will persuade more of the sad fact of depravity, than scores and scores of those who insist upon prefixing to this noun the adjective "total." We always look with much anxiety at books in part religious and in part scientific, the object of which is to make Moses to have been a teacher of science, — of astronomy or of geology, — as well as of religion. Such special pleas satisfy no one who has had his attention directed that way, and as for the multitude of plain Bible Christians, they do not need them. It is sad when the advocate of Christianity undertakes so much, that at best he can only escape defeat.

Moreover, if Puritanism and Christianity are not identi-

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cal, it will be greatly for the advantage of Christianity that this should be distinctly understood. Does an earnest Christian profession include rigid abstinence from amusements, innocent in themselves, though trivial in comparison with the devotedness and aspiration of the saint? Is it right or wrong, necessary or unnecessary, to say to the young man or young woman about to make a Christian confession. You must refrain henceforth from dancing, from the theatre, from the opera, from all save the most solemn festivities? Is there not a line to be drawn here between use and abuse? Are there not questions of age, time, place, and temperament to be settled? Must we not leave a great deal here to be determined by the individual conscience, and controlled by the inward spirit? When we send our children to the dancing-school, are we departing from Christianity, or only from Puritanism? May we not believe that the heart is right in the sight of God, and vitally joined to Christ, even when the Divine Spirit has not yet lifted the whole being into the highest plane of love and heroism? "He that is not against us is on our part." These things are to be considered by all who protest against every modification of doctrine or relaxation of discipline, as a mischievous concession to unbelief and unrighteousness.

2. But there are great dangers in concession. It is often carried, and in all honesty, to most ruinous lengths. We find that the human understanding is unwilling to accept the facts and doctrines of the Gospel. A sceptical philosophy pauses at miracles, hesitates to acknowledge the reality of Divine forgiveness, cannot believe in the efficacy of prayer, save as a self-magnetizing process, is utterly confounded by the affirmation of the personality of God, finds endless perplexities in the assertion of a conscious immortality of the human soul; — what is to be done? These things are not to be denied, certainly not in terms, — for in that case, what becomes of your Gospel, and what remains for men to be converted to, and what pretence is there any longer of a struggle of faith? And yet since so many will

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not believe in Christianity so long as it is Christianity, we are liable almost unconsciously to withdraw into the background all that is most distinctively Christian in doctrine, and so to explain the great mysteries of faith as to empty them of their precious meaning. The Gospel becomes a vague and unprofitable exhortation to be good and to do good, its great affirmations are brought within the limits and moulds of the finite understanding, it is made as nearly insignificant as may be in order to forestall all offence, and, as might have been expected, opposition passes into indifference, and your religion has become so very credible that nobody any longer cares to believe it. Plainly there is a limit here beyond which the defender of the Gospel must not go. True religion cannot be justified to the finite understanding. It has mysteries, which, though not contrary to reason, are above reason. It is made plain to the inward eye, it approves itself to the affections, it satisfies the deepest cravings of the soul, it is the light of life, not of dry speculation. Reduce Christianity to a scheme of nature, in order to win for it acceptance as a natural religion, and presently you will find that what you have done for your Gospel you must do for its substitute; for any faith that stops short of pantheism is pressed by precisely the same difficulties that make the Christian revelation a collection of hard sayings for the mere logician. The Gospel speaks to our best moods, — it does not look for a welcome save from those who are of the truth, — it exacts a previous preparation; to these it is foolishness, to those it is wisdom; try to bring it down to the level of all, and in the end it will be acceptable to none. We are persuaded that neither the orthodox nor the heterodox of our day have any adequate sense of the extent to which rationalizing is carried forward.

But there are practical concessions which are even more to be dreaded than any speculative laxities. It is one thing to decline asceticism, it is another thing to live in an almost unbroken round of business and pleasure, with only the fewest and most weary moments for prayer and benevolent

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effort, and the work of the kingdom. Of course amusements are needful for the young and for the mature; but this necessity cannot be appealed to in excuse of the excitements, which are only varied as winter passes into summer and the tide of fashion rolls from the city to the country. It is a solemn truth, and not a piece of asceticism, that they who live in pleasure are dead whilst they live. The earnestness and aspirations of the Lord's day and the sanctuary utterly fail, in a multitude of instances, of any realization in the daily lives of avowed Christians. It would very often be hard to say what it is, save a peculiar creed or ritual, that distinguishes the multitude of believers in the Gospel from the Jew, or the Mohammedan, or the Hindoo; certainly it is not a higher tone of living, an elevation of aims and tastes, an enlargement of the spiritual and moral nature, a refinement of the soul that makes a careless and self-indulgent life impossible.

For man or woman, for youth or maiden, the Christian life is a grand enterprise; it involves self-renunciation, — sacrifices of which the cross is the perpetual symbol. Its ways more excellent are often steep, rough, and narrow. Only when preachers and people find this out, and draw a clear, sharp line between the exceeding righteousness of the true Church, and an easy-going worldliness, does the Word of Jesus become the great reality of life, so precious as to need no external commendation. We make concessions, we gather the half-converted into a communion and fellowship which we would fain regard as the Church, we substitute entertainment for instruction, and those who would have given themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to a Gospel of heroism and patience, become jaded critics in chapels of ease. Large demands are often far more attractive than large concessions. We must kindle a great fire, unless we would be for ever tending it. Christianity lives in the world upon condition that it is missionary and aggressive, a proclamation of the kingdom of God in a life of love.

E.

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"LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I."

PSALM lxi. 2.

"LEAD *me* to the Rock that is higher than I."
In its shelter I 'll hide while the storm passes by.
I 'll yield like the floweret that bends to the gale,
And bows without breaking when tempests assail;
Then, rising anew when the storm is o'erpast,
Adore Him, who sends both the calm and the blast.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,"
When the glare of the noontide is fierce in the sky.
When faint from the "burden and heat of the day,"
O, lend me thy screen from the sun's burning ray!
Within thy cool shadow my altar I 'll raise,
And send up the incense of prayer and of praise.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,"
When my path through the desert is scorching and dry.
My spirit shall find her deep craving supplied
In the streams of salvation that flow from thy side.
I 'll bathe where thy waters refreshingly stray,
And then with rejoicing go forth on my way.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
When the night-wind is chill, to thy covert I 'll fly:
Beneath thy protection my couch while I spread,
No damp of the midnight shall fall on my head;
And when the bright morning sheds light through the skies,
My grateful thanksgiving to thee shall arise.

O, draw me, kind Father, in faith to thy side;
In thy "secret pavilion" I fain would abide.
My Covert in danger, my Screen from the heat,
My spirit's Refreshment, my one sure Retreat,
O strong Rock of Ages, my frailty sustain!
Though mountains should crumble, thou still shalt remain.

M. W.

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OBITUARIES.

REV. ICHABOD NICHOLS, D.D.

DIED at Cambridge, in the seventy-fifth year of his age and the forty-ninth of his ministry, Ichabod Nichols, D.D., Senior Pastor of the First Church in Portland, Me. It is worthy of remark, as a fact which has, it is believed, no parallel, that from 1727, when the first minister of the church was ordained, it has not been for a day without a pastor, the minister now surviving being but the fourth in the series.

To Dr. Nichols's character of mind and heart it is impossible to do justice within our narrow limits. His intellect had a *many-sidedness*, which even to his intimate friends prepared a fresh surprise at every interview. There seemed no class of subjects, whether in literature, science, or art, with which he was not familiar. In saying this, we denote not superficial knowledge. Whether he always had this, we doubt; but he invariably went to the heart of a subject, had the mastery of principles, laws, and ground-truths. To these he passed, as if by direct intuition, without pausing at the inductive processes through which alone they can be reached by minds of ordinary acumen. Equally remarkable was the religious consecration of his mental powers and acquisitions. It appeared to us, that, if there were one distinction which it was beyond his power to comprehend, it was that between things sacred and things secular. We should have been astonished to hear him talk prolongedly on any topic without manifesting his self-consciousness as a Christian. Yet no man could have had less of sanctimony than he, or could have been more purely spontaneous in his utterances. As may well be imagined, his conversation was wonderfully rich, and not a few who enjoyed his intimacy think that they have been conversant with no other mind so fertile, so suggestive, so heavenly, and that they have never listened to human lips from which it seemed so truly as if an angel spake.

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As a preacher, he was always wise, profound, earnest, and forceful, often brilliant and eloquent. Yet his sermons could never have been popular in the lower sense of the word. He was beyond the easy comprehension of the imperfectly educated, and above the appreciation of the worldly and grovelling. But no person of cultivated mind could hear him without being made wiser; no person of religious sensibilities, without having them deeply moved and strongly stimulated. In his treatment of subjects, he followed the order of his own intellectual processes, — intuition first, then demonstration, — synthesis before analysis. He combined, too, argument and exhortation; he appealed to the reason and the affections, not separately or successively, but in the same breath; the links of his argument were forged on altar-coals.

In his religious opinions and speculations he was at once bold and reverent, free from the bondage of man-made creeds and ecclesiastical prescription, and an implicit believer in whatever had to his mind the sanction of Christ and of Divine revelation. Bowing with the lowliest submission of spirit to the authority of the Teacher from heaven, he owned no other master, and was ready to follow Jesus, though alone.

In private life, a dignity, unaffected, and the inevitable expression of a character worthy to be revered, won the respect of all who knew him, while their love was conciliated by his modesty, kindness, gentleness, and ready sympathy. His countenance was indicative at once of his keen and lofty intellect and his amiable and genial spirit. His manners were pre-eminently those of the Christian gentleman, — delicate, courteous, refined, graceful.

The last scenes of his life were a rich and beautiful manifestation of the truth he had preached. He suffered intensely, but submissively. The Saviour's name was perpetually on his lips, and the peace of the Lord Jesus irradiated his wan and wasted countenance. His humility, always profound, grew even deeper as he drew near the unveiled

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presence of the Eternal; while his faith seemed sight-like, and as his dying eyes rested on pictures of the Redeemer that he had long loved to look upon, it was as if he already beheld the glorified form and transfigured features of Him who is the believer's hope. With the last movement of his lips he murmured, "It is all well," and sank sweetly into the sleep, from which he was summoned to the joy of his Lord. A. P. P.

REV. BARZILLAI FROST.

Just twenty years ago last summer, the junior editor of this journal started from his home at five o'clock in the morning, in a respectable family chaise, drawn by a very fat and very staid family horse, and, having taken up his tutor by the way, was conveyed to Cambridge, and offered by the said tutor for admission to Harvard College. The examiners were numerous and all too faithful, but of none of them does he retain a more vivid remembrance than of him whose name is inscribed over these few words of remembrance. Mr. Frost was then what he has ever been since, one of the most kindly and one of the most logical of men. His business was to discover how much — or, alas! how little — the boys seeking to be Freshmen knew of mathematics; and well do we remember that he asked not only for facts, but for reasons, — how it could be, for example, that *minus* by *minus* should give *plus?* It was travelling a little beyond the record, we thought, — it is said that children love to be made to think, it is our experience, on the contrary, that they always resent any attempts in this direction, — and yet his genial smile when the question was successfully answered proved a sufficient justification, showing, as it did, that he wished to have evidence, not of our ignorance, but of our knowledge. After that eventful day we were frequently brought into contact, at the boarding-house, where the young student sat a quiet, happy listener to many an ani-

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mated discussion (for in Mr. Frost's presence conversation was pretty sure to become discussion) between the late lamented Dr. Follen, the living — long may he live! — poet-preacher of Newport, and our departed friend, in the chapel of the Divinity School, at those Sunday evening sermonizings which attracted now and then a sober-minded undergraduate, and, weekly, in some historical exercises, the labor of which, we are sorry to add, was mainly performed by Mr. Frost, our instructor, — history at that time being only recited, and not previously studied, as at present.

From that day onward the student met the examiner, teacher, and friend only at rare intervals, — once, as he well remembers, at an ordination in Deerfield; but he always found him the same wise, earnest, and truly Christian man, and most heartily does he accept what the senior editor, who knew him as a fellow-student and a neighbor in the work of the ministry, herewith offers to the reader concerning his friend.

"This highly esteemed brother and faithful laborer died at Concord, after a lingering sickness, December 8, 1858, aged 54. Dr. Miles renders an affectionate tribute to his memory, in the sermon preached at his funeral, and since published, in which, without any exaggeration as we think, he displays the prominent traits of his character, and the incidents of his life. We knew him well, and we rarely find a man with higher aims, with nobler views of his calling, with clearer convictions of duty, or more faithfulness in the discharge of them. With a most genial disposition and kindly social qualities, and much sterling good sense, we always felt in better mood after meeting him, or engaging him in argument on some difficult point of doctrine or practice. He returned from his voyage, after seeking in vain for a mitigation of his disease by change of climate, and died in the midst of the people and scenery he most loved, and where his ministry and character will have left an impression not soon to pass away."

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RANDOM READINGS.

"WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY?"

SET him to work. "Twenty devils employ the man who does not employ himself," says a Spanish proverb; and boys are no exception. They have a superabundance of animal life, which is always boiling over, and it must run into one of two channels,— the channel of mischief or the channel of use. And it depends altogether which channel it takes as to which one of two types of character will be found in manhood,— that of shiftlessness or that of thrift.

One hundred miles from Boston, more or less, is the village in which reside the families of Doctor Pillberry and Farmer Bloomfield. Doctor Pillberry had seven boys, who became very decided characters, and were very much "developed" and "progressed." The Doctor was called early in the morning to see his patients, and returned late at night; and the boys out of school-time had abundant leisure and opportunity to seek seven other spirits like themselves, and hang about stores and taverns, lounge in the streets, learn to fight and swear, and get down the gun and trample the clover-fields to blow bluebirds and robins in pieces. The Bloomfield boys were kept at work on the farm when school was not in, except when a holiday came round, such as the old election and general training days. At first they thought it rather hard, and they quoted to their father the case of Tom Pillberry, who had a good time, and had such a fine chance to be somebody, while they were kept at work. Tom had time allowed him to hunt and fish, skin live eels, stone windows, rob orchards, steal melons, torment the cat, shoot at marks, smoke cigars, and all such pleasant pursuits and recreations; while the Bloomfield boys had to drive cows, dig over potato-patches, and do the like tedious and vulgar things. It was rather hard, and they wished their father had been a doctor, a minister, or a lawyer. However, Farmer Bloomfield knew what he was doing; and the boys finally learned to love their duties, and took pride in raising the largest potatoes and pumpkins in the town; though it mortified them when the Pillberry boys flourished over them at election-balls

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and Fourth of Julys, where the Pillberrys always appeared exhaling essences and strutting in buckram.

Thirty years make a wonderful shifting of scenery on the theatre of life, and — presto! — the Pillberrys and Bloomfields are coming up now in the fifth act. Exeunt the Pillberry boys and enter the Pillberry men. They have exhaled all their cologne and pomatum, and the buckram has got all its stiffening taken out, and they look draggled and forlorn. They have gone into business and failed, married wives and had families they cannot support, have not forgotten the store and the tavern, — in short, have "progressed" into general thriftlessness and dissipation. They run in debt and never pay, and never mean to; borrow, and never return; have added chewing and drinking to their first narcotic accomplishments; are generally loose in their habits, though "sometimes very tight." The Bloomfield boys have gone into business and succeeded; one of them holds a high office in the state, and looks towards the highest; and the chief enterprises of the town depend mainly upon them. And whenever anything is started requiring perseverance, hardihood, energy, public spirit, conscience, generosity, and capital, people always call first upon the Bloomfields.

This, we pledge our readers, is no fancy sketch, but a chapter of history.

Now for the "improvement" of our sermon, or story rather, showing the advantage of giving boys occupation.

First, it is the best physical education they can have, giving them good digestion, hard muscles, and robust frames; and you will not be obliged to put them on spare diet for dyspepsia, to send them abroad to be turned blue in water-cures, or put them on beef-tea and toast-water at home.

Secondly, it is the best way to keep the twenty devils out, by first bringing the opposite virtues in; for then the virtues have the ground by the right of pre-emption, and the vices will be kept out for ever by a moral statute of limitations.

Thirdly, they very soon learn, and in the only way they ever will, that life is a serious matter, and is not a frivolity and a farce, — a thing which a great many people do not learn till they learn it to their sorrow.

Fourthly, you give practical point to your moral instructions, instead of spending your breath for nothing in giving advice. Moral

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instruction is well, but standing alone it is worthless; and to apply it to boys boiling over with animal life, and with nothing to do, is like reading the ten commandments to a tornado.

Fifthly, you settle practically the question about corporal punishment; for, generally speaking, only idle boys will need it.

Lastly, and summing up, and putting it as a maxim of education, *As fast as the faculties develop, give them something useful to do.*

S.

MATRIMONY.

It comes from two Latin words, and the compound means *matron-minded*, and not *matron-moneyed*, as some have erroneously supposed. It is one of the seven sacraments in Mother Church, and it ought to be a sacrament in all churches; for it introduces man to his highest bliss, temporal and spiritual, when made sacred; and plunges him into his deepest sorrows when profaned.

There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his celebrated lyric, — that souls were *paired* when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they had only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy.

Now the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, least of all the *most* intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their characters. We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials, and efforts. Let two persons, then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be either for a drawgame at self, or for walking, *æquis passibus*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, their internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off,

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and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first might have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect, that for aught we know they may appear in the spiritual world, as Mr. T. L. Harris says, like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas apart they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, sharp, and prickly, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly, there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft, silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives, ideal wives want practical men; and then, the earth-side and the heaven-side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be *conjoined*, and not *adjoined*.

Putting our hand into our draw, we bring up a communication written evidently by some one in the halcyon dawn of romantic love. We think we recognize the style and the handwriting; but though we intend in this part of the Magazine to admit the reader to a more secret corner of our confidence, it would hardly be fair to let him "speer" into the authorship of this. We suggest to our correspondent, however, that, in order to keep this heyday of life always cloudless, there must be a good deal of self-watch, both on his part and that of Mary; but that we are perfectly convinced of the *possibility* of

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stretching this morning paradise on through time, yea, onward into eternity, with the marriage bells always chiming, and the dew always sparkling upon the flowers. God's blessing be upon you and upon Mary, and grant you both a safe passage through the breakers to the Enchanted Islands!

S.

MARRIAGE CHIMES.

MARY! at length the blissful hour
Comes on its laggard wings,
Which forms from fancy's golden dreams
Life's most familiar things;
The thoughts of past and future days
Swift through my spirit throng,
And when the heart is brimming o'er,
The soul will have its song.

How brightly looms the magic land
Where earth to me was young,
And sweet and clear life's morning stars
Their silvery anthems sung!
Parents were dear, and friends were true,
And all was fair and gay;
And yet one vision went before,
And mocked me all the way.

For then through Fancy's wizard glass
An image passed along, —
I looked, but found its likeness not
In all the world's gay throng;
Not though the shine of love-lit eyes
Across my path was thrown,
And the weird music of the heart
Was breathed in woman's tone.

And in my dreams, by night and day,
That lovely image burned,
And then for bliss unrealized
My full affections yearned;
And then with deeply latent love
Were all the heart-cells stored:
The music lived in all its cells,
But none could touch the chord.

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And, Mary, how couldst thou have known
To touch that chord so well!
I saw thee, — quick the music rolled
Clear as a matin bell!
His Beatrice in his dreams
The Tuscan bard could see;
The Beatrice of *my* dream
I wake to find in thee!

Why leaps the heart in throbs of joy
To claim a glittering tear!
The name of wife, — why falls the word
New-toned upon the ear!
O, ever shall the word awake
A love as deep as now,
Warm as it was when first I felt
Thy kiss upon my brow!

But through the home, so happy now,
Why steals the secret sigh!
Tears half of grief and half of joy
Impearl a mother's eye:
In brothers' warm and gallant breasts
Old feelings start anew,
And love breathes out in trembling tones
A sister's fond adieu.

The bowers touched soft with autumn hues,
Where childhood's memories dwell,
All seem to *know* that Mary leaves
For them a sad farewell;
The walks so lately fringed with flowers
Will miss, when Spring returns,
A hand that wooed their beauty forth
From Winter's frozen urns.

Only for me is left behind
The home so long beloved,
Where the Hours like wings of seraphim
Went singing as they moved:
An isle that sleeps in sun and calm
Within the sheltering lee,
For seas that break in whirl and foam,
My Mary leaves for me.

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But He who guides the traveller safe
Through all the world's alarms,
Flings round the bridegroom and the bride
The all-protecting arms;
And Love can make the billows smooth,
And charm the sea with smiles,
And find beyond the whirl and foam
His own Enchanted Isles!

"GREAT SERMONS."

Some one has made an estimate of the number of sermons preached in our country during a year. We are not good at figures, and cannot recall the amount; a moment's consideration, however, will satisfy any one that it must be enormous. Of course, only a very small proportion of these discourses can be what are called "great sermons"; though, as from time to time average specimens of them are brought into the light by the help of the printer, we are surprised at the degree of ability which they display. Many of them are, no doubt, elaborated at a fearful cost to the writers, — a tax upon the brain and nerves, of which easy church-goers have very little conception. Nevertheless, cost what they may, they are not "great sermons," not one whit more so for all the effort that has been expended upon them, especially if this effort has resulted in imitations or caricatures of marked discourses. The newspapers indeed will tell you that the sermons preached according to the programme of Sacred Entertainment for the Lord's Day were "able and eloquent," — we presume that every well-appointed printing-office has this phrase in stereotype plate to be duly inserted; but, for some cause or other, so much ability and eloquence hardly get the abiding recognition which such merit may well claim. In truth, "great sermons," in every sense of the word, can only be preached by great representative men; and the attempt, which is but too common, to make little sermons sound like great ones, ends in verbosity, pomposity, and too often in vulgarity. Melancholy business! What can be more degrading and saddening than to be for ever trying to make brass pass like gold, or spicing up stale food into the semblance of rich cookery? One thing is very plain, that earnest and intelligent persons, who believe that the truth is very real and solemn, and who have not wholly lost

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sight of the awful and glorious character of religion, cannot be satisfied with imitation "great sermons," — if they cannot afford diamonds, they have no fancy for paste; they have too much kindness of heart and sympathy with suffering humanity to be able to sit comfortably whilst their poor little frog of a preacher is doing his best to roar like any ox; they do not enjoy his illustrations enough to think with any patience of the fierce chase which he has had to secure them, and would be thankful if the orator would once in a while call death death and sin sin.

But what is the alternative? Very sincere persons, wearied out with a forced brilliancy, will say, a little desperately, Let us have no more of this; all we want is plain, practical, straightforward preaching, Scriptural expositions, simple exhortations, — easy to write, — easy to hear, if not to read. We want good sermons, not great sermons. For what we need in the way of theology, we will read volumes of discourses, old and new, the culled and sifted productions that have stood, or are likely to stand, the test of time; but when we attend Divine service, we shall be content to be reminded in an unpretending way of our religious privileges and obligations. We will say our prayers, sing our hymns, and will not ask much of the preacher, provided he be only a sensible and serious man.

Not a few persons express themselves in this way, in all sincerity; some who so speak continue of this mind, others grow weary of their own doctrine, or perhaps do not find enough to keep them in countenance, and these last are not without excuse, as we judge; for the plea in behalf of plain preaching needs to be modified a little.

We do go to church mainly for the sake of worshipping, — at least worship should be made more prominent than instruction, — and often, where the preacher is regarded as very satisfactory, the service is exceedingly defective for want of prayer and praise. The sermon withdraws attention from what are often most irreverently called "the preliminary exercises," and the eloquent preacher and enraptured congregation may not be at all aware that they have not prayed so much as a single prayer. This should not only be admitted, but emphasized too. Nevertheless, it will not answer, we think, to say that there is or ought to be any demand for the mere commonplaces of the pulpit, — that there must be a sermon because there always has been a sermon, — that there is any virtue in a staple moralizing. If after the worship the preacher has nothing to

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say for that morning or afternoon, let nothing be said. Sometimes silence would be very significant. If, on the contrary, he has a message to deliver, a point to carry, a doctrine to unfold, an affection to illustrate, let him address himself to the business simply and earnestly. Why should any one be expected to feel an interest in hearing words uttered merely for the sake of saying something? "It was very sound and true," it is said apologetically, "and though, to be sure, there was nothing striking, suggestive, or inspiring, if we would only follow the advice which the preacher gave, it would be all that we should need." Very good, but the preacher said nothing which was fitted to deepen in any way our feeling of responsibility, or to quicken our aspirations. "We could have said what he said, — he did not appear to feel it any more than we feel it, — it was the usual thing, — dull as sermons proverbially are, — unobjectionable, commendably brief, neatly put together, but on the whole insignificant," — of how much preaching are we compelled to say this, if we feel called upon to say anything; and perhaps we think that there is no alternative between accepting such commonplacing, and encouraging the passion for great or *quasi* great sermons.

But there is another way. A religious discourse is a true and profitable sermon, if hearty personal conviction lies at the foundation of it, and an earnest faith in the Gospel inspires the utterance. Then there is a point to be carried, a desire to be expressed, a burden to be rolled from the soul, a word for the congregation, be the company of worshippers great or small, which it infinitely concerns them to hear. The people who wait for a sermon have a right to complain, not that they have not had a grand oration upon theology or philanthropy, but that they have listened to no deep and elevated experience from one who has the root of the great matter in his heart, and who, having seen the beauty and felt the power of holiness, is eager to make others feel with him. One need not have striking intellectual gifts in order to be raised above mere perfunctory service. The mass of men are not believers, — belief is what they lack, belief is what the believing preacher must help them to gain; if he can say nothing which will advance this end, if he can only "talk religion" in a dull sort of way, then he must not complain, if men and women who could do about the same thing, did it seem to be worth while,

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find listening tedious, and, if they cannot have spiritual stimulus, would fain secure intellectual excitement.

We would not depreciate intellectual gifts. Would that strong men in great numbers would go into the Christian ministry! We want more intellect. Christianity demands those who, though they are children in malice, are men in understanding. But, from the very nature of the case, extraordinary gifts must be rare; if they were not, they would not be extraordinary, and what we want more than anything else is a double portion of the spirit of Christ in the preacher, and if we can have this, we shall not miss the singular intellectual gifts and entertainments. We must have real earnestness, not shallow talk about earnestness. A vast deal which sounds like the expression of deep feeling is mere phrase and cant, and the "usual thing" is equally tedious, whether it take the form of exhortation or of moralizing; but the simple and devoted village preacher will not need the attractions of learning or of rhetoric to secure a hearing from the most gifted worshipper; indeed, his chance of being heard is far greater than that of the showy declaimer. Men are always heard, if they are not always heeded, when they have anything to say.

The moral is this: that it is suicidal to set strong heads or weak heads about the work of the heart, — that men ought not to preach unless a spiritual necessity to do so is laid upon them, and they feel this necessity, — that of all works that are done under the sun, the most melancholy is to be casting about for something religious and moral to be said, in a formal way, on a holy day, — that the excitement which preacher and hearer justly crave is what comes of the effort to save souls by the earnest setting forth of truth and goodness, — that if we cannot have "great sermons," if we even do not wish them, this is no reason why we should not have living sermons, sermons which, under the blessing of God, shall be the means of perpetuating the life of the Church, and introducing men into that goodly company of kings and priests unto the Father, a company more intent upon doing the work of God in the world, than upon going over the theory of virtue in endless disquisitions. Do not hearers for the most part think quite as highly of *mere* preaching as it deserves? Ought not *mere* preaching to be very able indeed to command any attention? Appealing to the intellect, can it complain if the intellect plays the critic, and calls commonplace by its right name?

E.

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EDITORS' COLLECTANEA.

Annals of the American Pulpit, or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen. With Historical Introductions by WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. — A large octavo volume of 800 pages, being volume fifth of Dr. Sprague's series. This volume is devoted entirely to biographical sketches of Episcopal clergymen, with an introduction, giving an outline of the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The sketches go back to the earliest settlement of the country, commencing with William Blackstone, the first inhabitant of Shawmut Hill, where the Puritans found him, and coming down to the present day. Within this wide range are included the biographies of one hundred and fifty-two clergymen, many of them with a reputation transcending the limits of denomination, and belonging to the Christian world. It is compiled with care, its authorities are reliable, and it will not only be a book of interest to readers of the Episcopal communion, but, with Dr. Sprague's former volumes, a valuable depository of facts for future reference.

Salvation by Christ, a Series of Discourses on some of the most important Doctrines of the Gospel. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. — The volume of "University Sermons," published a few years since by Dr. Wayland, is here revised and enlarged. Two discourses are omitted, and six new ones are added, making the present volume adapted to the spiritual wants of all classes of readers. The sermons are thoroughly orthodox in doctrine, the style clear as a running brook, destitute of all ornament except that of Gospel simplicity, many of them without any denominational peculiarities, and speaking both strongly and tenderly to the universal necessities of the soul.

THE author of "From Poor House to Pulpit" gives us also *The Poor Girl and True Woman*, designed to do for girls what the other does for boys, — encourage them in the struggle with difficulties in the way of a true and successful life. The character chosen as the subject of the memoir is Mary Lyon, but around it are grouped many

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anecdotes and sketches of other characters, to make the book more attractive to the young.

The Great Day of Atonement, or Meditations and Prayers on the last Twenty-four Hours of the Sufferings and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated from the German of CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH NEBELIN. Edited by MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — The meditations and prayers manifest a piety fervent, tender, and deep, but dwelling so exclusively on the suffering side of the Saviour's life, and not seeing him now glorified in the heavens, and still nearer his Church than before, the piety becomes ascetic and gloomy.

Mount Vernon, a Letter to the Children of America. — This is the story of Washington's life, pleasantly compiled for the little folks, the profits to be devoted to the Mount Vernon Fund. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Bertram Noel, a Story for Youth. By E. J. MAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. — The "youth," as we know, from having tried the experiment upon one of them, will be fascinated with the story, and the moral tone of it, as we know by reading, is pure and good.

Life Memories, and Other Poems. By EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR. J. Munroe & Co. — Reminiscences told in smooth and easy numbers.

The Queen's Domain, and Other Poems. By WILLIAM WINTER. E. O. Libby & Co. — The "domain" is home, and woman there is queen. The poem gives pleasing pictures of home influence. Neither the longer nor shorter poems indicate vigor of conception or imagination, but rather an ear finely tuned to the harmonies of language.

Poetry of the Bells. Collected by SAMUEL BATCHELDER, JR. J. Munroe & Co. — This little volume of 72 pages is a collection of songs which, once read, ring ever with strange music in the ear. Here is Edgar A. Poe's incomparable poem, ringing, crashing, and chiming; Longfellow's "Spire of Strasburg Cathedral"; A. C. Coxe's "Chimes of England," waking the heart's sweetest associa-

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tions, like the bells of Sabbath morn; and the "Cambridge Chime," by Mr. Batchelder, stirring the memories of College days. We are delighted with the Chimes of this little volume.

Poems by FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. Ticknor and Fields. — Mrs. Kemble has a vigorous imagination and deep and ardent sensibilities, and she breathes them into her verse, saddened by sorrowful experience. We read hardly a page without being touched with an undertone that tells of deep mental suffering. The poems are compact with life. We like the shorter pieces best. Some of the sonnets are admirable.

The Olive and the Pine. Crosby and Nichols. — A small volume of poems, principally descriptive of scenes, events, characters, and customs in Spain and in New England. They have quietness and simplicity, are sometimes picturesque, but they lack in earnestness and inspiration. To our mind, "The Quilting" and "The Husking" are the best pieces in the volume. The picture of primitive manners is here finely drawn.

The Swedenborgian, for January, comes out as a monthly, and speaks out with all our brother Barrett's cheerfulness, frankness, and kindness of heart. We rejoice in its success, and are delighted with its spirit of warm and comprehensive charity. We hope it will avoid the breakers of religious controversy, and keep close to its main purpose of expounding and illustrating the "heavenly doctrines," and will show them as they should be shown, warm with goodness, and lovely with all gentleness and humility and freedom from the cant of sect. So we believe it will, and render signal service to the cause of a true spiritual Christianity.

A Letter to the Receivers of the Heavenly Doctrines on the Want of Union. By OTIS CLAPP. — A pamphlet of 23 pages, designed to show the cause of the alienations and divisions among Swedenborgians, and the true remedy for these evils. Mr. Clapp traces them to the action of the General Convention, of which he has been a member for the last twenty-nine years, and to "a dogmatic and disparaging tone of criticism, as well as want of fairness," indulged in by Swedenborgian journals; and he recommends a departure from the stringent

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rules of the Convention, and the adoption of a "platform of love," in a more congregational method of Church order. Mr. Clapp writes in a kind and charitable spirit, and plainly with a good purpose in view, and he is certainly right in thinking it better to speak of these evils freely and openly, rather than cloak them over for the sake of a good appearance before the world.

Wild Sports in the Far West. By FREDERICK GERSTAECKER. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — We are reading this book "under difficulties." Three young gentlemen have been smitten with the "eight crayon drawings executed in oil colors," and have also got a taste of the narrative, and stand ready to seize upon the book. But we persevere, charmed alike with the pictures and the story. It is a description of wild adventure, made and told in simple style and with a quaint humor, and we seem to breathe the air of the woods and the prairie as we read. It is almost another Robinson Crusoe, and will delight all classes of readers, old and young.

REV. CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER publishes, by request of his people, his Valedictory Discourse, on retiring from a ministry of more than a quarter of a century to the First Church in Beverly. It is a review of his ministry, with brief notices of the ministries of his predecessors, and of some parishioners of distinguished name who have passed on, among whom are Robert Rantoul and Nathan Dane. It breathes, in almost every word, the beautiful spirit of deep and strong affection incident to a pastoral relation extending through so many years, and with singular harmony to the last.

Hymns of the Ages. With an Introduction, by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. — No department of literature is of more importance than that of sacred poetry. The hymns which are read and sung around the domestic altar, in the conference-room, and in the sanctuary, and which sing themselves through the heart in hours of loneliness, of sickness, of aspiration, penitence, and joy, form, perhaps, the most essential part of our spiritual culture; and though their power over the soul is more subtile and unconscious, they are quite as effective as sermons and homilies in changing its frames and lifting it up into a realm of comfort and peace. They reach farther inward than any other kind of religious reading, and educate the heart continually from the dawn of infancy to the twilight of age.

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We hail, then, with unspeakable pleasure, every new contribution to the devotional songs of our language which may tend to sanctify its literature and make it more rich and warm. And this, we believe, the present volume will do. It comprehends some of the heart's sweetest melodies, uttered in all Christian churches and ages. It draws largely from the Catholic Church, and is fragrant with its quietism, and exhales the spirit of its saints and martyrs. Some of the hymns have suffered in passing from Latin into English, and have couplets where the rhyme breaks down, and some of them are tinged with Mariolatry, but they have a sweet simplicity, are free from tinsel and extravagance, and there is no taint of false doctrine made prominent enough to offend any healthful sensibilities.

We fear the compilers have not escaped the besetting sin of their profession, — that of altering good hymns for the worse, — and we must record our strong protest against the practice. Not that alterations are not sometimes allowable. Sometimes they are necessary in order to adapt hymns to music, and sometimes false doctrine obtrudes from a hymn, otherwise a good one, so offensively, that it must be toned down or we cannot use it. But the present volume was not prepared for choirs, but for private devotion, and we think the mutilated hymns should have been restored to their original integrity when that was possible, instead of suffering fresh mutilation. How far this evil is perpetrated we have not had time to compare and see, but we open casually to two places where it occurs. The sweet poem entitled "My times are in thy hand," suffer in the third stanza in this manner:

"I would not have the restless *way*
That hurries to and fro."

The authoress, we think, wrote "restless *will*," and wrote better than the compilers.

This, however, might have been inadvertence, and probably was. But what shall we say of the alterations in that priceless hymn of Toplady, which has been hallowed so long in the heart of the believer, that it has become a portion of the heart itself? We mean the hymn commencing,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

One stanza is left out, and each of the others is so changed that the bold, clear thought of the original is obscured. Toplady, intending to

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celebrate both the subjective and objective efficacy of the atonement, has it thus, if our version is correct:

"Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure";—

which the compilers change for

"*Cleanse me from its guilt and power*,"

thereby obscuring and enfeebling the sense, evidently to get rid of the word "wrath," which is thoroughly Scriptural, and tallies with the soul's deepest experience, and is only eliminated by sacrificing the masculine energy of the verse, as well as impairing its melody.

At the beginning of the second stanza, Toplady has

"*In my hand no price I bring*,"

which the compilers change for the feebler line, and one which blurs the clear thought of the original,

"*Nothing in my hand I bring*."

But the last stanza is worse than all. In the compilation we have this line:

"*When my eye-strings break in death*."

It would puzzle any reader, we think, to find what this means. But turn to Toplady, and we have the expression, so clear and simple that the compilers probably thought it commonplace,

"*When my eyelids close in death*."

But it is ungracious to find fault where there is so much that is good, and we record our heart-felt gratitude for this invaluable contribution to our devotional literature, and we wish it might be found at every fireside, on the lips of lisping infancy and hoary age. The false readings, we presume, were adopted, mostly at second hand, though we think the compilers ought to have sifted them, and given us pure gold.

History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Vol. I. Little, Brown, & Co. — This volume brings down the history of New England to the year 1643, embracing, therefore, only the first twenty-three years of its colonial existence. It opens with a chapter on the physical geogra-

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phy of New England, exceedingly interesting and valuable, depicting its features both with graphic boldness and minute detail, and giving the reader a view both comprehensive and familiar of the theatre across which the historic drama is to pass, and by which, in some sort, it is to be shaped and modified. The chapter includes, also, its meteorology, natural history, and a full account of the Indians. In his unmerciful analysis, Dr. Palfrey strips the Indian of the halo of romance with which popular tradition and history had invested him. Without nobility of character, without fidelity or bravery, without even a religion or any religious ceremonies, he only lived the life of an animal, and the lowest life at that. Chapter II. is devoted to the early voyages and explorations, and, on the whole, credit is given to the alleged early discovery by the Northmen in the tenth century. Two chapters follow, of ante-colonial history, tracing the rise of Puritanism in England, showing that Lollardism was latent in the English body politic, even from the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, how it was repressed under the Lancastrian dynasty, how it ripened under the Tudors, and, in the form of Puritanism, was driven into exile under the imbecile tyranny of James. The history of the New England Commonwealth then opens, and proceeds, as we have stated, through the first twenty-three years of its existence. It is not the old story told over again. With the fresh material which he uses, and an affectionate reverence for the Puritan in his sufferings, enterprises, and even prejudices, the author not only makes his text, but also the longest and most bristling of the foot-notes, to have an interest that never flags, and the lover of New England history goes through the whole with the keenest relish.

The two prime qualities of the historian, the power of bringing into unity masses of facts and details, and showing them in such due proportions of light and shade as to give them dramatic life, and such habits of minute accuracy as to amount to unquestioned reliability, are combined here; and they will secure to us what we have never had, a standard and exhaustive history of New England. For ourselves, we have only read New England history of late in old pamphlets and contemporaneous narratives, and we do not think the glozings of the apologists, like Cheever and Bancroft, are of any more value than the maledictions of Coit and Oliver. We are curious to see how Dr. Palfrey, with his theory of the Puritan government and character, will deal with large classes of facts which have been gen-

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erally kept out of sight, or gilded over with fine rhetoric, sometimes without any regard to such dates as completely change their significance. The whole truth about the Familists and the Quakers has never been told, that we are aware of, from the Puritan side. But it lies fearfully ready in old pamphlets and mouldy personal narratives, and it sometimes looks out most hideously from Mr. Savage's Notes. Dr. Palfrey will not ignore the facts, for nothing of importance escapes the clean sweep of his narrative. He will not color them with rhetoric, for he does not deal in it; his style is rigidly pure and classical, and adapted to his purpose, and they will not appear in a false setting after passing from under his stubborn conscientiousness and masterly analysis. We hope we shall live till he has finished, but whether so or not, we rejoice that New England history is in such hands.

Bitter Sweet, a Poem. By J. G. HOLLAND, Author of "The Bay Path," "Titcomb's Letters," etc. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859. — We turn with deep interest to anything from the pen of the author of "Titcomb's Letters," though we confess that at first we were repelled by that *nomme de plume*. We had read but a few pages of those Letters before we were satisfied, that, whilst the writer had chosen a style and mode of approach eminently suited to catch the attention of a multitude of readers, he knew how to use his opportunity for good, — that he had succeeded in making a didactic book, without making a dull book. We have not been so much interested in "Bitter Sweet," and are sure that the poet can do better, even as a poet. We do not care to criticise the doctrine of the poem. It is a part of the truth, and is so far very well, provided what is brought forward in illustration of the overruling of evil by a wise and loving Providence does not assume to be an explanation of the "origin of evil," or "a justification of the ways of God to man," — a phrase, by the way, which, spite of the high authority that sanctions its use, sounds in our ears too much like the utterance of self-exaggeration. God's ways are not as our ways. We cannot understand them; the sooner we give up the attempt, the better. The abyss of time is profoundly dark. We have no more light than may suffice for the guidance of our feet in ways of duty. God leaves much that we fain would know out of his revelations. But without regarding the lesson to be conveyed, the poem as a poem does not commend itself to us as

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a word which must be so uttered, because the writer could roll the burden from his soul only in numbers. He might as well, perhaps better, have said what he had to say in his graceful, flowing prose. There was no need of song. We are not sure that the author can satisfactorily meet this necessity where it does exist, — that his poetry can ever rise above the plane of mediocrity; and *mediocre* poetry may be written and printed, but should hardly be published. But it would require a high order of genius to succeed with such a topic, and a partial failure here is no evidence of the want of the faculty divine. How many persons can lay their hands upon their hearts, and say that they rejoice in "The Excursion," — that they take to it with vehement desire, — that they have not found it, spite of all its merits, a little dull? Now we do not mean that there are not pleasant and striking passages in Bitter Sweet, but we must confess that in this production the skill and success of the artist lag far behind the aim and spirit of the man, — the aim and spirit of a high-toned and cultivated Christian scholar.

Howard and his Teacher, The Sister's Influence, and other Stories. By MRS. MADELINE LESLIE. *Trying to be Useful.* By the same author. Boston: Shepard, Clark, and Brown. — The latter of these two books seems to us better adapted to the young than the former, which contains many a lesson that parents would do well to ponder.

From Poor-House to Pulpit, or the Triumphs of the late Dr. John Kitto, from Boyhood to Manhood. A Book for Youth. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, Author of "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince," &c. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co. — Mr. Thayer has made a most excellent use of a noble theme. Kitto's career is well worthy of study in many aspects, but especially as an encouraging lesson to poor and aspiring students. It would be hard to conceive of circumstances less favorable than his to the attainment of a large and generous culture. He was not only a pauper, but a deaf pauper, and yet his name has become a household word amongst the lovers of Biblical literature, and the "people" from whom he sprung are indebted to him for most admirable illustrations of the book that is so truly a book for the people.

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late REV. F. W. ROBERTSON, M. A., of Brighton. Boston: Tick-

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nor and Fields. 1859. — Sermons, lectures, and addresses, however much they may have engaged the attention of hearers, are likely to have little interest for the general reader. To this rule Robertson is a very striking exception. He spoke those living words which make a living page, and being dead he still discourses with matchless power to a great and increasing congregation of men and women, who are striving and praying for the restoration of belief and the reformation of life in a Christian world that is so ready to honor the letter and grieve away the spirit. This volume is specially interesting because it brings us so near to the heart of the man, and illustrates his wise and deep sympathy with all that is true and beautiful and noble in social enterprise. We do not know to whom we could point as a grander illustration of a conservative liberalism, — we do not know where we could find literary criticism so little scholastic, so thoroughly pervaded by a truly human spirit. Truly in his case an honorable life was not measured by number of days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Book-keeping by Single Entry. Adapted to Payson, Dunton, and Scribner's Combined System of Penmanship, by Hanaford and Payson. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. Clearness, brevity, and copious illustrations in *script* must commend this book to teachers and scholars in book-keeping. — *Twenty-third Annual Report of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Pauperism.* October, 1858. A very sensible and practical exhibition of the principles and procedures of one of our most useful societies. — The October number of *The Liberal Christian* contains, besides some interesting intelligence, an earnest and clearly-written discourse by Rev. Mr. Cordner of Montreal, preached at the dedication of the Church of the Messiah, — the subject being "The Christian Idea of Sacrifice." — *The United States Temperance Almanac,* published by Brown, Taggard, and Chase, is at once a good almanac proper and an important tract upon temperance; and since only good can overcome evil, the publishers do well in issuing at the same time the pleasant game of the *Circus,* an addition to those home entertainments which strengthen quiet domestic tastes and prevent the growth of evil habits. — *A Sermon, preached October* 31, 1858, *the Sunday after the Fortieth Anniversary of his Ordination, by* ALVAN LAMSON, D. D., Pastor of the First Church and Parish in Dedham. This pamphlet, besides a wise, appropriate discourse, as elevated in spirit as simple in style, contains, as one might have predicted, a valuable historical appendix, and the whole will interest a large body of readers beyond the parish of the accomplished preacher.

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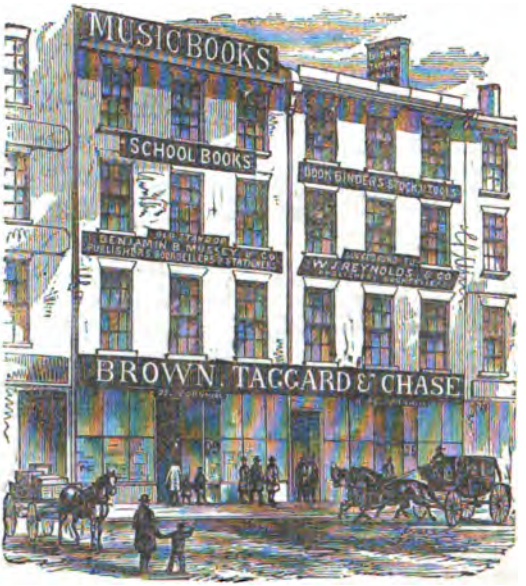

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MONTHLY

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AND

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VOL. XXI. MARCH, 1859. No. 3.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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N. B. Articles intended for publication in this work should be addressed to the Editors. Communications relative to the business department must be directed to the Proprietor.

LEONARD C. BOWLES,
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CONTENTS.

	Page
Commemorative Words. — William Hickling Prescott. By Rev. Rufus Ellis	145
The Incarnate Word. A Sermon by Rev. W. L. Gage	153
Egotheism, the Atheism of To-day, by E. P. P.	165
Secret Prayer, by J. G. F.	175
Some Reasons why Woman should have Part in Government	179
Burns Festivals. By E. V. S.	185
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. IV. By E. P. P.	188
Obituaries.	
Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D. By J. H. M.	195
Rev. George Bradford	202
Editors' Random Readings.	
Men and Women. S.	205
Egotheism. E.	208
Mr. Gage's Sermon. S.	209
The Child Angel	210
Restoration of a Mutilated Hymn	214
Falling Stars. S.	215
"The Babes in the Wood"	216
Notice to Publishers	216

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXI. MARCH, 1859. No. 3.

COMMEMORATIVE WORDS.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

"THE silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken"; an earthly life of singular fidelity, worth, and beauty has come to an end for this world, but only, we trust, to be manifested under the brighter lights of a fairer and more real world. The death of this gifted and good man must not fail of a record on these pages; for though he filled no priest's office, he did discharge the high function of a man of letters with the utmost loyalty to the truth, and in a most pure and loving spirit, and the charm of his humanity was even more conspicuous than his intellectual success.

We cannot indeed assent to the claim made by some in our day for the writers of books, as a class, that they shall be regarded as the true hierophants of the age. The assertion that "all Scripture is by inspiration of God," with which Mr. Emerson was wont, as we remember, to begin one of his lectures, needs to be explained and limited. It is indeed true, as the wise son of Sirach taught long ago, that "all *wisdom* cometh from the Lord, and is with him for

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ever"; but there is a vast deal written which is sadly unwise, and which, if it cometh from any source save man's own wicked and foolish self, must proceed from the father of lies. We recognize still a peculiar Gospel function, an ambassadorship for Christ, to be discharged by those who occupy Christian pulpits, or go about as Christian pastors, or use the press for the dissemination of distinctively Christian views of life and duty. Nevertheless all life is sacred, and all the works of life may and ought to be solemnities, and whatsoever we do should be done in faith and love; and though it may be hard to see how this great law can be applied in some perplexing cases, it is easy enough to realize, that, whether we speak or write, it should be "as the oracles of God," — as those who bring a conscience to their work, and can only describe things as they are, and publish to the world what for them at least are facts and verities. And in these days of unlimited and unlicensed printing, in a world which is flooded with literature, it would be an unspeakable blessing if those who devote themselves to the instruction and amusement of others, by their published writings, would try to feel, as the true prophet and priest ever does, that no man should take this office upon himself, but should reverently and patiently await the Divine call. It is a fearful thing when a mocking worldly spirit gets possession of the author, and it is sad even when he writes for mere effect, to glorify himself by what is called "fine writing"; and, on the other hand, it is a great gain on the right side, a service rendered to faith and aspiration, when the honor and gentleness and simplicity of the man are manifested upon his printed pages.

It is but simple truth to say that Mr. Prescott was faithful to his high vocation. Literature was more than his amusement; it was the earnest business of his life. He wrought because he was pressed by an inward necessity, and felt that he must render an account of the talents intrusted to his keeping by the good Giver. His fame as a man of letters

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does not need to be chronicled. It has gone out over two worlds, and amongst men of different tongues. It is not national vanity which assigns to him so high a place in literature. Competent judges — men whose culture would furnish forth a score of our average American scholars — have awarded to him his precious laurels. It would be a work of supererogation to spread out upon our pages the record of the results of his life-long industry. The world knows what he has done. The world has read those charming narratives. The world has been allured from fictions, and the tinsel and glare of a false rhetoric, to the perusal of those true and well-told stories. They have held the attention of numberless groups of listeners, as they have been read aloud, supplanting idle or wicked gossip, and making the hours glide smoothly on. But the world does need to be told that these successes of literature were also successes of an honest and high-toned and loving soul, and that the dignity and sweetness of the man were even more to be admired than his solid learning and graceful eloquence. We do not know that Mr. Prescott ever felt any temptation to write for effect. If he ever did, it was most happily resisted. You will not find him emphasizing this and slurring that, not because it was even so in nature and life, but because the antithesis must be kept up, or the sentence so rounded. You will not find that he has created material, because what was supplied for his hand was too commonplace, or could only with the utmost diligence and skill be shaped into an attractive form. He wrote like an honest man, who had something to say, and wished to say it in all simplicity, so as to be understood, without any affectation of point, or any of the petty conceits of an intellectual egotism. He more than shared the labor of comprehension with the reader, and did not put a veil over his thought in order to encourage the fancy that some greater thing than was really there would reward your more persistent search. He was a perfectly transparent man, and it was but the expression of himself

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that he was a transparent writer. He was a man of true refinement, and the ornaments of his style were not mere ornaments, useless bits of gold and precious stone attached at random to make a show; they were a part of the necessary garb of his thought, for use as well as for beauty, and always conducive to the chief end, the setting forth of realities in fitting guise. Such Grecian beauty is not attained and kept, save by an earnest and gifted nature earnestly exercising its gifts. There are shorter paths to immediate success, and men of less faculty and less intellectual integrity are often allured into them. Mr. Prescott, though his well-known physical infirmity might have supplied him with an excuse for less careful workmanship, sent forth from his place of labor only well-wrought work, to the boundless content of wise and simple. He could do no otherwise, for from first to last he was a perfectly genuine man, with no airs, graces, or pomposities, artless as a child, with no by-ends to compass, and with a fame which, if it could not take care of itself, might go uncared for, and could not be allowed to disturb his equanimity. Some one who knew him most intimately once said to us of him, "If he had committed some crime, it would have been impossible for him to conceal it, — he would have been sure to have made it known at once." Any one who had ever studied his face would not hesitate to confirm this statement.

It is refreshing to find a man of a noble nature using his intellect, — yes, putting it to the noblest uses, — without making himself a slave to it; enamored of the pursuit of knowledge and eager to make his stores available for the general good, and yet prizing and seeking to build up his manhood as somewhat far more precious than any merely intellectual gifts or successes. He loved man, — and yet we should rather say that he loved men, for he was no Nominalist, but a Realist; and the thoughts, the affections, the speech of his kind, were dear to him. Somehow he knew how to make the best out of the poorest of them, and had a

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tolerant side for their infirmities; and this not because his moral standard was low, but because his love was large, and because, having used his conscience upon himself, it was not necessary for him to expend it upon others, and be indignant about their short-comings. The man was so largely endowed that you almost lost sight of the student and author, and there was nothing in his bearing to recall you to any sense of inferiority; for he had none of the pedant's over-appreciation of talent and culture. If you were a man or a woman, with any fair measure of manhood or womanhood, you were good enough for him, and he had something for you. Sometimes men who are really strong, but not well proportioned, crowd upon us, and occupy with their greatness more than their share of our all too narrow world. We feel obliged then to fend off, we are compelled to say to them, by word or sign: "I too am a man; the Lord made me also. I too am somebody; not so significant, so representative of inward force, as you, and yet by no means a nonentity." No man ever felt so in Mr. Prescott's presence; on the contrary, many a man, we doubt not, has tried to think how it could be that one with no remotest political aspirations — for politics come first to our minds in a land where every man is either a voter or a candidate for votes — should be at the trouble to be so very charming where a cold politeness would have contented every one. It was no plan, it was no acting, it was no scheme of selfishness, it was nature and fidelity.

We say *fidelity*, and though everything in the writings and in the man seemed so easy and graceful, his career, as all who have heard his story very well know, was not without heroism. We fear that very few young men of fortune and leisure, as the world goes, would not have availed themselves of the almost total blindness by which his years of opening manhood were burdened, as an excuse for a life of graceful idleness. Few such, we fear, would sit down with a reader, and listen, hour after hour, to barbarous Spanish,

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until the ear had grown accustomed to the sound, and learned to do the work which the eye could not achieve. But in Mr. Prescott's case the stumbling-block proved to be the stepping-stone in the ascent towards attainment. He could not be idle. He felt that he had no right to be. He must do his work too in the world; he must go into the vineyard and toil with the rest, and if he must needs go halt and maimed, still it was better, he knew, to go so than not to go at all, believing that the demand would be according to the opportunity. So the brave man set himself to his task, and the world knows the result, though the world can never know the cost of perseverance and self-discipline at which it was reached. What a study for our young men of fortune, — not doomed, it would seem, to an aimless routine of club-rooms and ball-rooms, to wearing out existence in busy trifling, or worse! How much we need the lesson in a land where fortunes, but not duties, are inherited, — where even well-meaning sons enter indolently into the labors of earnest parents! Who will write us an essay or a homily upon the duties of young men and young women of leisure, showing them their tasks, and how to do them? Surely He who worketh hitherto has made no one to be a mere cumberer of the ground, to be merely ornamental in some poor, external way. Let us have colonists again, — let us have brave and vigorous young men who shall conduct into lands of promise the wretched Ishmaelites of our seething poor's quarters, and subdue the earth which is still full of wildernesses! We would not advise young persons, merely for want of a better occupation, to set the printers at work. This is one of the poorest directions in which mediocrity can expend itself. Only the fewest are born writers, like our great historian, and able with their wit and eloquence and learning to minister pure and profitable delight to millions, — genuine benefactors of their generation; but every man and every woman can do something, and ought to do something, for the honor of God and for the relief of humanity. Let our young

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people be often reminded of poor Prescott, as he sat in what he would gladly have made his study, encompassed by a mass of books which for him were sealed, and, nerved by the very difficulty of the enterprise, resolved, if not with one instrument, then with another, to loose the seals and gain for himself and for others the interpretation of pages that were no easy reading even for the best eyes. "The wisdom of a learned man," says the son of Sirach, "cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." But, alas! it is not always so; it is oftenest those who have the most business that are most learned. Our great historian will not have died, as he did not live, in vain, if his example, brought home with peculiar vividness whilst we deplore his going away, shall quicken any sluggish soul to recognize the duty of activity in some good work.

But he is gone! not indeed out of due time, and in a way to be only deplored, for he was full of labors and of fame, though as yet the threescore and ten years had not been finished, and it was his desire and prayer that he might be spared a slow decline. It would have been sad indeed to have watched the decay of that noble and gentle manhood, to have seen the light gradually fading from that illumined face, to have been compelled to admit that he was no longer what he had been. That would have been far more sad than it was to rise up about his honored remains, as, in the presence of the great congregation, which included the wisest, the most honored, the best of city and state, they were borne from the church, where he had worshipped only a week and a day before, to the place of rest. That solemn passage through the ranks of those who for their great love had come to take part in the last offices, and to join in the last prayers, was a scene never to be forgotten. Sad as it was, it was a quickening and blessed sight.

Our streets are the darker because that familiar face has been withdrawn; and if the streets, how much more the

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households, — how much more the one household, where his presence was only a joy! And how many struggling men of letters, beginners in that field of difficulty, how many in the ancestral village home and church, will miss his friendly offices and mourn over his loss! But it is the Lord. He was ready, we doubt not. He had had his warning, and recognized it. He would not pray to be delivered from sudden death. He had drawn his pencil through that petition, where it stood in the Prayer-Book, which in former years he used. But he did pray, doubtless, to be delivered from death unprepared for, and he is gone, as we humbly trust, to that world where the light of the eyes cannot be clouded. He has not been unclothed, but clothed upon. He who lived and wrought so much in the past has gone "the way of all the earth," and stands perhaps even now face to face with those whom his skilful pen has made, for us who remain, living, breathing personages. Let us, whilst we desire him, thank God for the good gift, and strive to gain fresh inspiration from the fidelity which has won the admiration of the mind, and from the love which has gained the loyalty of the heart.

E.

"A GREAT many Christians are confused and chilled by a difficulty resembled to this, feeling, when they go to God in worship or prayer, that nothing can reasonably be expected of Him, because reason allows Him to do nothing. It is as if He were one of those spent meteors to which the Indians offer sacrifice, — a hard, cold rock of iron, which they worship for the noise it made a long time ago, when it fell from the sky, and not because it is likely ever to make even a noise again."

"IF we speak [to those who bind God to nature] of the Almighty, He is a being mortgaged for eternity to the round of nature; a grim idol for science to worship, but no Father to weakness or Redeemer to faith."

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THE INCARNATE WORD.

A SERMON BY REV. W. L. GAGE.

JOHN xiv. 10:—"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

My object at this time is to discuss certain questions touching the relations of Jesus Christ.

If you carefully read the Gospel of John, you will be surprised at the seeming contradictions which abound, and which, in a less degree, are scattered through the New Testament. The most striking one which occurs to my memory is that existing between the passages, "My Father is greater than I," and "I and my Father are one." One set of passages plainly implies that Jesus was a limited being,—limited in power, limited in wisdom; and then another great number of passages does not hesitate to couple his name with that of God himself. I would take as types of the former class such as this: "I can of myself do nothing"; "To sit on my right hand and on my left, is not mine to give";—of the latter, such as this: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself"; "All power is given unto me, in heaven and on earth"; "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Again, take the seeming contradictions which assert his *coming* and his *being sent*. On the one side you have these words: "I came forth from the Father"; "For the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God";—on the other side, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me"; "Neither came I of myself, but he sent me." And then, lastly, with regard to prayer: he asserts that men can come to the Father and pray in his name, and the Holy Spirit shall be given to all who ask; and yet follow the same Jesus into Gethsemane, and you find *him* in the posture of prayer, and hear the words, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

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Seeming contradictions like these might well account for controversies in the Church; but it is a most happy thing that there is one view in which we can behold Jesus Christ, and see all these apparent inconsistencies of expression vanish in a purer light. I remember that once, while in the Dresden Gallery, I sought for a celebrated picture of Titian. I soon found it, but it did not seem to equal those of artists of far less note. I looked at it from many points of view, and so did the friends who were with me; but it seemed a livid picture, rather a face in death than animated by the flush of life. But as we were about leaving it, one of my companions, glancing back from the opening door, exclaimed, "See!" and we turned, and now the picture disclosed its secret charm, and we saw in it Titian's master hand. So, as we are almost turning from Jesus, filled with doubts at phrases which seem so inconsistent, we turn and see him in a true light, the riddle is solved, and we find the key to the opening of John's Gospel.

The alembic in which we will assay all these seemingly contradictory passages of Scripture, and sublimate their unity of meaning, shall be the necessity laid upon Jesus Christ to keep his human and divine natures distinct in the comprehension of his followers. There stood the man Jesus before men, — to all outward seeming, a man like others; and there were words from his mouth, and deeds from his hand, which plainly indicated the divine in his composition. It was for him to guard them from image-worship, from falling down in adoration before his outward form, — for those were the days, as you all know, when the world was corrupted to the extent of paying religious rites to the person of a man; and yet it was also for Jesus to plainly indicate that his body was the chosen temple for God in a special manner to inhabit. To keep the true poise between both of these indications, Jesus ever scrupulously shaped his words; now keeping the human side open before them, letting them only see the man and forget the God, know the Jesus and over-

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look the Christ, and thus guarding them from making a superstition of his person; and then again he had to keep the man out of view, make them forget the human shape, and only think of the Father who dwelt in him. When he desired to inculcate a special duty, like that of prayer, then he placed himself before his disciples in his purely human aspect, and prayed, "Not my will, but thine, be done"; when he wanted to show his direct connection with God, and manifest a certain divine power, he throws off the garb of submission, drops the human element, exhibits his kinship to God as he says, "Thinkest thou that I shall not be able to pray to the Father, and he shall presently send me twelve legions of angels?" and at another time he throws off even this, and in his near disciple's presence asserts his identity with God, and banishes all thought of the man Jesus as he says, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Sometimes, in order to keep his human side distinctly before his followers, he adopts a significant title in speaking of himself, — the Son of Man; sometimes, in order to bring the divine into relief, he adopts another title equally significant, — the Son of God.

I do not touch upon the question whether Jesus, who had a human body, had also a human soul; we are only thinking of that prominence which the sight of a man talking with us gives to him in his human aspect; and were Jesus to stand before us to-day, whenever he spake the word "I" or "me," we should think of the man Jesus before us. I say it was very often necessary for his followers to regard him in that human point of view, lest they should make a superstition of his person; and then it was at other times an equal necessity that he should call to their thought that he whom they *saw* had been *sent* to fulfil the commands of an invisible Father, — that he whom they *saw* could, in his own strength, do nothing out of the course of common human ability; and this aspect finds its fullest expression in the well-known stumbling-block, "But of that day, and of

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that hour, knoweth no man, neither the angels, nor the Son, but the Father." There are few passages in the Bible which present greater difficulty than this. There are two solutions of it in common acceptance; but neither one seems to me to clear it. One is, that these words were spoken on one of those critical occasions when the human soul of Jesus encroached upon and obscured for a time his divine nature; the other is, that Jesus was not to such an extent a partaker in the divine nature as to be able to predict the event in question. Neither of these views seems consistent with what we know of Christ; and it seems to me, and the idea is not original with me, that it comes under the same general category of passages wherein Jesus wishes to display his manhood in the foreground, and keep his divinity out of sight; in other words, he speaks then in his capacity of *son;* and thus his words are just as true as in the passage, "I can of myself do nothing." We are to infer that the Christ, the divine in Jesus, was able to foretell the event in question, but that Jesus the man, wishing to keep his manhood then distinctly in sight, used the word "Son" with precisely the significance with which he utters the pronoun "I" in the sentence, "I can of myself do nothing."

In like manner cast all the hard passages and all the contradictory passages into this alembic, and you shall find that where you discover great stress laid on Jesus's being *sent* by the Father, or his subject, derived, created, and dependent state, he is wishing to keep the man Jesus in distinct view, lest they make a superstition of his person; and that in those passages which speak of him as one with the Father, as uncreated, independent, and supreme, he is displaying to mortal view the Deity which dwelt in his human body.

This position, which I think you will value the more the more you consider it, brings us to this second ground, that God is God, by whatever name known, and wherever found. Let us, if we accept this, honestly meet it. God is God when we meet him as displayed in every token of his handi-

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work; and since we believe the Bible, let us not shrink from the words, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." I see not how we may avoid this confession. It surely is not avoided by saying the Spirit of God; for since God is a spirit, the Spirit of God is God. And so it is, and must be, a vitally religious truth, that God, truly God, was in Christ; for God is God wherever you find him. I accept this truth: to me it is one of the most precious truths of the Bible. Since, then, I accept this thing, the name Christ is to me synonymous with that of God, and the very name Jesus Christ is an epitome of that being's double nature, man and God, human and divine.* When I speak of Jesus, I speak of the man; when of Christ, I mean the God. Anything short of this, if I believe the Gospels, I do not understand. How I can call him a divine being, and yet assert that what made him divine was not the Deity dwelling in him, surpasses my comprehension. It is distinctly affirmed by an eminent writer, whose words are so much to the point that I will quote them. "We believe," he says, "in the divinity of Christ's mission and office, that he spoke with Divine authority, and was a bright image of the Divine perfections. We believe that God dwelt in him, manifested himself through him, taught men by him, and communicated to him his spirit without measure. We believe that Jesus Christ was the most glorious display, expression, and representative of God to mankind, so that through seeing and knowing him, we see and know the invisible Father; so that when Christ came, God visited the world and dwelt with men more conspicuously than at any former period. In Christ's words we hear God speaking; in his miracles we

* The distinctions made in this passage are for the purpose of expression, rather than as the statement of a literal truth. It is a verbal convenience, *founded* on truth, and conveying it by implication. Jesus was the name of him whom men looked upon; his title was Christ, or Anointed; and while this term is not in itself a synonyme of God, yet it implies *with what* he was anointed, and thus may be used as a fit as well as convenient expression of the divine element of our Lord.

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behold God acting; in his character and life we see an unsullied image of God's purity and love."

Now, my friends, if we accept these words of Channing, we must march straight to the conclusion that the deity of Christ and the divinity of Christ mean the same thing. Since God is God, wherever found, if he is in Christ, shall we shun the word, the Deity of Christ? I confess I do not see how we honestly can.

Again, my friends, if God was in Christ, as Jesus affirms, and the Apostles also, Christ as Christ, that is, as God, embraced all the attributes of God; not only those of love, forbearance, justice, order, and purity, but those of higher name and more exalted nature, such as self-existence, omnipotence, and omniscience. This seems an inevitable conclusion from the premises, that God is God, wherever found, and since the Scriptures affirm that God was in Christ without measure, and that is a most significant clause, involving an illimitable part of Deity, that these attributes are to be predicated of the God in Christ.

Let us now look at these three attributes which, if Christ be divine, that is, God, he has of course, by virtue of his divine or deific nature. That Christ must have possessed them, if the spirit of God, i. e. God, was given to him without measure, does not seem to admit of a question; that is, Christ as Christ must not only have had in his interior nature all purity, goodness, order, forbearance, and justice, but self-existence, omnipotence, and omniscience. It is a work of supererogation to prove that Christ must have had those attributes. I may assume that a man who will honestly meet the verse, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself," will not hesitate to meet that word "God" without endeavoring to rob it of its own sacred glory. Let us, then, look at various representations of the three attributes of Christ, self-existence, omnipotence, and omniscience, by the light of the remarks which occupied the first pages of this sermon.

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And first, of the self-existence of God in Christ. The positive view is expressed in these verses: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "Before Abraham was, I am." "With the glory which I had with thee before the world was." On this view we do not need to linger. Nor do I, after the general views of the opening of the sermon, need to linger on those passages which militate against this self-existence, such as: "Neither came I of myself, but he sent me." "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father." "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." These passages are to be read with the man Jesus standing, as it were, before you, speaking them into your ear; he is reminding you of that form of clay which is between you and the Divinity which is centred there; the self-existence which these words deny is the self-existence of the speaking Jesus, not of the Christ within; these are all phrases which were to warn those who heard not to make a superstition of his person.

2. Omnipotence. Of course it is needless to go into an argument that God, when coming without measure into Jesus, and making him Jesus Christ, brings also his own attribute of omnipotence. But we must bring under the general principles which opened the sermon, and which were just repeated, several passages such as these: "All power is given unto *me* in heaven and on earth"; "I can of mine own self do nothing"; "My Father is greater than I." To understand these words, you have again to remember that they were spoken by one who could not in those superstitious days prevent them from adoring his person; his human side, — the dependent nature of that had to be kept always in view, and so they are ever to feel that he whose voice they hear is not God. The deific side is kept in the background, as the spring which gives the visible human side all its effectiveness.

3. Omniscience. This again is one of the distinct attri-

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butes of God, wherever found, and therefore of God in Christ. But here again, as I have already said by way of illustration, — here again the necessity is laid upon Jesus Christ to keep the human side in distinct view, lest his disciples make a superstition of his person. "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." "As my Father hath taught me, I speak these things." "Whatsoever I speak, therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." It is Jesus who says these words; not as Christ, but as Jesus. Those pronouns *I* and *me* refer to the being before you, which he would warn you against making valuable above its worth. He would not assert anything of the inner life of the man Jesus, but wishes to remind you ever that the Jesus is human, the Christ divine.

I hope I have made my meaning clear. If I have, it is apparent that no stress is to be laid upon the words *given* and *sent*, in such passages as, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me"; "All power is given me of my Father"; that the pronouns do not go deeper in their meaning than the human form which stood before them who heard the words; that he spoke of his body, of the Jesus, when he alluded to his mission in such words as *given* and *sent;* that he speaks of the Christ when he goes deeper, and says, "I came forth from the Father," or "with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Looked at in this view, there is nothing which militates against the divine nature which was in Jesus having all the attributes of God, but very much which favors the thought that in him dwelt bodily all the fulness of God. And I close again this second division of the discourse, by reasserting that Jesus Christ had a double work to do, as God made manifest in the flesh; namely, to keep in view that he, the visible man, was commissioned or made the instrument of God's designs, and received all his force and significance from the Father invisible; that he, the man Jesus, was *sent* as the outward vessel to contain the inward Spirit; that to *him*, the *seen*,

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the man, was given the power to do and say. And so they were ever to keep in mind that he, the man, was not all of God, and was not God, but limited in knowledge and power, — a mere man like themselves. And he was also to assert, in positive, unmistakable language, that God dwelt in him, that the Word was made flesh before them, that they who saw him saw the Father; that he was God manifest in man; that when he asserted the limitations which were on him, limitations in wisdom and power, and when he spoke of his dependence on the Father, not the inner life, the Christ was meant, but only the outward, the human; but that the God which was in him had of necessity all the attributes of God; that it could not be otherwise.

Let it not be supposed that it requires any exercise of caution, or any special discrimination, for the mind instantly to apprehend in which phase Jesus speaks, whether as implying outward form or inward spirit. As any one of us, when saying, I was hurt to-day by a falling stone, or, I was hurt by the remarks of another, would be instantly understood, just so readily does the mind conceive the stand-point of Jesus Christ.

But some one asks, Are you not making two Gods? By no means; the Christ in Jesus was *never* disunited from the Father, but was joined to him in that organic unity, in that inseparable oneness, which is but expressed when Christ, speaking as Christ, and not as Jesus, says, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." When Christ says, "I come forth from the Father," he says it as the Christ indeed, and not as the man Jesus; but still it is in a measure an expression tinged with the human element of derivation. But we are always to remember that the Christ was not disconnected from the Father, as I fear that we often think, but that, as God made manifest in the flesh, he was always united with God in organic unity; that his praying was in his human expression, and to show man his constant dependence upon God. There was of course no need for Jesus

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Christ to pray, save this; but prayer was a great thing, which he was to impress on the minds of men by example and precept. The most fitting symbol of this union of Christ with God, and the most perfect type of his inward divine nature, I find in the sunlight which is universal, and yet which can by a little glass lens be concentred at a focus, where its qualities are made clearly apparent, its latent forces developed, and yet that bright focus of concentred rays be not disunited from the all-pervading light of heaven.

But I think some one reminds me of that other doctrine of the Bible, that God dwells in the soul of a regenerated man, and asks how that tallies with the idea that God is God wherever he is, and therefore holds all his attributes, — among them, self-existence, omnipotence, and omniscience. I will dispose of this in a word. God may indeed be in the soul of a regenerated man, and yet his attributes not be present to consciousness; his power, his secret working to will and to do after his own good pleasure, may be present to your consciousness, and yet not his attributes. With Christ it was different. The spirit was given unto Jesus in such measure that the attributes of God were present to his consciousness. He not only felt their power, but could analyze them and know them all. God is in the soul of a regenerated man, but not wrought into his consciousness further than as the sense of a hidden power, deepening the soul, bringing it into harmony with God, developing all its forces, neutralizing its sinfulness, but not so clearly seen as to be understood and analyzed.

I will devote the remaining portion of the sermon to the brief discussion of a question directly growing out of this, namely, Who died on the cross? We have two very conflicting assertions, which form the extremes of opinion: one, that Jesus died, the man, and that the Christ, the divine nature, had no sympathy in the suffering, was beyond its reach; the other extreme of opinion being that which does not hesitate

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to affirm in unmistakable language that God died. A great deal of the obscurity which has enveloped this subject has grown out of a misapprehension of the word *death*. Plainly, nothing about any being closes its organic existence at *death* but the body; the soul is only transferred to another sphere of being. When Jesus died, the God which was in him could not die; it could only again be imbosomed in the Infinite, and at the resurrection be again ensphered in human form. But though only his body died, yet it is altogether supposable that in the sufferings which preceded the crucifixion, and which were after all the most intense, the Christ sympathized; nay, not only supposable, but necessarily so, for the experiences of his hours of sorrow transcended all the experiences of human sorrow. The significance of that grief did not lie in the mere bodily suffering, but in the fact that Christ had come to bring light into the world, and the world chose darkness rather than light, because its deeds were evil, and so when the torch was placed in the hand of the world, and then cast by that hand away, it was a thing that might make angels weep; he came unto his own, and his own received him not; and when his own, the children of God's love, were thrusting him from them, and bringing him to death, it was enough to melt God's own heart of tenderness to sorrow over his misguided children. Jesus might have met his death as a martyr meets his last hours, and be buoyed up with trust and faith; but when Christ came and offered the richest mercies of God, gave to man the knowledge of his soul's value and its destiny, proclaimed God by word and act, tried to infuse his own spirit, breathe his own life, into man, to be trampled, spit upon, and led out to his cross, — do we not read in this the reason of that sorrow unto death? Do you take refuge in the idea of an impassible God, who does not know the sentiment of pity, love, tenderness, who looks unmoved on man's sin and neglect, and feels no stirring up of the mighty deeps of his nature, when man turns away

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from all the things which shall make him holy and happy? I know you do not; for these things are all predicated of God, as he is revealed to us through that New Testament, on which we hang our faith. It was then Jesus, the man, who died; but the hanging on the cross, and feeling the chill of death creep on, was not all the sorrow or the woe. It was the deific being who knew that; it was the spurned Christ who knew that; it was he who consented that the sinless Jesus should be hung between two thieves, and be made a curse to men, who felt that, — that the love there displayed, the abhorrence of sin there manifested, should meet the world's gaze, and that thus the world should know that God is just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus. On this ground we can securely stand; it redeems the last hours of Jesus from that common significance which his mere death would have had; it accounts for all the expressions of agony; it enhances a thousand-fold the value of the cross; and yet it does not lead us to that expression which I can contemplate only with horror, that "God, the mighty Maker, died."

And here, my friends, I leave this whole subject. It is an attempt, obscure and feeble indeed, to blend two views which have before been thought to be purely antagonistic and mutually contradictory; and from the result to distil a beautiful unity of meaning. Read by the light of the fundamental thought of this sermon, the Gospels gain new clearness and consistency; the character of Jesus Christ assumes a new exaltation; the Jesus appears before us in all a man's beauty, but with all a man's limitations, while the Christ shines out with unclouded radiance, and we receive without a murmur of dissent the word of Holy Writ, that "in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

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EGOTHEISM, THE ATHEISM OF TO-DAY.

In the September number of the Christian Examiner, article fifth, it is asserted that the Atheism which says "we only know phenomena," is the characteristic Atheism of the day; and it seems to be the entire object of the article to prove nothing more than that the spiritual is anterior to the material; but it apologizes for undertaking a metaphysical examination of even that subject. We have nothing to say against tracing the intellectual history of the above-mentioned species of Atheism, to the philosophy of material before spiritual; for it is our own view. But we would protest against apologies for introducing a metaphysical examination of materialism. When the very definition of the word metaphysics is simply *beyond physics*, there seems to be an absurdity in the implication that the materialist theory can be examined without metaphysics. And besides, we object in general to this going to meet with apologies the indolence of readers, instead of calling on them, with a generous trust in their desire for truth, to think with all their heart and mind and strength upon the great questions that are of life and death importance to their immortal life! The want of conscience as to the duty of thinking our way out of the delusions of material phenomena, — which intrude into the very sanctuary of the mind through the senses, making *their* shadows into *its* idols, — is the moral cause of materialistic Atheism, no less than of its parent, Pseudotheism; and the constituted public teachers of the day, among which the Christian Examiner stands in a noble preeminence, should keep the tone of "one having authority" to call unto them all who thirst, that they may obtain living water.

And the Examiner underrates the New England reading public, in supposing any apology for metaphysics necessary. Though there is no doubt that certain naturalistic tenden-

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cies of the later times — which are the excess of a legitimate return towards nature, from the technicalities of scholastic theology — have somewhat weakened, they have not entirely or widely destroyed the masculine energy of the New England thinking power; and those very articles of the Christian Examiner which most task thought, such as the review of Agassiz's System of Classification and of Peirce's Celestial Mechanics, are generally considered the most interesting and valuable. It is this absurd notion of some of our best thinkers, that they have a monopoly of the thinking power, which keeps down the intellectual character of the American periodicals to the standard of the daily newspaper, and leaves the aspiring mind of the generality undisciplined, and therefore liable to become the victim of every vagary offered, *from either side of the grave.* And this apologetic spirit, which bends so consciously to meet the supposed inability of the reader, has also weakened the argument of this particular piece in several places. Thus, when it is said that "to act wisely, kindly, and successfully, is to know the being of God," the reader is led away from the meaning of "communion and co-operation of the finite with the Infinite," spoken of immediately afterwards. One may act wisely, kindly, and successfully, a phrase which suggests a certain effect, but the question here is of the *principle* of acting *from* the love, *in* the wisdom, *with* the power of God, which is spiritual activity, and nothing less *is* spiritual activity, however great may be the appearance of kindness, wisdom, or *success*, a word which in moral appropriation is wholly worldly; for the most unsuccessful action is often that which has most spiritual power, the instance of all instances being the action of Jesus in the garden, yielding himself to be crucified between two thieves. Again, in the passage where it is said that "Sense and Faith are equal functions of reason," we think the statement of the argument from self-consciousness is not put with sufficient force and antithesis to give a clear impression of the

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importance of the truth suggested. It would be stated more clearly thus: "As the self-consciousness of sense is the demonstration of the existence of matter, so is the self-consciousness of faith the demonstration of the existence of spirit. It is essential to the action of reason that it be double, *ex*tending into matter, *in*tending into spirit. Animals act by sense alone, but the distinction of man is that he acts at once in opposite directions, by sense and by faith."

Still, again, we do not like to hear the Gospel that came by Jesus Christ called *his* revelation (especially by Unitarians who are understood as considering him a simple human being); it is God's revelation that we derive from contemplating his life, death, and resurrection. Therefore we think that the paragraph on the 247th page, which closes the quotation of the sublime words reported by John the Evangelist, would have a much more forcible, as well as logical close, if the writer had ended it thus: "Both sense and faith must be developed and exercised, that the whole revelation of God which Jesus Christ living, dying, and rising over death was, may stand full fronting the reason; for not till man is perfected in time, and glorified above time, can he become the full image and proof of God."

But after all, the article is essentially imperfect, as a treatise upon Atheism, because it confines itself to a species of Atheism perennial with minds at once spiritually poor and intellectually active. It leaves out all consideration of the characteristic Atheism of to-day, which is a far more subtle error, being the negative of that more spiritual natural religion of to-day which has taken the place of the worship of matter and its abstractions.

For natural religion is not in all ages the same thing. The natural religion which Job repudiated was a stupid resting of the senses in the sun, moon, and stars, instead of an elevation of faith to the Lord of the spirit. But the

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natural religion to which St. Paul opposed the spiritual doctrine of Christ, was of another character, — a worship of idols of the mind, the cabalistic expositions of the law of Moses; while the natural religion which the immediately past age has contended with, is the deification of the letter of Christianity, nay, even of the letter of its record! The natural religion of an age always involves the philosophy of the penultimate age, which, in its turn, has always absorbed all of spiritual religion that the common faith had appropriated, and organized into literature, institutions, and customs. It is that religion which, without special personal effort and prayer, individuals imbibe from the social environment into which they are born, that which comes from the hearing of the ear, rather than by the intuition of the individual mind. It is the religion which men inherit and hold, "not doubting, yet without conviction" (if we may borrow a fine expression of Hallam's). Consequently, natural religion requires no effort of faith, but simply sympathy with man, and faith stagnates in it.

Now it is certainly true that the modern philosophy which is the real flower of the past age, and peculiar to the present time, is not materialistic, but spiritualistic. Auguste Comte, indeed, gives the old Atheism done into modern scientific phraseology; but Hegel affirms the spiritual in antagonism to — or at least over against — the material, as the most general and undeniable of all truths. Bacon seemed to set a boundary line between material and spiritual, excluding from the quest of the philosopher the "sources of form." We say *seemed*, for in fact he constantly overleaped this boundary with his searching questions, and manifestly set it up, with "the wisdom of the serpent," to meet certain exigencies of his position, and steal leave from the jealous and despotic church and state of his time to begin his reformation of philosophy. At all events, the modern philosophy makes "the sources of form" its special quarry, and affirms that they lie within the sphere

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of the common consciousness; — an affirmation implying that faith, "which is the evidence of things unseen," is as much a function of human reason as sense. But when faith stagnates in the affirmation of the spiritual, men deify their own conceptions, i. e. they say that their conception of God is all that men can ever know of God. In short, faith commits suicide, as Cato did, at the summit of the moral life, and the next step to this is necessarily EGOTHEISM, which denies other self-consciousness to God than our own subjective consciousness; — not recognizing that there is, behind our conception, inconceivable Power, Wisdom, and Love, — of the immanence of whose substantial being within us our best conception is but a transient form. Thus Egotheism, in the last analysis, is Atheism; and we find this "latest form of infidelity," as the understanding has rather blindly denominated it, — though not without a degree of religious instinct, — in the science, philosophy, and politics of the age, — at once glorifying and saddening its poetry; for man proves but a melancholy God.

Yet to consider man and nature as living organisms, uniting subjectively, was not an illegitimate effort of the human mind. It was a step in philosophy, a spiritual tendency. But instead of taking this tendency on its spiritual side, and accepting it as intimation of "the Spirit making all things new," thus seizing as science what the Christian feels as religion, faith has stagnated, and egotheistical poetry and philosophy have developed themselves; against which religious sentimentalism, when bigoted, has hurled the thunderbolts of ecclesiastical anathema, and when weakly and blindly loving, set up a wail as hopeless, even if as beautiful, as the death-song of the swan. But reason calmly sits above the region where the storms of passion thunder and lighten over the plain where the understanding mouses; and perceiving that the error is to enthrone the abstraction of impersonality in the place of the Living God, which is to make a production of the finite mind greater in

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our thought than positive being, it proceeds to break the ice of that wintry error, and bid the living truth stream forth anew, augmented by its momentary obstruction, which, as Coleridge has suggested, it converts into its own substance, as the rivers of the earth the ice, whose melting makes the freshets of the spring-time.

It was progress for philosophy to become conscious that the spirit of man is a creature of quite another nature than matter, — a creature communing with the Creator in the mystical union of love forgiving and love grateful, the only union possible between finite and infinite, — a creature whose relation to matter is measurably the same as that of the Creator; and it is inevitable that, in arriving at this conception of the human spirit, there should ever and anon be the liability to lose the vision of the Divine Being, because our conceptions are subjects of memory, and the moment of memory is not the moment of faith, of which the Living God is the object. Faith takes the step into new knowledge of God, of which to make a new stand-point, whence to take a deeper insight and broader view and higher flight. The very nature of faith is aspiration. It must dare and dare and ever more must dare, or there is no worship, no God; but the created spirit doubles back upon itself, which is the origin of evil, and incipient Atheism. The Son of God says: "The Son can do nothing of himself," — "Thy will, not mine, be done," — "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

It may be said that it is futile to quote the words of Jesus of Nazareth to an Egotheist, and a begging of the whole question to call him, *par eminence*, "Son of God." But, at the least, these words are on human record: they came from the sublimest man of history, and they expressed facts of human consciousness, facts of a positive nature. They are so remarkable that they imply an individuality no less exceptional than the one whose memoirs are named Gospel. It takes a Transcendentalist, who stands on the fatal brink,

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and whose next step may be into the abyss of Egotheism, to appreciate the Christian doctrine of God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But to appreciate the fact, and demonstrate the nature of our egotheistical philosophy, is no mere metaphysical amusement, — it is of the greatest practical import. Egotheism could only appear in an age capable of great spiritual attainment, — an age when great life is rushing into act. In this country, especially, it is no idle theory, — a country where the overflow of activity in superficial change is confounded with deepening the channel and spreading the stream of human progress. The radical error of all those who propose new organization of human society *ab imo*, inheres in Egotheism. This new organization its disciples will all acknowledge to be a very different thing from reform, which is the making of outward arrangements conform more thoroughly with the principles of humanity acknowledged *in the abstract* by all human conscience in all ages, just in proportion as it has been freed by love of man from the sophisms of selfishness. To abolish chattel slavery, for instance, would be reform; for it would be making society spread the human rights and privileges implied in the duty of loving our neighbor as ourself, over a race which conventional sin has put out of the pale of humanity in the most arbitrary manner. To abolish polygamy, and sanctify monogamy, would be to reform; because it would be merely extending to woman the conjugal rights which men have always asserted to the exclusive possession of the body of their conjugal partner. To organize labor on a kind of republican principle of intelligent co-operation, instead of blind competition, would be reform; because it would be merely applying that principle of organization to the arts of peace which is already applied to the arts of war, — a modern army being, within itself, the most complete organization of human activity known, and consequently the most efficient for its special object, — destruction. When shall we have

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millions voted by our Congress for educational and industrial purposes, as easily as they are voted for war-frigates and armies, — and schools of industry and science supported with the wealth and talent that are devoted to military and naval schools?

But all this reform, and much more analogous with it, falls far short of what is meant by radical socialists as *new organization*. This contemplates quite new human relations, with a quite new morality, and quite new religion. The religion is Egotheism, the morality egotism, including the so-called Free Love in various specious forms, organizing free marriage, public possession of children, abolition of political law and family rights, with their included sentiments of patriotism, parental and filial obligation, to be superseded by more general sentiments, which it is believed will be developed from the reaction of the new relations of groups of labor and amusement, flowing from impulse of an inward attraction, re-established by a sort of divine fate, which is revealed in the tendency to universal unity, that comes out, they say, in due time, in every human being, as the master passion.

We have no purpose of saying anything invidious, of raising any excitement of moral indignation and religious excommunication, against those persons who hold, consciously or unconsciously, the above views; though we would gladly arouse serious consideration to the tendency of them to substitute the most terrific egotism for the morality of loving one's neighbor as one's self, — neighborhood being graduated according to providential nearness, first of physical, then of mental relation; not entirely excluding any human being from the charity to all men which is the "bond of perfectness." There is a growing multitude in this country, as well as in Europe, who unite on this scheme of new organization as the only salvation from the terrible evils that the present civilized society unquestionably labors with, and who, instead of viewing these evils as the short-

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comings of a growing race, that has not come to a sufficiently complete apprehension of the religion of humility and love, or is not faithful thereto, by continually reforming society according to it, do, in good faith, believe that the first principle is wrong, confound obedience to God with servility to conventional law, and raise self-respect into self-worship. That "blithe and guileless cheer, that sore perplexed the priest," at the shrift of Sir Pavon in the new "old ballad" we gave in our pages in November, is the despair of many a confessor that comes into contact with these Egotheists, who call the time-honored morality immoral, the sacredness of all marriage laws impurity, the carefulness of all parental relations tyranny, and the devotion of all filial piety slavery, because there are conventional marriages, tyrannical parents, and victimized children possible within our organization. There is no refuge but to pray, with the Crucified, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

It is generally individual victims who are the originators of these extreme theories of change, and the experience of their suffering gives earnestness to their eloquence, and power to inoculate with their idea a class of minds that are brilliant by reason of a tendency to hasty generalization. In short, it is easy enough to get at the history of these various views of new organization, and to sympathize kindly and tenderly with multitudes who fall into them; but our present purpose is to assert that they all inhere in the highest natural religion of the day, which is Egotheism; and they can only be effectively opposed by grafting this into that worship of the Father in spirit and in truth, which, on the greatest height the soul is competent to gain, "counts itself not to have apprehended," * and, strong in the principle of loving its neighbor like itself, feels secure of making no fatal mistake, in helping to establish the kingdom of heaven in

* This fine expression of St. Paul contains a world of argument to those who think it possible for truth ever to be so manifested or experienced as to preclude progress. Even Paul "counted himself not to have apprehended."

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the world, *by the way*, while rushing forward to the prize of complete manhood exhibited in Christ Jesus.

But Egotheism is not confined to those persons who have carried it out into socialistic plans and theories. When it fructifies so far, it speedily gets answered by the irrepealable laws of nature, who is "the most brilliant of wits" as well as the most inexorable of executioners, and who thus drives men at last into the arms of the Power above nature, whose love is commensurate with their need, and whose arms are ever open to the prodigal that has gone experimenting upon his own limited portion, out of his Father's house.

But philosophy, theoretical and practical, has a duty to do with respect to Egotheism: to appreciate the truth involved in it, and to apply it to the spiritualizing of life and religion. In proportion as any mind is liable to Egotheism, it is capable of spiritual communion with God. It is a great advance above the idols of the Protestant churches; that is to say, logical formulas, which were after all nothing more than statements of finite conceptions, in which faith might stagnate, though these, perhaps, were an advance upon the idols of the Catholic Church, which were not even *works* in any true sense of the word, but mere symbols of works, — ceremonies. The Egotheist sees that nothing man says or does is so great as himself, the sayer and doer. By this he rises to the mount of temptation where Jesus conquered, but where he will fall, no less than Adam did in Paradise, unless he makes a stepping-stone for faith of the stumbling-block of Egotheism, which is the Devil, offering to him material, moral, and spiritual power, on condition of the soul's "falling down and worshipping ME."

E. P. P.

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SECRET PRAYER.

I AM more and more convinced that the prayer which most benefits the heart, and secures the blessings it needs, is the inward prayer of the soul, when the mind, without vocal utterance, lifts its thoughts on high, and the heart pours forth its yearnings, in silent communings with the Everlasting Father. This is a form and manner of prayer which can be exercised at all times and in all places, in the evening as we lay our heads down to rest, in the morning when we rise from our slumbers, in the intervals of labor through the day, in our contemplations of the outward world, the heavens and the earth, in our thoughts of a better world, of God and his infinite goodness towards us, and of Christ, and his sufferings upon the cross, who gave himself for us that he might bring us to God.

Such prayers can be offered without prayer-book or liturgy, — as well in the open air, under the rich canopy of heaven, in the fields and forests, by the wayside, or in the crowded city, as in the costliest sanctuary.

It is a remarkable fact, that our Saviour never recommended public prayer. The manner of praying practised by the Pharisees he decidedly condemned, as well for the motive that prompted it, as for the vain repetitions and the ostentatious publicity that characterized it. It is not to be inferred from this that public prayer, as an act of public worship, in the sanctuary, is condemned, but we may derive a lesson from it as to the manner and place of our individual and personal acts of devotion, that they should never be unnecessarily public. The Saviour advises that our prayers should be offered in secret. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." By this we are to understand, not a particular room or closet in our dwell-

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ings, but the closet of our hearts, where in private meditation and prayer we may hold communion with our Father in heaven; and though we see him not with our natural eyes, and those who are around us are not aware of our inward emotions and heavenward desires, He will, if it is best for us, give us the desire of our hearts.

I have always been favorably impressed with the views and practice of the Friends, or Quakers, on this subject. A more benevolent, upright, and Christian people there is not, probably, in this lower world. How pleasantly I have been affected, in sitting down with them at their meals, to join in the silent thanksgiving to the Creator, by a brief pause, before commencing the repast! I cannot but think this more sincere and heartfelt than the usual repetition of nearly the same words, commonly called "asking a blessing," or "grace before meat." Every heart seems to be *engaged* in the silent exercise, instead of *listening* to the *words* that are often *said*, but not always felt.

Nevertheless, there is a holy influence exerted upon the minds of a family by a daily reading of the Scriptures and a united offering of prayer; and the practice may be justly regarded as an act of private devotion, though not of secret prayer. The Psalms of David furnish many aids to such a service, and the reading of them in alternate verses, the parent leading, and the rest of the family responding, all joining in the Lord's prayer at the close, forms a most beautiful and profitable exercise. No liturgical service can be better adapted to cultivate the spirit of devotion in a family than this.

But such an exercise should not take the place of secret prayer, or become a substitute for it. Every child should be taught to commune, for himself or herself, with our Heavenly Father, by means of private devotion, at first in such simple forms and words as are adapted to the comprehension and wants of the infant mind, and afterwards by the use of the Lord's prayer, and by silent offerings of the heart,

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until they shall learn from their own experience the truth of Montgomery's beautiful definition of prayer, in that dear, familiar hymn, —

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Uttered or unexpressed," &c.

Among the most touching and simple of infant prayers that was ever composed, are the words so universally familiar in Christian homes, —

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This prayer is generally the first lesson of devotion the Christian mother gives her child, —

> "the simplest form of speech
> That infant lips can try."

And the fact is a significant and beautiful one, that it has continued to be the form of private prayer with many persons, not only through the years of childhood, but during the whole of life. John Quincy Adams, the great American statesman, declared, not long previous to the close of his earthly career, that for nearly eighty years he had never sunk to sleep upon his pillow without offering this prayer of his childhood, — a fact as honorable to his Christian character as it was characteristic of the simplicity and child-like nature of his faith, and the strength of his trust in the Divine Providence.

The habit of secret or private devotion begets a proper feeling of dependence upon God, and a habit of communion with the Spirit of God. It is a source of strength in temptation, of comfort in affliction, and of spiritual advancement, in the development and growth of the soul's best affections, emotions, and powers. Let every Christian, and every one who aspires to the Christian life, cultivate the practice of frequent prayer, as a regular habit of the mind and heart,

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remembering the promise of Him whose word has never failed: "And your Father who seeth in secret" (who knows your inward desires and purposes) "will reward you openly." Such a habit will prove a shield against the arrows of misfortune, a balm for the wounded spirit, and a renewing power in the soul, giving courage and fortitude in the midst of danger, hope in the hour of despondency, and peace in the storm of adversity. In the soul that thus holds a living communion with God, there is light when all without is darkness, there are calmness and resignation in the midst of peril and death.

Give me, then, the spirit of prayer, that I may, through its influence, have a closer walk with God, and feel that I am ever beneath his sheltering care. By daily prayer and effort, in the midst of life's trials and difficulties, may I lean upon God, and be led by his fatherly hand! When my earthly prospects grow dim, and human love and friendship wax cold, — when sickness and sorrow oppress my soul, and the shadow of death seems to be over me, — through the habit of secret prayer, may I know that my Heavenly Father is ever near, and that his hand is outstretched to uphold and strengthen me! When I have strayed from the path of love and duty; when I have become involved in darkness, and am "in wandering mazes lost"; when my love of self and of the world is leading me away from thee, my Father, — then, by whatever discipline may be needful to my soul, O bring me to thyself again, and keep me ever near to thee!

J. G. F.

"But trials that make no occasion at all, leave the mind to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that he is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit, in little trials as in great ones."

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SOME REASONS WHY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE PART IN GOVERNMENT.*

Are those who vauntingly call this the age of love ready to admit and carry out the principle? The love element is called more particularly the feminine, while the element of power and force is considered the masculine. Not that love cannot, in a measure, pervade and soften the more positive element of power, but a greater manifestation of the love and wisdom element is the requisition of this more enlightened age. Obedience can no longer be a blind, unconditional submission to force, but the command must be seen to be wise, and breathed forth in love, else it is powerless.

Does the frail being who has sinned through the excess and misapplication of this very love-nature which she has been taught to believe is her appropriate life, and who has fallen from the neglect of the culture of wisdom, — does she, when the laws of the land take her in custody as an offender, find herself examined and judged by a jury of her peers, by those who can understand and appreciate her state, with its trials and temptations? Could a jury of pure-minded and virtuous women understand the extenuating circumstances in the case of the man who, through avarice and ambition, has finally degraded himself through all degrees of sin? Could they, with their less acquisitive nature, weigh the merits of such a case, feel for him as a man, and understand the temptations to which he, as a man, has been exposed? If not, then surely the masculine element cannot any better, if as well, comprehend and judge of the guilt of the sinning female. It cannot by experience understand the confiding and devoted nature of her affections. It knows not the extent and strength of her love-nature. It has never

* We have felt obliged to abridge considerably the original article, but endeavor to preserve the pith of the writer's argument.

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felt the state of the friendless female orphan, who, in the scarcity of remunerative labor, has almost been *forced* to a life of infamy. It knows but seldom of that strength of the parental nature which will lead it to beg, or lie, or steal, for the relief of its famishing ones. It knows not, because its love-nature has not been cultivated to the exclusion of other discipline. Of these and similar temptations it cannot judge, for they are not in its nature; and never having had it so unduly cultivated, it cannot understand her trials and experience.

The woman appears, then, not before a tribunal of her peers, but before the single element of power and force; while the love and wisdom element which alone can comprehend her is excluded, save in the exceptional cases where there is a man occasionally possessed strongly of the love-nature.

In view, then, of this difference of organization and education, can justice reign, and right prevail, until those wrongs are righted, — until the feminine element is allowed its place by the side of the masculine, in the different relations of secular and religious government?

Can that be called a *republican* government, whose laws are made and whose judgments are executed without the consent of more than half of the governed? Is it worthy of being called a *representative* government, when not half of its subjects are represented? Or can it be called a *free* government, when laws are made and enforced by one party, who, from their very nature, and the construction of mind, cannot adapt and form just laws for the other half, and who oft-times, from their antagonistic situation and relations, cannot but be swayed from the strict line of justice, while self-interest is so dominant in the human breast.

Or, to turn to the religious side, can that be the religion which has "neither male nor female, bond nor free, but all one in Christ," which arraigns the female member before a tribunal of her brothers, to the exclusion of mothers and

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sisters? Does not the Gospel require the presence of the love and wisdom element in its deliberations?

If, as she has so often been told, she is a step nearer heaven in her organization, and more spiritual in her tendencies, is she not as fitting a medium for the transmission of heavenly truths and angelic loves?

Granting that woman is surrounded by more favorable conditions for the cultivation of the religious element, and that her cares, sorrows, and trials but deepen and strengthen her religious need, do not these very facts prove that she is but the better fitted for the reception of spiritual light? And, if receptive, why should she not be communicative? Must her generous impulses be checked, because Paul has said, "I suffer not a woman to teach or usurp authority over a man"? There are those who call the theatre a school of morality. If a school, who are its teachers, if not its actors? and does the polite and refined audience, which hangs enchanted on the glowing language and personations of its idolized "star," feel that its passages of morality or representations of the loveliness of virtue are any the less beautiful, true, and significant, because coming from woman's lips? Is she usurping authority over her male auditors? Who thinks to call her unwomanly or immodest, though she should appear in a dress and manner as far as possible removed from what Paul recommends?

Again, it has been said by those who would designate woman's appropriate work, that the care and education of children and youth is her peculiar province; and by many she is considered the more successful and communicative teacher, and it is supposed that her readiness and intuitiveness peculiarly fit her for this calling. Be it so; but does not this argue the propriety of her being found in some spheres from which public sentiment at present excludes her?

Not that woman is not caressed and idolized, for perhaps, when she comes into an equal race, she will receive less of flattery and chivalrous notice; but now the feeling prevails

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that she is what she is by permission of man; that her rights and privileges, and claims upon respect, are not God-given and her own, but granted by the indulgence of man. This it is that chafes and ofttimes agonizes her sensitive and aspiring spirit.

She would cultivate her God-given faculties and susceptibilities, not by courtesy from her brother, but because every faculty of mind should be disciplined to its highest use, and because, as part of the human family, this is her duty, and consequently her right. She finds herself controlled, and sometimes most painfully harassed and impeded, by laws which she can have no hand in forming and supporting, save as her earnings and property must be taxed for their support, while they recognize her but in the same budget with the child and the idiot. Although she may have mind, cultivation, and worth, the law ties her hand and shuts her mouth, while the ignorant, and scarce more than animal being, if he have but the smallest portion of manhood, may deposit his vote, and thus help to form laws which shall cramp and control her in her noble and benevolent womanhood.

Tend her never so carefully and protectingly as may her guardians in the law, religion, or social life, still, if she becomes an offender against any of them, no father, husband, nor brother can appear there as her representative, and suffer for her; but in her dependence she is recognized as a criminal, and the penalties of the law fall upon her as severely as they do upon her brother man, even though she have entered that state where her being is "merged in that of a husband." She can thus come into an equality as a criminal, but not as a free being possessed of the rights and privileges of human nature. So, also, in religion: if woman has a soul, (and this seems an admitted fact in Christendom,) the inspired Word says to her, as well as to her brother man, "Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect." And if "Noah, Daniel, and Job can but save their own souls by their obedience," then

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woman has her "own salvation to work out" for herself. This is a work in which a father, husband, or brother cannot become sponsor, but she must stand or fall for herself: "Every soul to its Maker."

The eloquent Apostle wrote of his female converts who were just emerging from Paganism and polygamy, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home"; but this was to the Corinthian women, and others like them, for he says, "I write as unto carnal," and he proves this by the nature of much of his instruction. He says, "Let not a widow be taken into the number under threescore years old," &c.; but Paul would surely not make such a requirement in this enlightened age. It is evident that he was endeavoring to lead them out of the sensualities of heathenism, if not into a Christian, yet into a decent and orderly life, and that his instructions were suited to the nature and attainments of his hearers. But if the same Apostle could deliver his message to the Christian and enlightened women of the nineteenth century, would he not say of them, as he said of Phebe, Mary, and others, "Greet my helpers in the Lord, for whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles"? Would he not say, "Improve the gift that is in thee, do good, be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate"?

But woman is down, down where she or multitudes of her sex cannot see what is required of her as a creation of God, and a being of boundless progression. She knows not but that in the affectional element and the calls of maternity she is fulfilling her highest and whole duty. Such being the case, the noble and exalted of the other sex show their nobility and their manliness when they recognize her, with all her trappings of vanity, servility, and weakness, as sisters, created for the same progression and goodness, and consequently needing the same facilities, helps, and impetuses to develop their being, and who feel for them

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as being bound for the same *kingdom of heaven within*, but who can never find it, while a vain, pleasure-seeking, and admiration-loving spirit leads them to find their happiness in a frivolous life, dependent upon outward surroundings. Such feel that her spirit, though it should become awakened and active for good, will present no ungrateful rivalry to their own, but only furnish an additional incentive to true greatness; for the two natures are enough unlike still to preserve their marked characteristics, although they both be carried out to their ultimates.

The two will but constitute the more perfected one, for "the man is not without the woman in the Lord," nor the woman without the man. Leave out either part, or cramp and circumscribe it, and you have but half of God and half of humanity. Man was created in the image of God male and female. If, then, man is male and female in the image or representation of God, the man who arrogates to himself a position above woman, and considers her as a being created for his own pleasure and use, is disparaging the half of his own manhood, and is in a position where neither reason nor revelation can sustain him.

Wisdom thus speaks of herself in Proverbs viii. 30: "When the Lord appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him, as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, in the habitable parts of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men." That any departure from this sweet and heavenly nearness has ever obtained among human kind seems a consequence of the first recorded woman's disobedience; for had she preserved her integrity, and not yielded to a lower nature, she would not have become the slave of man and her sinful nature, but the free receptive medium of the mother spirit, as man is of the Father. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre; upon thy right hand did stand the queen in the gold of Ophir." (Psalm xlv. 6.) While everything in nature presents

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the two principles of male and female necessary to constitute the perfect harmony and growth, our religious and secular government has presented the strange, one-sided, and inharmonious combination of three or many males. No wonder, then, that the idea has arisen that the female was but a negative or auxiliary element in humanity. The religious and highest element presenting such a phase, it is not strange that the worldly and secular does not surpass it in its recognition of woman, and that the female influence is not there to bring in its balance of love and wisdom. But a brighter and better day is dawning. The Most High has uttered his voice, "Behold I make all things new," — "the new heavens," or spiritual plane, and "the new earth," or natural order. Then may we hope to see harmonious developments, a rational and consistent faith and Church, a just and peaceful government, with a true unfolding of natural and spiritual growth, till all attain their highest ideal as sons and daughters of God.

BURNS FESTIVALS.

WHOM SHALL WE REVERENCE?

In an address before the Burns Club of the City of New York, which has been spread broadcast over the land, through the agency of the daily press, and which therefore, we trust, it will be no breach of courtesy for us to cite, the speaker, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, says, after referring very briefly to some of the weaknesses of the poet, "But I am to pay *reverence*, and not to condemn." The query naturally suggests itself, why *reverence?* Is that the real sentiment with which a candid, though sympathetic, review of the life of the poet ought to inspire us? Is there anything in the mere fact of poetic genius to inspire reverence? — especially when that

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genius was continually marred, and finally wrecked in mid-life, not, as some have attempted to show, by the pressure of external misfortunes, but by continual lapses into vicious follies, that not only undermined the physical constitution, but set an example of moral weakness, which, however much we may lament and pity it, we are constrained to feel was not a necessity, but might, by the exertion of that very "independence of mind" for which Burns has been so highly lauded, have been avoided altogether. No one familiar with the life of the poet can help seeing, if he will allow reason instead of feeling to decide, that, from first to last, he lacked moral force. He could indeed indulge in moral reflections and religious emotions, and occasionally deep and bitter expressions of remorse and penitence were wrung from him, but he never made, what was most of all necessary, continuous effort at self-control; he was perpetually carried forward by momentary impulses, the passions of the hour, and the final result was, as it could not fail to be, utter discomfiture in the great battle of life. However keenly he might perceive the temptations of his natural temperament, he never learned to curb the passions from which he had most to fear, and was steady to no principles, save on a few points in which his native pride and temperament sustained him; and yet it is to such a weak and vacillating character as this that we are invited to look, — not with pity, not with sympathy, not with condemnation of the bad and love for the mingled good, but in general and particular regard, — with "reverence."

We had always supposed that he who was rightfully revered, must necessarily be a proper object of imitation. But even the broadest and least discriminating panegyrist of Burns would scarcely dare to hold up his social career as worthy of imitation, — how then for reverence? If extraordinary mental gifts are the ground upon which it is claimed, then might we as well adore the Evil Principle at once, as we find it embodied in powerful but malevolent human in-

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telligences; and if the claim is urged for the Scottish poet on the score of his keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, or of his kindliness towards the poor, the weak, and erring, we would ask, Ought not these very sensibilities to have opened his soul to the perception of that Divine love and beneficence, which would have enabled him to clear his nature of those spasmodic lapses in virtue which mark, and must for ever mark, the man undisciplined in the love or fear of God, — ought not this susceptible nature of his to have made him too tender of his fellow-men to give to them while living, and to leave them when dead, an example which it would be crime to follow?

And though Burns has, doubtless, helped to cheer many a work-worn man, teaching him to hold communion with the homely spirits of the earth, as well as with the creatures of the air, and, throwing around the commonest forms of country life the halo of poetry and patriotism, — has soothed the unrest of many spirits, as conscious of the drudgery to which they were bound as unable to escape from it, — making their burdens seem all the lighter because he who could so well interpret their hearts had also borne them; though he certainly spoke out with meritorious distinctness the grand and purifying belief in the universal brotherhood, recognizing the soul as superior to its habiliments, — we doubt if these, his better thoughts, have really taught or influenced as many minds as he has led astray by his lyrical praises of wine and sensuous beauty, tempting, as his most popular songs have proved, to vicious indulgence. With all his merits counted, and "naught set down in malice," we protest utterly against being called upon to "do him reverence." Select any term but that, and we may find it in our judgment, as well as in our hearts, to acquiesce; but reverence is too costly a sacrifice to offer upon a shrine bearing so plainly the marks of an unsanctified will and undisciplined passions.

We do our own souls wrong when we permit the fascinations of poetry, and the eloquence of words, or even our

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natural sympathy with the tempted and the weak, so far to confuse our judgment, as to divert the holiest and highest sentiment it is given to man to exercise, from the pure, the true, and the strong in virtue, to the unsanctified in heart, the spurious in sentiment, or the weak and vacillating in action.

Would that poets were more frequently men whom we could revere! But few have been the number of those whose lives have not checked our admiration of their works; and it seems to have been the constant aim of men of letters, especially of orators, to throw about the memory of poetic genius such films of sophistical excuses for their derelictions from right, as to make it a vandalism and a heresy for the sober second-thought of mankind to call things by their right names, when speaking of poets. The greater a man's gifts, the greater are his responsibilities. We trust the time is not far distant, when the intellectually gifted will claim no prerogatives for follies insufferable in other men, and when writers and speakers shall cease to tax the patience of auditors and readers with skilful glosses upon facts, in the lives of literary heroes, which ought to be held up to open view as a warning and rebuke.

E. V. S.

MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. IV.

YOUTH.

There were some influences exerted on John Jackson's mind, in his earlier youth, less genial than that of the spiritual habits of his father's house, but whose antagonism stimulated his virtue.

He had neighbors who lived on quite a different moral plane, and on an opposite method of life. With vivid

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emotions of pain, he saw many whom he played with in infancy grow up reckless of an inward guide, and delivered to the service of passion and circumstance, — young men who, beginning in affluent circumstances, gradually, sometimes rapidly, sank into degradation before his eyes.

This was no artificial ecclesiastical cross, but a real suffering, which came to diversify the sunshine of his life, like the rain which has its necessary part in insuring the harvest. His father, even before any societies for the promotion of temperance were formed in the neighborhood, moved in the temperance cause; and John, impressed by his painful observations and experiences, entered into it, while yet but a youth of sixteen, with the same ardor of benevolence that characterized his social movements throughout life. While yet in a boy's roundabout jacket, he surprised old and young by his eloquent speeches on temperance; for here was a legitimate field for eloquence.

In the year 1830 his mother, Jane Jackson, died. She was a woman of remarkable piety and energy. As early as the year 1793, she was one of several women who formed a society, in Philadelphia, for the relief of the poor outside of Quakerdom. For within that precinct, as the world well knows, there is not any destitution, — the Friends (truly named in this respect) taking care to relieve each other's necessities, as was suggested by Jesus, *in secret.*

The Friends' organization for charity arose in those days of martyrdom, when whole families were liable to be left unsupported, because the father or mother was thrown into prison; and when the fines and exactions made upon them in England, because they would not take oaths, or go to war, often made the rich poor. Every meeting, as they call their congregations, (and even those separate bodies, in the separate congregation, called the men's monthly meeting and the women's monthly meeting,) appoint certain overseers of the poor, nominating and electing them in that peculiar way of seeking direction in which they do all their

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work, (and which will be explained in a subsequent chapter,) but not without having regard, in their selection, to the qualification of a sympathetic nature united with good judgment.

To any one of these overseers application may be privately made for aid, in behalf of any one who is needy. The overseer judges the case and calls upon the treasurer, who is appointed in the same way as the overseer, and who disburses the sum asked for, perhaps without knowing for whom it is intended; and the beneficiary possibly may not know who applied for it. This delicacy is used, lest any beneficiary should feel embarrassed in the meetings, when moved by the spirit to speak, — a thing for which there is great care to protect every one's liberty.

But the Friends do not confine their charities to their own body. They also become contributors and even officers in other organizations, where the whole matter is necessarily, or by custom, more public; and — to return to John's mother — Mrs. Jackson took part in the first benevolent society organized in America by *women*.

Her death was somewhat sudden, taking place when a daughter was away from home; but she was aware of its approach, and, assembling her husband and children around her bed, she sent messages to the absent, and gave a word of counsel to each one present, till she came to John, when, her eye having rested upon him lovingly for a moment, as if she were recognizing that he did not need earthly counsel, she exclaimed, "Dear John, THE LORD IS WITH THEE!"

Halliday Jackson survived his wife some years, and married again. He did not die until 1835. He was a remarkable man, and early in his life counted an elder of the Friends; and even before this had been on what may be called a missionary visit to the Indian settlements in the west of New York, where the Friends made attempts, not without very considerable success, to civilize and Christianize the children of the forest. Here he labored for a consid-

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erable time, teaching the processes of agriculture and the mechanical arts. He also wrote and published an account of all these missionary efforts of the Friends, under the name of "Brief View of the Conduct of William Penn towards the Indian Natives, and a Concise View of the Proceedings of Friends in Promoting their Improvement since 1795."

This pamphlet is worthy the perusal of other sects, who may learn from it the Friends' method of preaching to the heathen, especially to the simple children of the forest. It seems that, like the successful Catholics, they begin by opening largely upon the Indians the *comforts* of civilization, together with its labors; proving themselves always to be sympathizing and respectful friends by the evidence of the senses. But then, instead of merely transferring the Indians' superstition from the pagan symbols to the symbols of the Christian history, they make them realize that Indians are recognized as men, to whom the Holy Spirit whispers, whenever they listen in their silent minds for direction in the way of truth and love, — a way which the Friends have already made lovely in the Indians' eyes by their own example. Whatever religious counsel the Friends offer is presented in the form of suggestion for the Indian's consideration in the silence of his own mind; and he is asked expressly if his inward convictions are not so and so, or what they may be on the point in question. In short, the Indian's self-respect is kept sacred; and he is invited, in the true spirit of Jesus, to leave his evil, and accept the easy yoke and light burden of the guidance of Truth, which God gives to him, if he will listen for it with a mind free, at least for the moment, from hatred of enemies, and other selfish passions.

A half-breed missionary of the Indians, who was in New England a few years since, gave account of the very opposite method to this of missionaries that are at the several government stations at the West. They not only treat the Indians with personal contumely, (turning a chieftain, per-

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haps, into their kitchens, away from their own tables, to eat,) and in all respects act towards them as if they were beasts, or at least an inferior caste of humanity; but even in their religious teaching they begin with perfect recklessness of the Indian associations, and awaken all their superstitious fears of being the subject of incantation and witchcraft, by insisting on singing hymns, or uttering prayers with shut eyes, as the very first preliminary, — a proceeding which drives every Indian from their presence in terror. Then they pay no respect to what truth is in the Indian's own mind. Indeed, they do not believe that there is any unquenchable, insolvable relation of his spirit to his Creator; and therefore, as a preliminary to all things else, they insist upon his recognizing himself as a sinner, *utterly lost and dead.* Even though this may be in a certain philosophical sense true, it is not the first, but the last, truth to which the Indian will come. He has by nature a noble self-respect, which is the wild stock on which is to be grafted that humility which really exalts, and is most surely evoked by a respectful and genial address. The Friends have a great advantage over most other sects, in being able to present an unvarying example, in their own political action (if we may so call it), that is consistent with their precepts of truth and love; and as they do not make their favors dependent on any test words or acts, they tempt to no deceptive professions.

If it shall be objected that the Indians are not susceptible of so delicate a spiritual ministry, then it is certain that they are not susceptible of Christianity, *which is nothing else.* But it is a slanderous imputation, as the numerous records and successes of the Friends in this field of their ministry prove. The greatest difficulty in Christianizing the Indians is, that they are not addressed as beings of sentiment. It was the greatest element of Colonel Worth's success in the Florida war, that he recognized the Indian chiefs to be men. When Wild-Cat (as reported by the excellent interpreter, and given in Lieutenant Sprague's History of the

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Florida War) was giving his message to those five men of his troop, who were to bring in his band, or he, with his companion prisoners, "was to hang from the yard-arm of that ship" on a given day, he said, — and it was one of those terrible moments of life when no man trifles with fancies, but utters his deepest convictions, — "The Great Spirit will guide you. Take these pipes and tobacco; at night, when you camp, build a fire; when the moon is up and bright, dance round it; then let it go out; and just before daybreak, when the deer sleeps, and the moon whispers to the dead, you will hear the voices of those who have gone to the Great Spirit, and they will give you strong hearts and heads to carry the talk of Coacooche."

Again, to Colonel Worth he said, "I thank you for bringing me back; *the Great Spirit thanks you.* We know but little; we have no books which tell all things, *but we have the Great Spirit.* And again, "The Great Spirit speaks in our councils." Indeed, in all the speeches of the Indians throughout the war, it is plain that the greatest objection they had to removing from Florida was the conviction that *the spirits of the dead* would not go with them to Arkansas. No less than the Christian Milton do the Indians believe that

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;"

and the traditions of Hiawatha, of the bride of the sun, and numerous others, show that nothing less delicate than the spiritual ministry of the Friends can be expected to hold them. The Catholic effect is always transient, according to Kepps' genial book on the Catholic missions.

In the account of John Jackson's visit to the West Indies, and of his interviews at home with criminals under sentence of execution, it will be seen that this method of "calling sinners to repentance" is not too delicate to be used with any individual on earth who is morally responsible to God.

From the character displayed by Halliday Jackson in his ministry among the Indians, and in the pamphlet above

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mentioned, it is no wonder that his son watched over his last sickness and death with a most yearning grief. The afflicting event occurred just as the son's own mind was moving towards the ministry of the Word; and he felt the need of the spiritual counsels of his father, to whom he had not yet intimated the convictions of his mind. It was by an impressive prayer at the old man's funeral, that John Jackson entered upon his public ministry.

It was a little before this time that the written correspondence which lies before me begins. In the early part of 1832, two female Friends from the West, one of whom was a preacher, came with a certificate of visitation from their own monthly meeting to Darby, and seem to have excited a peculiar interest there. John requested leave of his father to drive the carriage which was provided for them to traverse the southern part of New Jersey, and hold meetings. His letters home during this journey show him to have been much moved by the preaching and its effects; and it is said that the mind of the preacher was impressed with the conviction that some day he would follow in the same path. These letters, and those he wrote at the time of his father's death, are more explanatory of his call to the ministry than any description of another can be, and we shall therefore give some extracts in a subsequent paper. But so little is known by other sects of the principle and interior organization of the Friends, and especially of the real nature of the discriminations expressed by the words "New Lights," "Hicksites," and "Orthodox Quakers," which had begun to be felt about the time that John Jackson began to preach, that it will be necessary first to give a whole chapter to this general subject, in order to appreciate his spiritual course.

"CONTENTMENT is not a senseless stupidity respecting what becomes of our outward estates. God would have us take notice of all accidents which, from Him, happen to us in worldly matters. Had the martyrs had the dead palsy before they went to the stake to be burnt, their sufferings had not been so glorious."

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OBITUARIES.

REV. ABIEL ABBOT, D. D.

THE last number of our journal contained brief notices of two clergymen who have recently been taken from us. Rev. Barzillai Frost was a fine example of the substantial qualities belonging to a Christian minister, and his experience shows what a hold such a man may gain on the affections and respect of his people by a life of singular fidelity and devotedness. The Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D. was a man of very rare endowments, and belonged to the small class of powerful and, original thinkers. In affluence and strength of intellect, in vividness of conception, in breadth of view and firmness of grasp, in the variety and extent of his attainments, and, above all, in the sublime and reverential march of his mind through the highest realms of thought, he is to be placed among the most able and accomplished men of his generation. His progress, as he led the way in conversation, through a whole empire of religious intelligence, seemed like the triumphal procession of the morning. There was a pomp and majesty of expression, and at the same time a childlike attitude of mind, not only towards the great themes which he was discussing, but towards the persons around him. There was a tenderness in his nature, which caused itself to be felt through all his intellectual operations, and which made the love of others a necessity of his being. It was in consequence of this exquisite tenderness that his mind, like a sensitive plant, closed itself up, and his finer powers refused to expand or to act except in a congenial and loving atmosphere, and there he spread himself round his friends with a most gracious benignity and gentleness. We shall always think of seasons spent with him as among the most favored hours of life.

Dr. Nichols died at the ripe age of seventy-four. We record to-day the departure of one who entered life nearly a generation earlier. The Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D. was born

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in Wilton, N. H., the 14th of December, 1765. He has left a pleasant Sabbath-day picture of the home of his childhood. "Early in the evening on Saturday," he said, in a letter to a relative, "my father read a chapter in the Bible, and offered a prayer. Saturday night and Sunday, and Sunday night, a perfect stillness; no play going on, no laughing. Those of us who were old enough took the Testament, or learned the Catechism, or a hymn, and read in the Testament or Primer to father and mother in the morning. For breakfast, when we had milk sufficient, we had bread and milk; when this failed, bean and corn porridge was the substitute. As we lived at a distance from meeting, those who walked set out pretty soon after nine o'clock, and those who rode on horseback were obliged to start soon after them; the roads and pole bridges were very bad, and the horses always carried double, and often a child in the mother's lap, and sometimes another on the pommel of the saddle before the father. In the short days, it would often be sundown before, or very soon after, we got home. The sled with oxen was often used for meeting when the snow was deep, or by those who did not keep a horse. The Sabbath was not unpleasant to me. I do not recollect feeling gloomy, or disposed to play, or wishing Sunday was gone, or would not come. I venerate my father and mother, more than for anything else, for their anxiety and sacrifices to give their children the best education, literary and religious, in their power. Their children, grandchildren, and so on to the twentieth generation, will have reason to bless the memory of parents of such true worth."

Mr. Abbot was graduated with honor at Harvard College in 1787. At the head of his class was John Quincy Adams, and among its members were Judge Cranch, Judge Putnam, James Lloyd, Rev. Hezekiah Packard, D. D., and Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D. He was a teacher in the Phillips Andover Academy for two years, and one year a Tutor in Harvard College, being at the same time engaged in preparing

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himself for the ministry. He was ordained as the minister of the First Congregational Church and Society in Coventry, Conn., October 28, 1795. Here he found the sort of life most congenial to him, and for fifteen years labored wisely and faithfully among his people, and every year found him more trusted and beloved by them. It began then to be suspected that he did not assent to all the articles of faith which were believed in by the neighboring ministers, and a majority of his own church required doctrines more Calvinistic than he could preach. He proposed to his church to call a mutual council to settle the difficulties between them. This they would not do, but without his consent referred the matter to the Consociation of the county. He objected to their jurisdiction, and refused to appear before them. They, however, assumed the authority to act, and because he did not believe in the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement as held by them, they declared that he had "made shipwreck of the faith once delivered to the saints," and was therefore disqualified for the office of the Gospel ministry. For these reasons, "they hereby declare that the ministerial relation between the Rev. Abiel Abbot and the First Church of Christ in Coventry ought to be and is dissolved. And they do hereby revoke the commission given to him by his ordination to preach the Gospel and administer the ordinances of the same." It was in vain that Mr. Abbot and his society protested that they had never been connected with the Consociation, and that it therefore had no more right to act in the case than any other ecclesiastical association that might be called in by one of the parties. In the spirited language of President Kirkland, who reviewed the proceedings in the General Repository, "Mr. Abbot is severed from his people, and deposed from the ministry," because "he has committed the old Protestant sin of regarding the Scriptures as the only standard of faith, and refusing to express his religious sentiments in the manner prescribed by men."

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The society declined to accept the decision of the Consociation. A large majority of them desired still to retain him as their minister. They united with him in calling another council, who revoked the decision of the Consociation, as irregular and unauthorized. They approved of the conduct of the pastor, and indorsed his character as a Christian minister, but, as a matter of Christian expediency, dissolved his connection with his people. When the decision was made known to the large congregation who were waiting in the church to hear it, the announcement was received with a burst of tears and sobs, which showed how deeply he was enshrined in their affections. Even those who differed from him loved and honored him. "I must either give up my minister or my Saviour," said one of his deacons, with a violence of emotion which showed how great the sacrifice was. Mr. Abbot published a statement of the case, which is admirable for its clearness and impartiality and Christian temper. "The men from whom I have differed," he said, "I have loved; the men from whom I have suffered, I have respected; and to none am I conscious to this hour of feeling an unfriendly sentiment." Such was the spirit in which he wrote, when feeling most keenly the anguish of separation from a people and a calling so dear to him. To the self-constituted judges of the Consociation who condemned him he said, in words of equal severity and pathos: "If the wishes, if the tears and supplications, of the great majority of my charge were entitled to tenderness and consideration, it can be no subject of pleasing reflection to you that they were disregarded. But I forbear; and only add my sincere prayer to God, that he would guide both you and me into all necessary truth, and preserve us from fatal error; that he would prosper your ministrations to the salvation of your people; that he would graciously prevent or heal divisions in your charges; and save you in the decline of life from the bitter affliction of being separated from those you love in the Lord. The pastoral relation is one of the most sacred and endear-

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ing upon earth; and when the minister and people have long lived together in mutual esteem and affection, the ties which bind them are tender beyond expression. Their weekly assemblies; his visits in the chambers of the sick; his instructions, sympathy, and condolence in the chambers of death and mourning; sweet counsel imparted to minds in the different states of alarm, conviction, comfort, and joy in believing; and even the solemn admonition and painful rebuke given to the careless and profane, — have been means of annually extending and improving the attachment of pastor and people. So that when they come together, every pew presents to his eye some interesting object, and recalls to his mind some painful or joyous association."

These were the feelings with which the good man left his people, — feelings so strong, that he did not dare to trust himself to give expression to them in a public address from the pulpit. The trial was the sharpest that he was ever called to bear, and the subject of ecclesiastical intolerance in forcing creeds upon ministers and churches was one which, with all his gentleness and forbearance, he could never speak of without indignation.

After leaving Coventry, Mr. Abbot was from 1811 to 1819 the Principal of Dummer Academy. He then resided first in Andover, then in Chelmsford, and afterwards for a short time in Wilton. While there, in the winter of 1826 – 27, he was called to supply the pulpit of the Congregational Society in Peterboro'. Though then in his sixty-second year, he usually walked up from Wilton, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles, on Saturday afternoon, and back again on Monday. We remember his elastic step, and the fresh and vigorous look by which his countenance was animated. He was installed minister of the society in Peterboro' on the 27th of June, 1827, and entered on his labors with the earnestness and intrepidity of a young man. No subject relating to the improvement of the town was a matter of indifference to him. While he was most deeply interested in

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religion, he was hardly less interested in the intellectual advancement of the place. He encouraged and assisted young men of promise. Both in Wilton and in Peterboro' he founded a ministerial library, giving, we believe, to each a large number of books, and one hundred dollars in money. He formed an association for the purpose of setting out trees, and generations yet unborn will sit beneath their shade. He entered earnestly into the temperance and antislavery movements. His home was a place which young and old loved to visit. His conversation was always lively and instructive. He hesitated somewhat in his speech; but when the word came, it was always the right one, and no superfluous words were used. His preaching was then very remarkable, as containing in a concise form the mature and well-considered results of learning and of thought, and was distinguished by a greater freedom, vivacity, and power than it had been in his early years. His ministry was a successful one, and we do not believe that there was one man in the town, of any religious persuasion, who did not respect him as a wise and good man.

When he ceased to preach, he lost nothing of his enterprise, or his interest in the well-being of society. His presence in the church was an influence which was felt by all who entered there. His patriarchal locks, his mild but penetrating eye, his slight but upright form, could not but attract the notice of a stranger; and when in his eighty-ninth year he left the church in which he had been a constant worshipper for nearly thirty years, it seemed as if no unimportant part of the religious life and sanctity of the place had gone with him.

Dr. Abbot was blessed in his domestic relations. In 1796 he married Elizabeth Abbot, the sister of that apostolic man, the Rev. Abiel Abbot, D.D. of Beverly, and of Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., who was for fifty years the beloved and honored Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy. No relation could be more beautiful than that between Dr. Abbot and his

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wife during a period of nearly fifty-eight years. For several years before she died she was a paralytic, and almost entirely helpless, but the sweet serenity of her countenance, and the placid smile by which it was sometimes illuminated, will not soon be forgotten by those who knew her. Two of their three daughters, women of rare accomplishments in mind and heart, died after being married only a few years. When Dr. Abbot removed to West Cambridge to reside with his grandson, Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith, he and all his descendants, four generations, lived together under the same roof. He had always loved to work upon the ground, and after he was ninety he cultivated his grandson's garden, and gathered with his own hand the vegetables that were used in the family. He kept up his old habits of study, and read works of theology, particularly Mr. Norton's last volumes, with great interest. During the last season he read Cicero *De Oratore*. He wrote letters which were full of life and affection, of touching recollections, and still brighter anticipations. He was tried by fewer bodily pains than he had been fifteen years before. He had never been more cheerful, and never had received more enjoyment from the society of his friends. Their attentions, particularly those of the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, and President Sparks, whose early promise had been recognized by him, were very grateful. All that the most thoughtful and elevated affection of a daughter could do for his comfort or happiness was done, and all who were around him looked up to him with loving reverence. On the night of January 30th he was troubled for an hour or two. In the morning he rose and dressed himself with a little help. For a moment there was a slight twitching in the muscles of the hand and face. He was laid upon the bed, but hardly breathed more than once or twice. His death was, as his life had been, calm and peaceful. He died on the morning of Monday, the 31st of January, leaving behind a name as spotless as ever falls to the lot of man. On that day was the funeral of the great historian, and genial, true-hearted man, William H. Prescott. On Tuesday was

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the funeral of the distinguished astronomer, William C. Bond; and on Wednesday this was followed by the funeral of our friend, the aged, beloved, and honored disciple and minister of Jesus Christ. J. H. M.

REV. GEORGE BRADFORD.

The Rev. George Bradford, pastor of the First Church in Watertown, died on the 17th of the last month. He was born in Duxbury on the 3d of June, 1828, and was the son of Mr. Ephraim Bradford, a lineal descendant of the second governor of Plymouth Colony. His earlier years were passed in his native place, but after a course of preparatory study he left Duxbury, and, entering Harvard College in the summer of 1847, graduated in 1851, receiving from his classmates the unsought and unexpected honor of the class oration. At the close of his collegiate course, he returned to his native town, passed two years in teaching in the Academy where he had himself been a pupil, and then, in the fall of 1853, after a course of careful and anxious reflection and self-examination, entered the Cambridge Divinity School.

At the termination of his course in the Divinity School, he was invited to the charge of the church in Watertown, which had then been long without a pastor, and his ordination took place on the 6th of November, 1856.

No choice could have been more fortunate, either with respect to the condition of the society or the qualities of the new pastor. The circumstances of the society demanded a man of judgment and tact, whose well-balanced mind could appreciate the extent and cause of existing difficulties, without itself receiving any bias, who could without offence assume and maintain a position superior to all divisions, and, by quiet, well-directed influence, harmonize and unite his people. The requisites for such a work Mr. Bradford possessed in a high degree. From the day of his ordination his course was settled. He had made the condition of his

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society an object of careful study and inquiry, and, adopting his measures with his peculiar, unerring, quiet judgment, the effect of his well-chosen steps was soon felt; and before his labors ended, he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing his people once more uniting, forgetting past divisions, and giving themselves up with confidence and unanimity to his guidance.

To all the various duties of his pastoral and social relations, he brought the same untiring zeal, the same calm wisdom and consummate judgment, the same conscientious regard for duty, and the same unfaltering resolution. Everywhere his walk was steadfast, prudent, and pure, — in the church and among his townspeople, everywhere he was the calm, upright, clear-sighted, wise, and devoted Christian, which those nearest to him found him in the relaxations of their most intimate intercourse. His character was open and manifest to all. Exterior reserve, and a quiet, unassuming modesty of demeanor, might indeed veil its full perfection and harmony from the unobserving, but there was no concealment, no conscious disguise, in that honest and fearless nature.

It was after a severe fit of sickness, in the summer of 1858, that his friends first perceived that consumption was fixed upon him, and that his end was speedily approaching. His steady determination to labor until the last, sustained him long after it had become evident that his strength was fast declining. On the Sunday after Christmas he preached the whole day, and on New Year's Sunday entered his own pulpit for the last time, able only to read the hymn and to make the prayer. In a little more than six weeks after, on the day before the second anniversary of his marriage, he died, peacefully and happily, without pain or regret, a gentle smile upon his features, and the dearest of his kindred at his side.

The steady faith with which he awaited the approach of death was as calm and settled as all else in his life and character. Often in the last days of his life, he repeated with

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failing voice, but with evident pleasure and comfort, the well-known lines :

> "My God, I thank thee! may no thought
> E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
> But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
> Calm each wild wish, each idle fear."

His anticipation of death was not a mere desire for rest, nor a morbid weariness of the world. He had a healthy enjoyment of life, of its labors and pleasures, of the companionship of his friends; his genial nature and quick sense of humor gave a peculiar zest to the social enjoyments in which he was fond of sharing; above all, he had his work to accomplish, — a work dear to him, in which he had engaged with all the earnestness and enthusiasm of his nature. But still he never regarded death as a calamity; in his last sickness, in his own emphatic words, "thanksgivings only went up," and in the declared faith that his work would not end with life, but that he should continue it in a higher sphere of duty, he was ready, with an unclouded brow and a cheerful smile, to surrender all this present enjoyment and high hope, and to obey the summons to go hence, secure in the wisdom and love which had so ordered his lot, soothing the bitterest tears which flowed at his loss, and cheering the most lonely of the sorrow-stricken hearts around him, with the well-remembered charge to "look up."

After a funeral service in his own church, his remains were taken to Duxbury, and there, in the church of his childhood, close by the spot which had been the scene of his labors both as pupil and as teacher, the last rites were performed by the early friend and counsellor of his youth and his manhood. Chosen and intimate friends of his later years bore him to his resting-place near by, and there, within sight of the ocean which he loved so well, amid the ceaseless music of the pines, all that was mortal of him sleeps in peace; but the immortal has gone to meet the reward, in which he trusted with such cheerful and abiding faith. Happy are we, if we can walk in the path which his pure and devoted life has shown us.

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RANDOM READINGS.

MEN AND WOMEN.

We have a homily on this subject crowding for utterance; and as the subject is now fresh in our pages, we think it a good time to let the homily have its way.

About juries. All the "right" which man or woman can claim is a just and impartial trial. And are we telling anything but the simple truth when we say *that men are never prone to judge women so severely as they judge each other.* That woman, if tried by her own sex, would be vastly the loser, and be brought under harsher penalties, we think would be inevitable on the well-known principles of human nature. Any practised lawyer will say that he goes into court at an immense disadvantage when his client is a man, and the client of his opponent is a woman. In criminal cases, especially if the case be a capital one, it requires more evidence to obtain conviction. And the converse is also true. Women judge men more mercifully than men judge each other, else there is a large amount of dressed up villany and corruption that would be dismissed from the "best society." It is wise that these things are so, for it all results from the beautiful workings of the deepest and finest instincts which God has breathed into human nature, and whence it becomes clothed in the sweetest humanities and most heavenly mercies.

About *condescension* to women. Please understand us on this point. It is not for your sakes *merely*, nor altogether to secure your favor, much less in the way of patronage, that we vacate the best seats and berths in coaches and steamboats. It is because God has put into us the unquenchable conviction that that way our manhood lies, and that the amenities of civilized life are good in themselves and worth preserving, and that this cannot be done unless woman is honored as woman. The other day we saw a plain workingman get out of a stage already crammed full inside and out, and give up the best seat to a lady; and he had to crawl out upon the baggage, and cling pendent like an opossum from a tree, and in that way ride for miles. The lady took the vacant seat without even looking at the

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poor fellow. But he did not mind that. We doubt if he even thought of it, or expected it; but his face beamed with conscious pleasure, as if the deed were its own reward. Doubtless four short words from the lady, "I thank you, Sir," would have intensified his gratification; but it did not depend upon that at all.

About legal rights. Here we are with the Reformers. The legal codes have been shamefully barbarous, and are so yet, almost everywhere outside of Massachusetts. That woman should not have a right to her own earnings; that she should not hold and devise property, both personal and real; that her wages should be clutched by a drunken or lazy husband, and that without remedy, — is alike heathenish and unjust. These barbarities have been expunged from the code of Massachusetts, and — saying nothing about representation and the right of suffrage — woman before the law is the equal of man, and in some things his superior. And inasmuch as this has been brought about while men still hold the legal power, it shows we are not altogether irreclaimable. As a female writer observes of us, we mean well, only we are a little thick-headed.

About costume. Here we disclaim all responsibility. We don't make the bonnets nor the dresses, nor meddle with them in the least. Women make their own fashions, and we do not think we ought to be blamed if they are fantastic and absurd, which sometimes they certainly are. Only let them agree among themselves as to what is convenient and becoming, and the other half of the world will be satisfied. Even when you sweep us out of your way into obscure corners by your "ample skirts of womanhood," the better portion of us have sense enough to admire your taste; for, bating the small wits who attempt poor jokes upon woman's costume, we can see that health, ease, comfort, and gracefulness are vastly promoted by the crinoline reform.

About employment. What is the sense of all this waste of words about the low wages of women? As if men had entered into a conspiracy to cheat women, and make them labor at half price. Anybody but an idiot ought to understand by this time that the price of labor, like the price of anything else, is fixed by an inexorable law, and that is *the ratio between the demand and supply*. And yet a late writer fills whole pages with elegant nonsense about the cruelty in cutting down women's wages. If the same piece of work will be

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done cheaper by women than by men, it is simply because there are more women that will do it and compete for it. All the men in the world cannot reverse the laws of price, if they would. Let woman widen her range of occupation, and where one hundred stand ready to make shirts at ninepence each, let ninety-nine take to something else, and the price of shirt-making would come up wonderfully.

But woman is "excluded" from her appropriate employments by public opinion. And who is this Mr. Public Opinion that we are to cower to when he stands in the way of our duty and safety? We doubt whether that venerable personage stands so much in the way as is generally supposed; and even if he did, there is one word that will scare him from your path, and that word is SUCCESS. Let woman do anything, and do it better than it was done before, and she achieves a right to the "sphere" of it by queenly possession; and we men straightway bow down and acknowledge ourselves feather-heads and bunglers. In fact, we take a sort of pride in doing it; for though men jostle with each other, and though a single man does not like to own beat by any single woman, yet man collectively feels ennobled when beaten by woman abstractly, for by secret and electric thrills he is made conscious that as she rises he rises, and that as she falls he falls. Hence, when a woman seizes the control of the ship and doubles the cape, hard at the helm with one hand and tending her sick husband with the other, all the men are on their knees to do her homage. When she takes charge of the hospitals, and outwits all the surgeons of the army, her name crosses the ocean back and forth, and the men are never tired of repeating it. Let her produce the best poem of the age, and straightway she goes up among the golden-mouthed, and sits with the Miltons and Spensers. Let her hold the chisel with truer or finer touches, and all the men stop their work to yield applause. Yea, let her make a finer garden or orchard, or make two spears of grass grow where men had made but one, and they would rise up and call her blessed. Only remember she must have her own way of doing things, and that way must always be feminine; but the moment she has done it well, she has achieved her right to do it, and the Ancient and Honorable Public Opinion bows meekly before her, and with eyes as moist as those of a devotee before the Virgin. Indeed, we all of us have had mothers, men though we are, and through this provision we have prodigious innate tendencies to Mariolatry, or Marthaolatry, which comes to the same thing.

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About female education. *Women are better educated than men.* It is time somebody said that, for it is true: we mean in New England. Girls do not go to college; but in the vastly more important substrata of educational appliances called the common-school system, the girls are better educated than the boys. They are a longer time at school, and learn more. And the consequence is, that New England women have a better mental training, a quicker intelligence, and a wider range of reading, than the men. Make the system better, for it should be. Woman should be educated for a more definite object in life, and a wider range of employment, both for health of body and health of mind. But put down to our credit the fact as we state it, and make allowance for masculine stupidity, instead of thinking we have all the privileges, and are always at the head of the class. The truth is, none of us are half educated as yet, and we are only just speering out from the savage state. The whole spiritual nature lies chaotic and wild, and man collectively is not quite sure he has one. The twentieth century will look back upon the nineteenth, and tumble old dictionaries to find what was the significance of "enlightened," and whether it simply meant classifying birds and reptiles, and whizzing in cars, while men tipped tables and "called the alphabet" to see whether there was a spiritual world or not, and while many concluded, on the whole, that the notion might be resolved into electricity or nervous fluid. S.

We are sure that the author of the article on "Egotheism" will allow us, in calling attention to her thoughtful paper, to disclaim for her, as well as for ourselves, all intention, either of sitting in judgment upon the "Examiner," or of engaging in controversy with any one of its contributors. There was simply another side of a matter of vital importance which claimed an exhibition, and the attempt to fill out some statements that seemed inadequate is made with the utmost frankness and friendliness.

One word more. Let not the reader pause hopelessly at the word "Egotheism." Orators, preachers, and writers presume too much upon the wealth of the vocabulary of those to whom they address themselves, and we believe that some who take this journal into their hands will not be offended, but will even be thankful, to be told at the outset, that "Egotheism," being interpreted out of the Greek, means

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"the doctrine of those who deify self"; or, ridding ourselves of Latin as well as of Greek, and getting down to plain Saxon, and giving only the substance of the matter, "making a god of self." Some years ago, when the thing first came about in these parts, one of our most accomplished clergymen preached a discourse on "The New Idolatry,"—"*Worship Him, all ye gods!*" We have had the theory for some time, together with much other perilous stuff, which it makes one sad to think about, and, as might have been expected, the theory is fast putting itself into practice, translating itself into life. Men and women are becoming "a law unto themselves" in a very different way from that of which St. Paul makes mention, and their intellectual vagaries are issuing in lamentable practical immoralities. Reasoning with the idolaters is, we suppose, very important, for foolish and sinful acts have their roots often in foolish thoughts, as well as in perverse affections, and we are glad that reasoners are to be found who can speak with authority to those that have "progressed" beyond common morals; but we are free to depose and say, and put it into print too, that our own method with such would be even shorter than Leslie's Short Method with the Deist,—we should at once put the laws of the land in force for the restraint of all practices which old-fashioned persons regard as immoral, and give those who make a conscience of breaking the laws an opportunity of witnessing for the faith that is in them by submitting to a little wholesome restraint. Prisons, too, are providential. Happily they are still left to us, though to be sure they are often rather agreeable retreats than places of punishment. Well says the Apostle, "Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil." But we must pause, for we find that we are growing truculent, and may incur the charge of having forgotten that, whilst it is one of the functions of government to punish, it is the peculiar function of the Gospel to enlighten and save.

E.

MR. GAGE'S SERMON.

Our brother, we observe, is chronicled by some of the religious journals as having "renounced Unitarianism" and been "converted to Orthodoxy." For the sake of Unitarianism, we hope not. Conversion means turning. If, to enounce a truth so grand and central as the one set forth in the sermon, it be necessary to turn *from* Uni-

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tarianism, we are sorry for it. But is the time never to come when the faithful preacher may stand up in his pulpit unmindful of mere names and untrammelled by party ties, turning to the Master alone till he stands fronting his glorious Divinity, without having it necessary to decide whether he has passed over some contemptible party line?

Doubtless there will be some difference of opinion as to the soundness of our brother's exegesis. On that point let the sermon speak for itself. That he has reached a truth here, and partially unfolded it, in the complete acknowledgment of which the Church thrives and prospers, and in the denial of which she languishes and dies, is plain to us from the whole course of the Christian history. One point he has not touched upon which in our judgment is vitally important. What is his view of Christ as he is *now*, as the eye of faith apprehends him in the glorified state? Is Christ divided still? Has he still the limited and outward nature, to bow before which is superstition and idolatry, or has that cleared away as the mere time-robe of earth, giving Christ to the mind and heart as the manifested God, the unclouded object of adoration and love? And does our brother now see the glorified Saviour as the *fulness of the Godhead bodily*, and present with his Church, and giving it the effluence of the Holy Spirit, and ever walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks? If so, we think he is "converted" to higher verities than the sects have in their keeping, and that as soon as Unitarianism makes room for them, the days of her mourning will be ended, and the hour of her triumph draweth nigh.

S.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

THE poem which here follows was sent anonymously to a bereaved mother. Whether it has ever appeared in print before, we cannot tell. Whether it has or not, we presume we are committing no impropriety in giving it to our readers; and if any of them know to whom it belongs, we will be glad to credit so sweet and heavenly a strain to its author. It reminds us of a fact, a real mother's dream, related to us on the best authority some time ago. A venerable clergyman of Massachusetts had a grandson living in his family, a

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lovely boy of twelve or fourteen summers. The parents lived three thousand miles away. Consumption stole upon the frail boy, and he died. Some time passed, during which the mother, in a foreign land, cherished fondly the memory of her child, for he was a good boy, and everybody that knew him loved him. One morning, on rising, the bereaved mother said to her family, "Grandfather is dead."

"Why, mother! how can you know that, three thousand miles off?"

"My lost boy came into my dream, bright and blooming as life, last night, and said, 'Grandfather is come; O, how glad we are to welcome him!'"

"Only a dream," said her husband; "do not mind it."

"But I *know* it is true, and the next letters will tell you so."

It took the letters a month to cross the Atlantic; but when they came, they announced that grandfather died at just the hour when his welcome was announced.

"A coincidence!" says the reader. Undoubtedly. A great many things *coincide* in the Divine Providence.

S.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

"And I will give him the morning star." — Rev. ii. 28.

Methought once more to my wishful eye
My beautiful boy had come;
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear lost child:
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice, and smiled,
As soon as I called his name.

The garb he wore looked heavenly white
As the feathery snow comes down:
And warm, as it shone in the softened light
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His eye was bright with a joy serene,
His cheek with a deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

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The odor of flowers from the thornless land,
Where we deem that our blest ones are,
Seemed borne in his skirts; and his soft right hand
Was holding a radiant star.

His feet, unshod, looked tender and fair,
As the lily's opening bell,
Half veiled in a cloud of glory, as there
Around him in folds it fell.

I asked him how he was clothed anew, —
Who circled his head with light, —
And whence he returned to meet my view,
So calm and heavenly bright.

I asked him where he had been so long,
Away from his mother's care, —
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, " Sweet mother, the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear:
I touch the harp with a golden string
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

" It was but a gently fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee!
The fearful shadow, in time, called Death,
Hath ministered life to me.

" My voice in an angel choir I lift,
And high are the notes we raise;
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver, who hath our praise.

" 'The bright and the morning star' is he,
Who bringeth eternal day;
And, mother, he giveth himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

" The race is short to a peaceful goal,
And He is never afar,
Who saith of the wise, untiring soul,
'I will give him the morning star.'

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"Thy measure of care for me was filled,
And pure to its crystal top;
For Faith, with a steady eye, distilled
And numbered every drop.

"While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,
I learned the way to a world above:
The home of thy child is there!

"The secret prayers thou didst make for me,
Which only thy God hath known,
Arose, like sweet incense, holy and free,
And gathered around his throne.

"My robe was filled with the perfume sweet,
To shed upon this world's air,
As I joyful knelt, at my Saviour's feet,
For the glorious crown I wear.

"In that bright, blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink:
Behold my feet, as they 've pressed the flowers
That grow by the fountain's brink!

"No thorn is hidden to wound me there:
There 's nothing of chill or blight,
Or sighing to blend with the balmy air,—
No sorrow,—no pain,—no night!"

"No *parting?*" I asked, in a burst of joy:
And the lovely illusion broke;
My rapture had banished my beautiful boy,—
To a shadowy void I spoke!

But, oh! that star of the morn still gleams,
With light to direct my feet,
Where, when I have done with my earthly dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

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RESTORATION OF A MUTILATED HYMN.

We alight upon the original hymn of Rev. A. C. Coxe, one which had been tinkered and half spoiled for some of the current compilations; and as some of our readers have probably never seen it, we think we do them a service in giving it entire; and we are glad, too, to have our pages glow with a strain of devotion so warm and tender. Think of it! a line so brimful of Divine truth as this, "Thou Holy Child, thou Light of light," changed into "So pure, *so made to live in light"!* for so it is in one of the collections. But we give the hymn entire.

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

"When o'er Judæa's vales and hills,
Or by her olive-shaded rills,
The weary footsteps went of old,
Or marked the lulling waters bold,
How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine, —
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!

"O who like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Holy Child, thou Light of light!
O who, like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!
O who, like thee, so humbly bore
The scorns, the scoffs of men before!
So meek, so lovely, yet so high,
So glorious in humanity!

"The morning saw thee, like the day,
Forth on thy light-bestowing way:
And evening, in her holy hues,
Shed down her sweet baptismal dews,
When bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

"The hour when princes sought their rest
Beheld thee still no chamber's guest;
But when the chilly night hung round,
And man from thee sweet slumber found,

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Thy wearied footsteps sought, alone,
The mountain to thy sorrows known,
And darkness heard thy patient prayer,
Or hid thee, in the prowler's lair.

"And all thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross where all our sins were laid
Upon thy bending shoulders weighed;
And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scorn and scoff to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy lifeblood flowed.

"O wondrous Lord! my soul would be
Still more and more confirmed to thee,
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these severed veins within,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee all my journey run,
Above the world and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

"O, in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever, on thy word,
To trace thy footsteps, O my God!
My passions lull, my spirit calm,
And make this lion heart a lamb;
And give me, all my life, to be
And sacrifice to love and thee!"

FALLING STARS.

THE newspapers tell a clever story to the following effect. Some scientific star-gazer had got out his telescope one clear evening, and planted it at the corner of one of the streets of the city, and was taking a look at the heavens. Two of the watch came that way, both of them sons of Erin. "What can the man be doing?" said Michael to Patrick. "Indade," said Patrick, "he seems to be taking aim at the stars." Just then a star shot down the heavens with a long trail of quivering fire. "Faith he's hit one," said Michael, with big eyes;

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and, coming up to the astronomer with a tone of authority, "Jist stop that game, if you plase; we 've got no more stars than we want, and if you are after shooting them down, the city will be left in darkness entirely."

It was a very natural mistake, and wiser heads than Michael's are apt to fall into it. Every sect has its telescope speering into the theological heavens, besides numerous individuals who look through their own private glasses. And it is curious that, when some star falls, each one is very apt to think *he* shot it down. He watches to see Lucifer fall like lightning, and he really supposes there is a natural connection between that and the poise of his spy-glass. In Unitarian conventions you shall hear what wonders *we* are doing in liberalizing Orthodoxy, and making its old dogmas fall away into obscurity. In Orthodox circles you shall hear how Unitarianism is dying out, and falling like Lucifer into a pale and vanishing thread of luminosity, because they shot at it with their telescopes. All the while the atmosphere is getting cleared of its wandering meteors, and the great primal truths are coming out above in their serene eternal blaze, tipping all the mountains and trees with silver, and covering the landscapes with soft surges; and whether the theologians poke up their telescopes or not,

> "The happy swains, rejoicing at the sight,
> Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

S.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

We do not know who favored us with the dramatic piece which appeared under this title in our last issue. We culled it out as a precious gem from a mass of papers handed over to us, and we hope we are to have the remainder of what opens to us with so much delicate and touching beauty.

*** Our friends amongst the publishers must wait as patiently as they can for some six pages of Book Notices, which, although in type, are necessarily reserved. They must remain ignorant, for yet another month, of all the kind things which we have written of themselves, and of those whose thoughts they present to the great world of readers.

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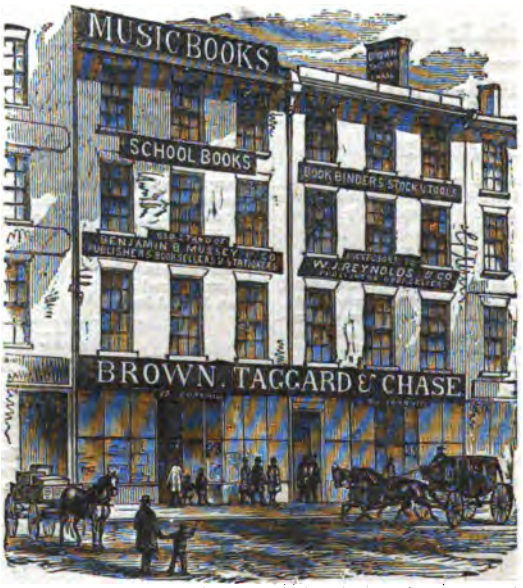

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Reminiscence and Remains, by Rev. E. H. Sears	217
The Homes of our Fathers, by S. G. B.	223
Middle Life, by Rev. J. F. W. Ware	225
Home Music, by M. W.	234
Principles Practical. A Sermon by Rev. Thomas Hill	236
Constant Dependence on God, by M. W.	241
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. V. By E. P. P.	242
God, the Divine Man, by Rev. E. M. Wheelock	249
The Previous Question, by Rev. T. T. Stone	257
Editors' Random Readings.	
Response to the New York Christian Inquirer, by E. H. S.	266
Response to the Christian Register, by E. H. S.	269
Defining One's Position	271
"A First-Class House, furnished with all the Modern Improvements," by R. E.	274
Another Hymn restored, — Hypothetically, by E. H. S.	279
Dr. Coxe's Hymn	279
Notices of Books	281

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THE

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REMINISCENCE AND REMAINS.

WHAT a mystery is infancy! We persuade ourselves at first that it is a mere animated piece of flesh, made up only of sense; but every true parent knows that, when the little being comes into the family, the family itself is ensphered in a new influence, and that tenderness, guilelessness, and celestial peace breathe around like airs that are fresh from Paradise. But infancy gradually develops into childhood and youth; the charm of innocence passes away, and is succeeded by stubbornness, combativeness, and untruthfulness, as if a dream of heaven had come and gone too soon.

Plato, in his doctrine of Reminiscence, has endeavored to divine the mysteries of our primal being. He says that all the knowledge we get through the senses is nothing more than the recollection of something we had previously known and forgotten. The material world is only the copy of an ideal one. Ideas existed eternally in some antecedent state, but finally became impressed upon gross matter; and so all sensuous things are the prints and representations, on a lower tablet, of the knowledge of a higher realm of being. In

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that higher realm, or ideal world, all souls existed, and were possessed of its knowledges before they descended into this, so that our birth is only "a sleep and a forgetting." The soul comes here to be put into the swathings of matter, and be locked in sense. But as the mind of infancy opens to the things of the material world, it recognizes, one by one, the prints and copies of the antecedent or ideal state. It starts at every new idea that comes in through the senses, as if recollecting itself and saying, "Where have I seen this before?" As material images, one after another, pass before the eye and unfold their meaning, they only wake up in the soul the knowledge which had been obliterated by birth and incarnation, just as a man who walks through a gallery hung round with the portraits of friends who had passed away and were forgotten, finds the old familiar faces coming back to his memory in all their freshness and glow.*

Such seems to have been Plato's doctrine of Reminiscence, though it is doubted by some, and by Coleridge among others, whether it is to be taken in this literal way. Did he really mean that the soul had a personal pre-existence? or did he only mean that the *ideas* pre-existed, and that they are all impressed on the soul at its birth, and there sleep in our unconscious infancy, until the material images that represent them wake them into life and make them flash through the consciousness? Did he really mean anything more than Wordsworth, who interprets him, has expressed in his immortal Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood? We come into this world by birth, says the poet, trailing clouds of glory from God, who was our former home. As infancy ripens into youth, and youth into manhood, we travel from the east, and the splendid vision of an antecedent state grows more dim, till the man sees it fade into the light of common day. Nevertheless, we do not lose all tidings of the pre-existent realm. In moments

* See Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy, Vol. II. pp. 305 - 310.

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of calm reflection we hear voices that come down to us from it, and catch gleams of its mystic outlines,—just as some pilgrim who dwells far inland can, in seasons of calm weather, get bright glimpses of the blue sea that wafted him thither, and hear the dream-like murmurs of its ever-rolling waves.* .

All this is but a dim shadowing of the doctrine of Remains, which Swedenborg's system of interpretation brings out from the pages of the Bible with wonderful consistency and clearness, and makes one of the most vital and practical truths of the Christian faith.

All experience and observation compel us to believe in man's innate depravity; but, as sometimes stated, the dogma becomes fearfully black and revolting. Swedenborg brings it forth in this shape:— All men are born full of hereditary evil, but the evil during infancy is held quiescent and still. It sleeps, and during its quiescence the highest angels can draw near. They are brought into the closest affinity with infancy, and all states of innocence, peace, and unsullied love are wrought unconsciously within it. These are what beam from its features, and shape its cherubic form, and pour their music into its glee. And these impressions are never lost. More tenderly are they guarded by the Divine Provi-

* "To the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, the poet might have prefixed the lines which Dante addresses to one of his own Canzoni,—

'O lyric song! there will be few, think I,
Who may thy import understand aright:
Thou art for *them* so arduous and so high!'

But the Ode was intended for such readers only as had been accustomed to watch the flux and reflux of their inmost nature, to venture at times into the twilight realms of consciousness, and to feel a deep interest in modes of inmost being to which they know that the attributes of time and space are inapplicable and alien, but which yet cannot be conveyed save in symbols of time and space. For such readers the sense is sufficiently plain, and they will be as little disposed to charge Mr. Wordsworth with believing the Platonic pre-existence, in the ordinary interpretation of the words, as I am to believe that Plato himself ever meant or taught it."— *Coleridge.*

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dence than the apple of the eye. They are caught inward, and still preserved, even when the vices of childhood appear. With the religious instruction which comes from parents and teachers, they are stored up within. They seem to fade out and disappear like a slowly receding star, but they *remain*, though deep under the veilings of consciousness, to be used by the Lord at some future day. So it is that infancy, instead of being smitten by a curse, or looked upon, as Calvin has somewhere said, as snakes or vipers, is folded in the most secret bosom of the Divine tenderness.

Mrs. Browning discerns this truth almost with prophetic inspiration, for the simple reason that her genius is so intensely womanly that it brings her into angelic communication with infancy. The child asleep is "lifted up and separated," and placed in cloistral sanctities beyond the reach of earth.

"We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee were the clouds away;
'T is the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent seeming clay; —
Singing! Stars that seem the mutest go in music all the way.

"As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapor,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

"Shapes of brightness overlean thee,
With their diadems of youth
On the ringlets which half screen thee,
While thou smilest, — not, in sooth,
Thy smile, but the over-fair one dropped from some ethereal mouth.

"Haply it is angels' duty
During slumber, shade by shade,
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring its praises, or the tomb shall see it fade.

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"Softly, softly! make no noises!
Now he lieth dead and dumb,—
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room,—
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as they come."

But, alas! the innate depravity comes forth at last. The Remains recede, become more and more dim, and finally seem to have melted entirely away. Temptation, sin, hardness of heart, worldliness, selfishness in all its forms, succeed, and the angels that were "ringing round us," with saddened faces retire. By and by comes the work of repentance. And how does it proceed? Simply according to Plato's doctrine of Reminiscence. The primal states of innocence, tenderness, and unsullied love, hidden away within us by a watchful Providence, are now revived. The star that had melted away into the darkness reappears, and the light streams down on the desert with a steady ray. But not now as before. Now we follow it voluntarily; before, we were passive under it. Now we render a conscious and active obedience; we try to make these revived states of tenderness, docility, and childlike trust and love, permanent frames of mind, through self-consecration and prayer. No sinner is ever converted without this Reminiscence. His heart is hard until the first prints of angels on his soul come out anew, and then its strings of steel become soft as the sinews of babes.

Dr. Tuckerman, in one of his Reports made when Minister at Large, narrates the case of a criminal under sentence of death, who had stoutly resisted every appeal to his better nature, and was going to his doom cursing his Maker and his kind. The Doctor found admittance to his cell. The hardened man braced himself up in sullen defiance. The Doctor pronounced to him the magic name of mother, and that carried him away back to the primitive innocence, and all its impressions started out in his soul; and he sobbed like a broken-hearted child, and kneeled down with the good man

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and cried for pardon. Even so it is that all genuine repentance comes. The fear of hell can only keep us in external order, and make us walk grim and sullen at that. Godly sorrow is something far different. It is the stirring up of Remains as the Spirit of God flows into them and revives them, and then the celestial handwriting which the highest angels left on our souls in our infant state comes out again. The docility, trust, tenderness, guilelessness of our first years, distilling their influence over the soul with the softness of the early rain, are all brought back, and the Christian becomes once more like the little child; yea, resigns himself with infantile sweetness into the arms of God. Unless these primal impressions were carefully preserved, and stored up within us, Swedenborg says man would become a savage or a brute, and incapable of regeneration. But as it is, the tender voices that come down from a far-off past strike the key-note of his nature, and seem sometimes like the remembered melodies of a pre-existent world.

Hence it is that old men who are regenerating are always brought into tender sympathy with their early years. The intervening period may grow dim, but the primal period revives like a reappearing star. All its scenery becomes fresh again. The brook where the boy plashed and played, the old apple-tree under which he lay down to dream his waking dreams, the old oaken bucket out of which he quaffed, the old Bible on the stand, the green fields where sparkled his naked feet, and even the old cradle that rocked to a mother's lullabies, grow more distinct as all other memories grow dim.

"I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
They breathe a second spring."

There is one very practical lesson which we must bring out, as we close our exposition of this subject. Complaints

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of discouragement and want of success have become so common among parents and teachers, that they have grown into a sort of cant. There is really no such thing as failure in the good impressions made on infancy and childhood. The immediate results may not be perceptible, but the Lord's providence takes good care that the impressions shall not be lost. Even if the child becomes vicious, they are caught inward and preserved to every jot and tittle, and kept as a fund of truth and goodness to be used afterward. The parent and the teacher are false to their trust if they do not lay up these heavenly treasures in the mind of childhood; but when they are assiduous in doing this, whether by precept or example, they may be assured that no fingers of time can ever efface their work, and that they are co-laborers with the highest angels of the Lord.

S.

THE HOMES OF OUR FATHERS.

SUGGESTED BY MRS. HEMANS'S "HOMES OF ENGLAND."

THE distant homes of England!
How bright to fancy's eyes,
Across the wide Atlantic main,
Their varied scenes arise!
The white cliffs gleaming o'er the seas,
The hills of fadeless green,
The cultured fields, the tall old trees,
With moss-clad fanes between.

The lordly towers of England!
Their pavements have been trod
By those whose warm and noble hearts
Were true to man and God;—
Where Surrey, Raleigh, Sidney, moved
In manly strength and pride,
Where Russell's generous spirit loved
The truth for which he died.

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The classic shades of England!
Where Shakespeare wandered wild
Through Avon's memory-haunted woods,
A tameless forest child;
Where Florimel's and Arthur's praise
The lyre of Spenser gave,
And beamed upon young Milton's gaze
Sabrina's coral cave.

The antique schools of England!
Where hoary learning dwelt,
Where once, at Nature's awful shrine,
Great Newton's genius knelt:
O, many a ray those founts have given
To these far Western plains,
And from our churches rise to heaven
Old England's hallowed strains.

The palaces of England!
Where lion-hearted kings
Have dwelt, whose names are handed down
With earth's most glorious things.
We envy not those gorgeous towers,
Content to bend alone
Where the primeval shade embowers
Our Maker's mountain throne!

The stately homes of England!
May peace those halls possess, —
A loved and loving peasantry
Each noble mansion bless!
A continent from sea to sea
Is ours, in youthful bloom;
Well may we spare the blazonry
On glory's mouldering tomb!

The merry homes of England!
Long, long may joy be there,

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And true and gallant be her sons,
  Her daughters good and fair!
Land of our fathers! health and love
  To thy bold race and thee;
And we, — true scions may we prove
  Of the old British tree!

S. G. B.

MIDDLE LIFE.

There is a period in the life of man which seems scarcely to receive its due share of attention, either in private thought or public exhortation. We speak of the young, and of youth as leading to age; we speak of the old, and of age as the result of youth. We think of life in its extremes, and pass too heedlessly by that broad middle ground which stretches between the two, upon which the actual struggle of existence is waged, — that middle ground into which youth insensibly runs, while itself insensibly shades off into age. I do not mean to say that we do not use the words manhood and man, but they are to us abstract terms, that arrest very little attention. I do not think we have a definite idea of a distinct season of responsibility and work, bounded by youth on the one hand and age on the other, — a season to the individual and society at large of more moment than both the others. Youth is the planting season, age the harvest, but middle life the summer of culture, through whose fostering energy and care those early seeds ripen toward the harvesting, — through whose neglect the tares spring up and choke the best seeds and the fairest promise. Youth is preparation, age repose, but middle life is work; youth is enjoyment, age reward, but middle life is care; youth hopes, age reflects, but middle life accomplishes; youth is buoyant, age timid, but middle life is brave; youth is promise, age is memory, but middle life is performance. It is the season which detects

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and separates the seeming from the being, — the season of realities, dwelling in no dream-land of the future or the past, but in the plain, prosaic, dusty way of the actual *now*. Experience, disappointment, discipline, chasten the exuberance of earlier years, sober enthusiasm, and unmask the wiles and lures and shams with which the world is full, while they teach a just self-confidence and inspire a better courage. The young look at middle life as the unwelcome check upon their waywardness, and, when it warns or reproves, upbraid it for having forgotten its own youth, while that is true of it which Southey said in his reply to Charlotte Bronté, "It is not because I have forgotten that I was once young, but because I remember it"; the old, in its sturdy manliness and onward stride, and the removal of the landmarks of the fathers, detect the pale omens of disaster, while yet it is the safety of youth, the security of age, the never-flagging ministrant to the best good of both. It is the true conservative element. All wisdom is not intrusted to beardless boys, or to gray hairs, let these each think as they may. Subtract to-day this mid-life element, and society and religion and philanthropy and trade would perish. The world is upborne by the shoulders and the brains and the hearts of middle life; — and thus it is, as it were, a separate institution or estate, with separate place and function, to be looked at and thought of by itself, to be guided by its own laws, and kept to its peculiar duties, and both from those who are in it and those who are tending toward it should receive serious and proper thought.

It is perhaps not without some shade of sadness that one comes to rank himself in middle life. Slowly it dawns upon him, reluctantly he admits it. It is no sense of growing old that teaches him, no flagging of the powers or the spirits, not even the taunt of that opprobrious epithet now-a-days flippantly flung at middle life, — for the "*fogy*" is not the old, but the middle-aged man; but one finds that, with the fuller flesh, and firmer muscle, and stronger tread, and truer poise of his faculties, — while yet his sympathies are all young

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and fresh, while yet he waits to follow where the older and wiser lead, — the world about him waits and looks to him, pushes him forward where he hesitates, until he discovers, that, no longer looked upon as young, he must take his place in the toiling and exposed van, and hew the way in which other steps shall tread. I do not think it is pleasant to give up one's place among the young; for let young men and women say and think as they may, those of us who are just upon the borders of this new period — and I believe those who are further on — are no way forgetful of our youth, and but for outside reminders should not discover that we are not young. The position, however, is one that time and God assign us, not to be murmured at or refused, not to sigh over or neglect, but to be taken cheerfully as a trust, and to be made a blessing to ourselves and others. Middle life is not the dark and tasteless drudgery many call, and some make it. I know how dark the eclipse that has come upon some meridian suns, and how chill and drear the way seems under its shadow; but I know that the love God bears us is never in eclipse, that no path is so lone and gloomy but his better sunlight rests upon it. I know the varied sadnesses which have made the noon seem as the night. The burden may press wearily and the cross weigh heavily, still the man, the woman, the married and the unmarried, who carry into middle life a serene faith and an unselfish spirit, — things to be attained now by those that are young, — cannot but find a vocation and a sphere that shall make of it a season of holiest and best results, — results blessing and to bless. I have a word to say of middle life in two or three of its conditions and connections taken from among many, and I could wish that they might arrest the attention and be for the instruction of the young, quite as much as those to whom they may seem more specially addressed.

1. *Of Middle Life in its Character.* — The character of middle life is the character of the man. It is that by which he is known, that by which he makes his mark, that by which

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he does his good or evil; it is the character he carries with him into age and into the dread presence of his Maker. It is a mistake to suppose that the young man of necessity takes his character through life, and the theory that there is but little hope of one after thirty has done much toward crippling the energies of those whose desire of reform has faltered under the idea that it is too late. The same years that show the most marked change in one's outward conditions and appearance bear witness to the gravest changes within, and the severe self-scrutiny and rigid self-control of middle life may change — have changed — the whole man, and should be working this change upon all of us. We do not bring a perfected manhood out of our youth. We have not with us discretion, virtue, faith. The best of us have but the tender shoots of promise to show. Life as it lies before us and around us, with its trials and demands, is for the development of the best manliness, and even unthinking men expect that as the years go on we shall put on ripeness. Middle life makes for us what God himself could not give. The bright visions of youth are past. Sorrows, disappointments, griefs, have overtaken us, and we are made to see how solemn and how real a thing it is to live, — how vain and weak and ignorant is the unsupported soul of man. Amid trials and toils, the attendant witnesses of a Father's discipline and oversight, amid defeats which each day testify to our insufficient principle, our advancing years lead us. Shall all this pass us as the breeze passes the wheat-field, leaving it standing and smiling as before? Shall we not have gained some steadiness, some stateliness of character, some other reverence than for ourselves, some other dependence? Shall the old frivolity still cleave to us, — the garb of childhood on the frame of man, — the old love and pursuit of pleasure, — the old, often vanquished, self-confidence? Shall we be growing into years with all the frippery of childhood lingering about our hearts, our manners, our hopes, our attainments? Not so. Middle life is for better things; for the

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casting off of the childish and unworthy, and the putting on of the whole man, — even of the man after Christ. Saddest of all sad sights is it to see the probation of a human soul wearing toward its noon, while no deepening tinge to character proc'aims the ripening within, while all things say how closely and wilfully still it clings to its grosser and meaner delights. There may be success and wealth and honor and satisfaction; the whole outward man may betray the easy content with which life is borne; but the soul that God made has no right to rust away amid such surfeiting. It cannot so waste his mercies and his disciplines. The deepening shades which each day adds to life, shall they add nothing to the seriousness, the stability of character? Our own experiences, the trials and troubles of others, the changes about us and within us, — God's teachings in nature and providence, — shall they be written as on water, and the soul only the more sodden in its short-sighted selfishness? He is missing much who allows it to be so, — missing a knowledge of himself, missing acquaintance with God, missing a worthy life, a serene age, a happy future. Life, age, the future, hinge on this middle life. The same touch of time that stiffens the bones and makes rigid the sinews, takes the elastic spirit out of the inner man, and age creeps over him in just that moral attitude in which middle life leaves him. Old age is not of necessity beautiful. All do not know the secret of the art of growing old gracefully. It is an art which middle life works at and perfects. The secret lies back there. Serene and waiting and beloved age is the result of honorable and virtuous middle life; and age, querulous, exacting, burdensome to itself and others, is the product of selfish, frivolous middle life. Whichever way we look at it, whether under a temporal or a spiritual aspect, whether as regards ourselves or others, we need to turn the energies of middle life to the establishing of such a character as shall make us profitable in the world now, give us peace in age, and joy in ages to come.

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2. *Of Middle Life in its Influence.*—The influence of middle life grows directly from its character. It cannot be otherwise than that. Occupying the fore-front in the struggle, it must be that many eyes are turned toward it, and many actions determined by it. The young say a great deal against the middle-aged, and set themselves many ways in opposition; but after all they are guided, influenced, by middle life more than they know, in some things more than is for their good. The most potent implement of evil to the young of a community is a middle-aged man or woman, who has all the advantage which time and practice give to cunning, who knows how to soothe conscience and quiet fear, and when to ridicule, and how to make the worse appear the better. One such man or woman is enough to contaminate a neighborhood. Such is the potency of middle life on the side of evil. On the side of good, its conduct, its word, its act, its unconscious as its exerted influence, are mighty, and though men think they do nothing so, yet God keeps count of great things thus established. And I believe, this side himself and the ministry of his Son, there is no so potent ministry as that of a well-ordered, chastened, religious middle life, in which the virtues are trained to know their place and duty. There are influences that seem to have a mightier sweep and sway, as the wrath and havoc of the tempest seem more mighty than the steady fervor of the noon. But the meridian sun restores, by its silent, unintermitted presence, what the other disturbed; and the genial and ripened graces of middle life, perpetually present and perpetually acting, sink into the deep places of men's thought and love, and reproduce themselves. Think of the lovely characters you have known adorning middle life; recall the blessing they have often been to the parched thirst of your own soul. Think of those who have gone from us in the full power of their influence, leaving such legacies to the heart and to the world that they seem to have lived out a good old age, — perpetually surprising us as we remember that they had not lived long,

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but well. They had learned the true art of life, to crowd its narrow span

"With wise designs and virtuous deeds";

and so, though little time was theirs, they had made it yield what length of years alone never does. Is not middle life an influence, and, nobly trained in us, may it not be as one of the great means by which God will bring in his rule among men?

I doubt if those of middle life think seriously enough of this influence, especially of that which is exerted inevitably and unconsciously. I do not believe in doing anything for the sake of example, nor would I give any quarter to that indolent self-indulgence which seeks to palliate and excuse its errors by pointing to the like in another. Still, each man ought to have some thought as to the character of the influence he exerts, and regulate his conduct and his speech with a wise caution that no just censure may lie against him for contaminating the inexperience of youth.

3. *Middle Life in the Home.* — The early romance of love has died away long ago. The bride is the wife and mother, and she who dreamed her pathway was all roses has learned that to us, mortals, there is no rose without its thorn. The lover has become the husband and the father, and the husband and the father — shall we say it? — has become the absorbed, home-forgetting man of business. Middle life has a tale — O, how different from what love fancied! Care and toil have come, and they have drawn sharp, deep lines; but sharper, deeper, those that selfishness and neglect and exacting have graved. The home of middle life, — that which might realize the idea of Paradise, — it looks, too often, faded, and sad, and cursed, as did Eden when Eve's guilty step had left it empty. The place where sober experience meets in love the untutored enthusiasm of youth, where youth flings wide its affections susceptible to the best impressions, alas! how are its opportunities and capabilities sacrificed to grosser,

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lesser demands, which make of the middle-aged mother a care-worn domestic drudge, or a pleasure-chasing woman, and the middle-aged father a mere business or professional hack. A home with growing children in it, with all their varying character and various interests to draw out and fix our sympathy, where is the wife we swore to cherish, the husband we vowed to cleave to unto death, — is it right to set it aside for other and lower loves? is it right to live with these as if they were strangers within our gates, knowing their faces and their dresses, and the cost to our pockets, but knowing nothing of the inner life of heart and soul? No; no; — we have strayed widely from our duty. To the middle-aged God intrusted his best earthly privilege, the shaping and building of the home. It is in their power, and it is their duty, to develop to the full its capabilities and its sanctities. The young cannot do this. They want experience; they want strength. They start in a delusion, and they need the waking which only time can give, — a waking which shows them a reality where they had held a vision, which, if they are wise and patient, shall by and by bring them into a union truer than they dreamed. The aged cannot do it. Children have left the hearth, and they are weary with the strife, and demand repose. Only they who are in life's summer can; and they are throwing away the responsibility and the opportunity, making of home a weary care or a mere convenience, repressing its affections, repelling its blessings, seeing only its outmost gift. Can we wonder at the swift moral deterioration which is coming over our generation, confined not now to large and sinful cities, but tracking its loathsome way into the homes that nestle by the wayside, and among the hills? This great American civilization is purchased at a fearful price, if it is to go on depriving us of the true homes of middle life, which are the safeguards of the generations and the conservators of the people.

I have no Quixotic idea that all this evil of this generation

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can be removed at once, but I have no idea that it must be tamely submitted to. Let any man of middle life — for the trouble about our homes comes primarily and mainly from the men — say to himself, "I will make this point, — I will get and give time and thought to my home: my gold is costing me too much"; — and the evil will be removed. Public opinion is the intensified opinion of a single man; it never failed in what it undertook; — and what is there here to prevent the same success, if earnestly, heartily, patiently entered into? The example of a single man in a community is invaluable, illimitable; and the evil is so enormous and so immediate, that every man is interested in setting it. Unless the men of middle life rally to protect the hearthstone, we shall lose that brightest jewel, — Home.

I believe in the pressing and imperative and peculiar duties of middle life. I believe in the dignity of its toil and the beauty of its result, and I cannot understand how any man can have uttered a sentiment like this, which I find in Keble's Christian Year: —

> "Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
> And sweet the old man's rest;
> But middle age by no fond wile,
> No soothing care, is blest."

That is a most unlovely picture, and, thank God! it is not true. If there are no fond wiles, no blessed, soothing cares, the fault is with the individual, not with the period in his life. The age that needs these most, yields them most freely to him who has earned them. Our friendships, our daily intercourse with men, our homes, yield in fullest measure all we may rightly ask. Neither youth nor age is so blessed with substantial joys, nor has either such capacity for enjoying. You may call the occupants of the middle ground of life care-worn and faded and uninteresting, and you may lavish on youthful loveliness and enthusiasm all your admiration; but better, braver, more to be admired, is the spirit of middle life that unselfishly accepts its duty amid the

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dust and toil, that goes serenely forward, buoyed by no ignorant enthusiasm, but with a sober sense of difficulty and of trial, leaning not upon itself, but trusting well in God. It may not fill your eye with any exquisite exterior, — it may not thrill your heart with any great or sudden doing, but the angels, who look deeper, may see under all the outward array of privation, opposition, pain, a beauty growing fit for transplanting into heavenly gardens. Plain and dull and hard and matter-of-fact may be the doing of middle life, but it is the best doing for the individual and the race, from which none should shrink, which none but the unwise could ridicule or condemn.

Friends of the middle life! It is ours to take and hold the field for God. Graciously he gives to us the name and the privilege and the post of laborers. The stern task of life is upon us, better than the dream of youth or the repose of age. Our sun nears or has passed its meridian. It is the summer season of toil. The young are to be guided, moulded by our character and influence and in our homes; and by our guardian care it is to be that the old shall repose in peace and hope. Let us feel the honor, and accept the duty, and do it all, without haste and without rest, and God guide us and preserve us!

J. F. W. W.

HOME MUSIC.

It seems to me that there are few things more calculated to harmonize the household than the habit among its members of what may be termed *spontaneous singing*. I know that this practice is in bad repute with some connoisseurs in music, as having a tendency to injure the voice for more elaborate performances. When we consider, however, the small number of those who care to excel as performers, com-

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pared with those who dearly love music, and are able to sing at least tolerably well, it seems an objection which may be easily waived, as of no serious importance. Certainly, the chief value of music is the attraction it gives to home, and the pleasure it affords to the dearest friends; especially in the country, where the domestic fireside, with its peculiar joys, during many months of the year not only holds a place paramount, by far, to any other, but is to some almost the only scene of enjoyment.

Music, though often, alas! profaned by an alliance with revelry and unhallowed pleasure, is not the natural, nor does it seem possible to make it even the *forced* language of anger, sullenness, or malice in any form. It has power to melt the stubborn heart and to calm the disordered temper. It wells up spontaneously from the devout soul, and perhaps as often from the chastened, but trusting, as from the glad spirit. It beguiles the weary task. It animates the sluggish motion. United with some hymn of devout aspiration, it lifts the soul to God, and is itself true prayer. The unpremeditated, bird-like song, passing from lip to lip and from heart to heart, caught up by parent and child, husband and wife, brother and sister, how dear it is! It might not please the scientific ear; but it is heart-music, and it binds and fuses together those from whom it springs, and sheds an odor of love throughout the dwelling. It ushers in the daily task with cheerfulness, and sends the weary to rest at night with the blessing of peace on their eyelids; and through the varied scenes of the day the frequent strains of sacred harmony, like ejaculatory prayer, keep the spirit of the child within the felt presence of the Heavenly Father, and give a foretaste of that blessed time, when, as the Christian humbly hopes, his voice will blend with those of the angels in the diviner harmonies of heaven.

M. W.

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PRINCIPLES PRACTICAL.

A SERMON BY REV. THOMAS HILL.

1 Cor. xiv. 26: — "Let all things be done unto edifying."

In these words the Apostle implies that nothing is of value, nothing is useful, unless it can be used, or applied to practice: the practical is alone valuable. "Let all things be done unto edifying," says he; and again, "Forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church." Those who accept this doctrine of the Apostle, and make it their distinctive opinion that usefulness is the highest aim of man, and the only test of the value of knowledge and art, are called sometimes utilitarians, sometimes practical men. But the admission of one truth into the mind is not always sufficient to give wisdom, and this doctrine, that all things are to be done unto edifying, is very often misunderstood and misapplied by those who accept its truth. It has, in all ages, been said that Paul's writings contain things likely to be wrested to the destruction of the reader; and I believe this doctrine of the supreme importance of the practical may be thus wrested. Let all things be done unto edifying. But what is edifying? What is of practical value? What do we mean by use?

The answer to these inquiries will vary according to the views taken of the ends of life. For all will concede that by *practical*, or *edifying*, we mean that which is useful, and by useful we mean that which will help us attain our ends. According to the ends which we have in view, so will our estimates of the useful or practical differ. The man whose thoughts are habitually confined to material interests will consider nothing practical unless it can be used for mechanical, agricultural, commercial, or pecuniary purposes. The arts of life, the handicrafts and trades of men, are, to such a one, the real things of life; and he understands by edifying,

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only that which will build up his fortune or which will strengthen his natural body.

Other men may have chosen some profession, some study, or some art, and have become so much attached to it, that its interests are the most prominent in their view, and the idea of utility will be to them connected with these chosen ends. To the physician, the lawyer, or the clergyman, those things appear useful which help them in understanding their duties, or which throw light on the special subjects of their study. To the teacher, that is useful or practical which enables him to teach more effectively, and to exert a more potent influence over his pupil's character. To the artist, that is useful which gives him a clearer understanding of the principles of his art, and enables him to express, by his picture, his statue, his melody, or his verse, the emotions which he feels.

But what does the Apostle mean by *edifying?* What is it which all men should acknowledge to be practical, valuable, useful? What is the Apostle's view of the end and aim of life? He tells the Corinthians, that he desires their perfection; he exhorts them to be reconciled to God; he exhorts other converts to be imitators of God as dear children. And when he says, Let all things be done unto edifying, I doubt not that he means unto spiritual edifying, — Let all things be done unto the building up of yourselves as perfect men in Christ Jesus.

To all men, of whatever calling in life, there is one end above all other ends. Our relations to God are our highest relations, and our duty to Him is supreme duty, demanding of us to cut off the right hand sooner than to fail in performing it. The highest end of life is, therefore, to be reconciled to God, to bring our own will into sweet consent with God's will, to bring the heart into unison with God's holiness, to lift the mind up to the height where it shall be cheerfully guided by God's wisdom. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God"; and there is no aim in life so high, none so

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worthy of being kept constantly in view, as this, that we be imitators of God as dear children.

To the Christian in whom this holy purpose is formed, there will be no other meaning of the words *practical*, *edifying*, and *useful*, worthy of consideration in comparison with that meaning which refers to the attainment of this spiritual end. Nothing is useful to the Christian which does not, directly or indirectly, tend to spiritual growth, — to edification in the sense of building up the Christian character, in himself or in others. To the Christian these spiritual ends are so much more important than all other ends, that he habitually has them in mind; and that fact modifies and controls the tone of his thought, and determines the estimate which he puts upon all words and upon all things.

There is frequently a demand made upon the teachers and the superintendents of common schools, that they should give to our children practical knowledge. A distinction is continually drawn between mere theoretical, or book knowledge, and practical information. We are asked to give the child such knowledge as will be useful, such as it can at once apply to the daily business of life. If the pupils of our schools fail, in any degree, of being able to solve instantaneously such questions of number, weight, and measure as occur in the ordinary business of life, it is often inferred that the teaching they have received has not been practical, that the knowledge they may have acquired is not useful knowledge. But what is useful knowledge, what is practical teaching, for a people who hold that faith in Jesus Christ, love to Almighty God, and charity towards our fellow-men, are the only intellectual and spiritual attainments which shall have an eternal and ever-increasing value? To be able to solve readily the ordinary questions of business, is of great value, if we judge the whole by merely a worldly eye. But so soon as we take a wider view of books and things as they really are, and look at the world with a Christian's eye, then this so-called practical knowledge becomes, at best, of the slightest use.

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What, then, is practical knowledge, in the true Christian sense? I answer, the knowledge of principles, — the knowledge of principles, whereby I can gain a clearer understanding of the laws of the material world, a clearer perception of the infinite wisdom of Him who made all things in number, weight, and measure; that is practical and valuable, because it edifies, enlarges, and strengthens my soul, and lifts it toward the Infinite Wisdom. I answer again, the knowledge of principles, — whereby I can understand more fully the development of human thought and action, see the interdependence of events, trace the purposes of God in the course of his providence, and learn to trust and to adore his guiding hand; that is useful knowledge, practically helping me in attaining the great end of my life. I answer again, practical information is that which gives me principles whereby I can understand better the workings of my own soul, see more clearly my relations to the Infinite Spirit, and feel more deeply the infinite love in which He has made all things work together for good towards them that love Him.

I answer again, practical knowledge consists in a perception of those high truths and principles which lift the heart above the sphere of passion and of prejudice, purify and hallow the affections, and supply the will with those motives of immeasurable weight by which it is brought to consecrate itself with unalterable purpose to the service of God.

In short, the most purely and highly theoretical is the most truly practical; while the merely practical, in the ordinary sense of the word, is the most nearly useless in the truest sense of the word. The knowledge of details does not imply a knowledge of principles, but the thorough knowledge of principles gives at once the capacity to understand all details. A child who is simply taught that it must not do this, and must not do that, may be thoroughly instructed in all the details of its routine of daily duty, and yet be utterly lacking in the knowledge of Christian principles, and in the gifts of a Christian heart. But, on the contrary, a

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careful instruction in the spiritual meaning of the ten commandments, a devout infusion of the great principles of Christian morality into the child's heart, will enable him to dispense with all special instructions as to conduct, will make him a law unto himself; and a holy, righteous, and beneficent life will flow out from his heart, as naturally and inevitably as the flowers and fruit will appear upon a healthy, vigorous tree planted by the river-side.

Wherefore, I would commend to you, brethren, a cordial obedience to the Apostle's precept, "Let all things be done unto edifying." Whatever else we seek for ourselves or for our children, let us above all things seek the clearest knowledge of the great principles or fundamental thoughts on which God governs the world and men that dwell therein; — knowing that this is the knowledge which will be most likely to give us a clearer apprehension of his infinite wisdom, a deeper sense of his infinite love, a more devout reverence for his holy purposes, — knowing that that alone is of value to the immortal spirit which can give it strength to overcome temptation, to keep the precepts of Jesus, and to rise by his grace into communion with God. Unto him let us lift up our hearts as we "covet earnestly the best gifts."

PRAYER.

O Thou who givest wisdom liberally to those that ask of thee, grant us, we beseech thee, the continual guidance of thy Holy Spirit; reveal to us the treasures of knowledge and of wisdom that are hidden for us in Christ Jesus, and may we so read the blessed volumes of thy word and of thy works as to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent, and in that knowledge find eternal life. And not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, give glory. Amen.

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CONSTANT DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

THE story has recently been told of a little boy, who, when directed to pray morning and evening, replied, "I will pray to God to take care of me through the night, but I think I am strong enough to take care of myself by day."

This little boy was not alone in his self-confidence, and insensibility to the need of higher guidance and protection. How many children of riper years virtually say the same thing, though not in the child's artless words! How necessary to us all is "the frequent night," in leading us to long for and to seek the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd! Through the bright, active hours of the day, in his real or fancied strength, the little boy rejoiced in his self-reliance; and, when power or means of his own failed him, found sufficient aid in the superior strength, skill, and resources of parents or friends. When, however, he laid his tired limbs on the bed of rest, saw the darkness gathering round him, and knew that the eyes of all the household were about to be closed in a like unconsciousness with his own, he felt that it was not unmanly to seek the protecting care of Him "who never slumbereth nor sleepeth."

So is it often with man, who, in the full tide of health and outward blessings, finds it difficult to realize how small, how absolutely nothing, is his own independent power. Very beautiful is it when the young heart gives its fresh and warm affections to the Holy One. Precious is the thanksgiving of the prosperous and happy, who have not waited till the trials of life force them to seek a safe retreat; whom the sunshine draws with persuasive power, before the storm arises to drive them to the arms of the Father. So should it ever be; and the grateful, filial spirit will be satisfied with nothing less. There is much danger that those who have no love for the Giver of all their joys in the day of outward prosperity, will not receive the chastenings of his hand in a right spirit.

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Yet, as it has been truly said, "Heaven is best discerned through tears," so perhaps it is equally true that no one fully realizes his need of an Arm stronger than his own on which to lean, until he has learned the lesson through the deep experience of some hour when all human aid has failed, and the opening heavens have, as it were, shown him the visible hand of God. Blessed is he then, if the clear eye of adoring faith can discern the tender love of the Father, transcending even the power of the Omnipotent! blessed if in that fearful hour he find himself no stranger to the Being who alone is "mighty to save" from the impending stroke, or to sustain, should it be permitted to fall!

M. W.

MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. V.

CHRISTIANITY was originally a doctrine of the Spirit, as Father, Guide, and Judge of the soul; and its author did not ordain any organization of his disciples to be identified with it. But man is a social being, and first the gatherings together of two or three in the name of Jesus grew into social organizations; then, these little societies, which had called themselves churches, were recognized by the state, and made into one grand organization, — later called the Roman Catholic Church. But these organizations originated in the will, often unenlightened, sometimes perverted, of imperfect human beings; and in about sixteen centuries the corruptions of the Roman Catholic organization were so multitudinous, that the Spirit was hindered, or at least men's access to the Spirit was hindered, by a mass of superstitious practices.

Then the human mind, in the person of Luther and his friends, began to react, and the Spirit of God, invoked by a

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mighty faith, "made all things new." The great Roman Catholic organization was replaced, in the most active nations of Europe, by many others, more or less freed from corruption, and giving more or less room for spontaneous action of faith in the light of reason. But a century more passed away, and these *Protestant* churches, as they were called, had grown, in their turn, to be hinderances to the spontaneous action of the soul, in answer to the drawings of the Father; and then it was that George Fox, and a little later William Penn, made an era in the history of Christianity in the world, by asserting that there was no need of any organization of society, to form a medium between the Spiritual Father and the children of men, in order that they might become children of God; and that this was precisely what Jesus Christ had taught. Every human soul, they said, was equally near and dear to God. To every one he communicated his will, making himself manifest in love and reproof. They inveighed against hierarchies and *ordained* miinsters of religion, as hinderances to men's hearing this inward, ever-speaking voice of God; and in fervid speech they made known what they believed to be God's immediate communications to themselves, calling upon all men to look into their own spirits, and see whether God did not speak to them also. Multitudes in the priest-ridden world answered to this call, and for twenty-five years the apostles of this doctrine went over the world, especially over England and the American Colonies, gathering converts out of all the organized churches in Christendom.

But for defence against those organizations that opposed them, there insensibly grew up an organization of these Protestants of Protestants, though without hierarchy or distinction of clergy and laity, — not for the purposes of instruction (since God manifested in consciousness and the Bible was all-sufficient for that), but for order in the meetings, and a mutual passive defence of each other, including care of the material circumstances of the persecuted, and

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their families. "Our organization," said William Penn, "is not for doctrine, but for order."

For meetings had been suggested by Jesus Christ, and his words, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, I will be in the midst," implied that men needed each other's counsel in order rightly to ask of the Father what they wished. For a single human being is liable to one-sided thought, feeling, and action. This warping of egotism is to be counteracted by association of persons, whose idiosyncrasies may neutralize each other, and who may thus indirectly aid each other to a purified and unperverted state of mind, that shall not mistake its own vagaries for God's communications.

The plan of a Friends' meeting is to gather themselves together in some unpretending edifice, (in earlier times it was occasionally in the open air,) where they may sit in silence, with prayerful minds, in the faith that to such humble waiting upon the Lord his spirit will manifest itself in love or reproof. The voice of prayer and preaching will break forth from some, into whose minds may come a persuasion tha they are called to tell the others the suggestions of the Spiri to themselves. Any person in the meeting, even a stranger may pray or preach. But if, in the course of time, some one is found especially edifying, he is declared by the meeting "an acknowledged minister," and if he shall feel prompted to go abroad, and call meetings, or preach and pray in meetings already called anywhere else, the meeting gives the individual in question a note, testifying to his or her gifts. For the Friends do not recognize male and female in Christ; but regard all the members of their meetings simply as souls before God. That all these things may be done decently and in order, the meeting of a particular locality assembles every month, to consult upon matters pertaining to the organization. The place where they worship on Sundays is also the place of these monthly meetings, and there they transact all the business of mutual watch, care, and general interest.

But their mode of procedure is very peculiar, — quite un-

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like that of any other body of people; and they consider it to make, in form and principle, a Christian organization, or what is called in the New Testament a Church.

They do nothing but in love and truth, which they consider one in power. For example, some one moves that something should be done or said, declaring that he or she believes that this is the suggestion of the Spirit;—it may be the approval of a minister; it may be the appointment of a clerk, or of overseers of the poor, or of treasurers of the money contributed or solicited for the maintenance of the organization, or the relief of the poor, or to afford travelling expenses to ministers not able to bear their own costs. But whatever is the thing suggested or proposed, the whole meeting is to take it into their minds and ponder it, and if any one declares that he or she is not *in unity* with the suggestion, the thing *does not go forward.* Nothing is done, therefore, by majorities or minorities. The *solidarity* of the meeting, called, in Friends' phrase, *the weight*, is alone considered to be the voice of God.

An extract from a work of one of the Friends* will perhaps make this very peculiar point clear, and show the principle of discipline to be independent of the individuals by whom it is expressed: "The whole structure rests on the principle of (pure, disinterested) love. The whole disciplinary power of the society is the operation of love drawing the minds of the members into oneness of feeling, and producing general concurrence of action respecting any subject or case that may occur. For the divine gift, or spiritual principle, is the same in its nature in every mind, and all who are gathered into it will come to have a feeling and sense of what the judgment of truth is in particular cases. . . . . Every mind may not see with equal clearness, but the judgment of truth, being unfolded in its own wisdom and gentleness, *will be owned* by all who have any spiritual sensibility,

* Cockburn.

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and produce a general concurrence. Those individuals who are most centred to the principle of truth may see with more readiness or more clearness than others of their brethren, and become organs of expression in regard to what is best to be done in particular cases; but they do not acquire any separate or superior power over their fellow-members by the discharge of a duty, which, for the time, renders them the servants of all. . . . . It must not be supposed that the active individuals (or speaking members) have any more power in discipline than silent members. It is not the expression or speech that governs, but the union and concurrence of the meeting. The active members are called *the weight*, only because through dedication and faithfulness they are instrumental in *opening the current of unity*. The weight of the active part, therefore, is in exact proportion to the concurrence and unity of the body. Active members, standing separate from the unity of the body, cannot have religious weight or usefulness. In a private capacity, every one has a right to his own views; but as members of disciplinary meetings, the views exhibited which obtain general concurrence are alone decisive. For all religious weight resides in the principle of Truth, and can only be partaken of by individuals, and diffused over meetings by the attention and faithfulness of all to the operation of the Spirit."

That an organization on this principle of discipline will have peace as long as members are faithful to it, is obvious. The question will arise, whether it will have an ever-renewing life? And the answer is, that no organization can have that necessarily. Organization is an instrument, not a power. There is nothing in this one to *prevent* an everlasting inflow of life, since an individual whose expression of truth does not "open the current of unity" at one time, because the meeting is cold, may do it at another when it is more alive. If the meeting does not see to go forward at one time, it may at another. Opposition takes no other form than "not to go forward *now*." When the

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whole are inspirited to go forward, the progress of no falling back.

Such is the ideal of the matter; but it is certainly true, that, since the organization of this discipline, the Friends have merely held their own, and not made many converts. They ceased to be an apostolic church in the world when they became a conservative one. When they ceased to be apostolic, they ceased to be persecuted; and when they ceased to be persecuted, they made less deep draughts upon the Spirit. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." The Friends have experienced the truth of this benediction in their rise; and it is illustrated no less in their decline.

For their spiritual discipline produced in them a self-respect and self-control, which has operated also to give them great worldly prosperity; and this worldly prosperity has had its disadvantages. In Old England, in New England, and in Philadelphia, the Friends have become rich enough to experience the difficulty of entering the kingdom of Heaven. Prosperity produces acquiescence in prevailing modes of thought and action. The Friends in Old England are as conservative as the Established Church; and, in the course of two hundred years, their doctrines have assimilated; they are full as superstitious about the letter of Scripture, and as tenacious of the theological formulas of original human depravity, divine trinity, and vicarious atonement, as the Evangelical Episcopalians. But some meetings in Philadelphia, and a large number (the majority) of Friends in America, have retained more of the ancient liberty of George Fox and William Penn; and just about the time that our saintly friend felt himself called to minister the Word, a separation was taking place, in consequence of the denial of Elias Hicks's liberty of speaking, when, on an authorized visitation in Philadelphia, he proposed to renew the antislavery action of the society, which had grown slack since they had

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and produce very from their borders. He proposed Friends are urging into the plan of not consuming articles manufactured by slaves. It is true, another pretext for the disallowance of his liberty was sought and found in the interpretation of some of his theological expressions as heretical, an interpretation which he and his friends never admitted. What is certain is, that the principle of discipline, as above stated, was violated by those who opposed Elias Hicks. There never was a *solid* expression of the *weight* of any meeting against him; his opponents *went forward* when the current of unity was not complete. Elias Hicks did not violate a single principle of the society, that George Fox and William Penn acted upon.

But when his friends in Philadelphia, who were very much stirred in spirit by this anomalous action against him, found themselves also silenced, arbitrarily, by the elders, whenever they rose to speak in the meetings, one of their number * proposed that they should withdraw in peace from the meetings which had become so anomalous; and thus originated one or two new meetings in Philadelphia, which were nicknamed by their opponents Hicksite. It was a more peaceful than patient disposition which had prompted to this step. They were the majority, and should have held their ground, and endured the contradiction. The Green Street meeting experienced no separation, because it had all stood for Elias Hicks, and the ancient discipline of love and truth, as manifested in their souls, not as written in creeds.

Out of Philadelphia, the American meetings generally sympathized with Elias Hicks, and the so-called Orthodox minority made separate meetings, except in New England, where all the bodies went in a mass against him, as they did in Old England too, in consequence of the suspicion of Unitarianism with which he was charged. But all the Orthodox Friends in Europe and America added together make the minority of Friends. E. P. P.

* The late Dr. Parrish.

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GOD, THE DIVINE MAN.

GENESIS i. 26, 27: — "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. ..... So God created man in his own image."
MATT. vi. 9: — "Our Father who art in heaven."

NEXT to the conviction of our own existence, there is none of deeper importance than that of the existence of God. From its earliest acceptance, it forms our inmost emotional and intellectual link with the moral, and, in fact, the physical universe; being indeed the corner-stone of all our theories of the philosophy of life and its issues. A correct idea of God may be said to represent the grand centre towards which all our facts and our conceptions, not only of theology but of science, not alone of speculation but of practical life, continually tend, and around which they are either arranged in beauty and order, or strewn in wreck. The duty, then, of every one thoroughly awake to the dignity of a human destiny, is to investigate this great theme, with the candor, earnestness, calmness, which are necessary to sane conclusions and to a true faith. He only who thinks rightly on the subject of God can be said to stand within the circle of a true religion. Above all does it behoove every man, deporting himself as one born in a Divine image, to forbear returning a babbling, hasty, rote-learned answer to the question of God.

What do we mean by the name God? Do we apply this appellative to Matter, to Life, or to Cause? Do we use the term Deity to designate merely the sum total of all the entities in the universe? or again, the Life which fills them? or thirdly, a supreme spiritual Personality?

The first of these doctrines, which teaches that the sum total of the universe is God, is, as we all know, called Pantheism; and is evidently a merely verbal solution of the matter. The Pantheistic idea ignores, in fact, the whole inquiry, stopping it precipitately short: substantially the

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Pantheist says, "Are you seeking for God? Cease your search, and let us agree to call nature God."

And the second doctrine, which identifies God with the universal principle of Life, is only a modification of the Pantheistic thought, and is subject to the same objection; namely, that it evades the real issue, which is not a question as to the existence of nature, or of a vital principle, since these no one virtually denies, but it is a study of the evidences of some existence in the universe *beside*, over and above, or transcending these. Hence, practically, Pantheism has always been considered tantamount to Atheism: the common sense of the race holding, rightly, that to see no God except matter and its forces, is in fact to see no God at all.

We come, then, to the third, and by far the most important idea on this subject, — the belief in a personal God. To explore it properly, we cannot too carefully define this faith. It asserts, to state it briefly, that God is an Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent Person, — an Infinite and Uncreated Man.

Our cardinal inquiry concerns, first, the fact of God's *personality*, and the proofs of this fact are drawn from human experience, from outward nature, from the various religions of the world, and from Christ.

Our experience teaches that the attributes of God, Wisdom, Beauty, Love, Power, Justice, are always found attached to some personality or form: they are merely the names of *personal* qualities. "There are no such things in the universe as Wisdom, Love, Power, existing by themselves and in themselves, and without reference to the person that is wise, loving, or powerful." And so, too, our worship must have a form.

"Divineness must become personal before the knee can bend and the homage of the spirit can be given. We cannot adore except a person." To assert, with the Rationalist, that Deity has neither form nor image by which the

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mind can grasp Him, is to proclaim God to be an unknown God, — for the mind can form no idea of a Being to which it can attribute no *form;* it gazes upon emptiness and grasps at a shadow! To think only of Omnipotence, Wisdom, Love, is to think, not of God, but of empty words, — of a mere bundle of abstractions; the terms are meaningless till we connect personality with them. And that personality, as God's manifestation, must be the human form, whatever else beside it may be. *For there is no form higher than the human.* It is only in the human form that the Divine attributes, Love, Wisdom, Power, in a finite degree, are found. "The human is a travelling form, which reaches from man to God, and involves all beings as it goes; indeed, if the human form is the image of God, there can be no more eminent form." And we can conceive of God in no other form. Nor has the past history of our race, even if traced backward to the solemn twilight of the early mythologies, ever revealed to us any personal form higher than the human. Nor has the imagination of man, in its highest ecstasy of creative power, ever bodied forth the form of Deity except as a human form. The God of Isaiah and of St. John, the God of Dante, Angelo, Raphael, Milton, is always an Infinite, Self-existent, and Eternal Man. Christ, in his deepest and serenest intuitions, always recognized the human type as the type of the Supreme. And there is no escape from this conclusion, except in some form of Pantheism, or in that crude and fatal idea of God which defiles so much of the best philosophy of the Christian religion, — that idea of an invisible, indefinable, universally diffused, overbrooding, chaotic Personality, without individuality or form, whose circumference is everywhere and whose centre is nowhere, — an idea without authentication either in written revelation, in science, or in the consciousness of man, — an idea that drowns all thought in a pool of feticism!

I think the time of the forty-five thousand pulpits in

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America could be profitably employed for the next ten years in simply repeating and reiterating the thought of the *humanity* of God; — that God is a man; that the distinction between Him and us is no impassable gulf of difference, but simply the distinction between the greater and the less, the parent and the child; and that every attribute and quality found in God is found also in man. We, with our ideas of Deity as an all-diffused ocean of intelligence, have wandered about as far from Christ's idea of the essential manhood of God, as did the Jews, who took up stones to slay him for blasphemy, because he said that God was his Father, and yet that he was the "Son of Man."

Science teaches the same great religious truth. It teaches that all the lower parts of the creation are summed up and epitomized in man. All things on this globe ultimate in man. All things go upward and unite in him; and all things below bear a relation to him. They are types of him, stamped with his signet. Their law and purpose is to individualize him. In the universe all below him is man, — partial, shadowy, unindividualized, unexpressed; all above him is man, — Perfect, Creative, All-wise, Infinite. Well said Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, the true SHEKINAH is man. The universe is grandly human, is essential man. The family mark is left upon it in all the stages of its life and progress. He is the world's lord and microcosm, and all lower things take their cue from him. Even his earthly body is the builded aroma of the world!

Humanity is the primal fact of facts; for nature is an outgrowth from man, and takes his color and expression. Lands, seas, and atmosphere are his sheddings; stocks and stones are but the out-vegetation of hidden human seeds. The whole creation heaves with this idea and shape. Each solar orb turns on the occult axis of soul! Spheres, planets, and spaces struggle to express their *homology*. Space itself is but a geometrical figure drawn by the finger of the Infinite Man! This external world has no fixity; it is only the

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form of man's soul, — the soul brought down into the plane of the senses. All that we can draw from the universe is man. All that it proves is man. *It is man.*

The terrible doctrine, that heaven and hell, and all between, are straitly locked up to the life of man, has always been suspected, and the hoarest mythologies are luminous with it. But in this age, for the first time, it crouches under our hands; and petty theologies, and pestilent dogmas, and lean doctrines fingering out the love of God by the penny-weight and inch, will cease before it of their own accord, as the Ptolemaic darkness rolled away before the light of astronomy.

As the universe, then, was made in the image of man, it follows that the Origin and First Cause of this universe contained man, — that it therefore essentially *was* man, whatever else it may have been. Moreover, as the First Cause must of necessity be absolutely uncaused, and therefore self-existent, and therefore eternal and infinite in all its parts and attributes, the *Manhood* which it embraced must have been an eternal and infinite manhood, — the Father, of whom created man is the child. This Cause, this infinite, uncreated Manhood, we call God.

All the religions of the world are based on the idea of the personality, the manhood of God, — that his divinity is but a divine humanity, — that the type of his life is repeated in our lives. Indeed, no worship is possible except to a personal God, — to a Divine Person. This royal faith has existed from earliest times. The tender Hindoo, the æsthetic Greek, and the mystic Egyptian, felt this. The sacred Vedas taught this fact. The whole mythology of Greece is luminous with the absolute personality and humanity of Deity, the identification of God with man. In the Hebrew faith the high truth of God as a divine man shines clearly forth. God walks in the garden, converses with man, sits in judgment, reveals himself to Noah, to Abraham, to Moses, — is guide and legislator to the tribes of Israel, and dwells with a visible presence in the sacred ark and the Shechinah of the temple.

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But with most unmistakable clearness is this highest truth of the manhood and fatherhood of God revealed to us through Christ. The Rationalist, missing the truth of God as a divine man, mutilates and vitiates his theological scheme. His notion of God, being derived from physical immensity, is of an indistinct being, — a formless mass of spirit, — whose sensorium is space. "He deduces the greatness of the Creator from the mileage of the universe, and increases his God by ciphers ranging up to quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, like the child who fancies a great man must be a physical giant."

The way to Deity is not by thoughts of mere bulk, not by piling Ossa upon Pelion, but by recognizing the intenseness of those human qualities which are the greatness of man, and which are no less the greatness of God, and to which matter is a servant; for they say to it, "Go, and it goeth; Come, and it cometh." But the notion of the Godhead, or of the Divine size, which the Rationalist gains from space, is only an infinite chaos.

The Trinitarian, likewise looking upon Deity as an all-diffused, invisible fetish, (just as he looks upon the human soul as a formless, bodiless ether,) and feeling the need of something more *humane* and personal, invests Christ with a kind of smaller godship, — a sort of hereditary and derivative deity. The Father he terms a "dim and shadowy effluence;" the Holy Spirit, "an invisible film of thought"! * Did any Greek ever thus dishonor Jove? We accept Christ in the length and breadth of his claims as made by himself and Apostles. He is the "Bread of life, — the Way, the Truth, the Life, — the Light of the world, the first and

* These words, as the reader is aware, are quoted from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. After all, does not Mr. Beecher's idea, as it probably lies in his own mind, approximate very nearly to the doctrine of this essay, — the grand doctrine of the divine humanity in Christ? We quote the whole paragraph. — EDS.

"Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowl-

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the last, — the Emanuel, the Prince of Peace, the Son of Man, the Lamb of God." In a word, Christ is the Revelation, the Manifestation, and the Incarnation of the Father. Christ and the Father "are one." Before Christ, Deity, seen dimly through nature, through human consciousness, and through the imperfect ancient revelations, was an object of awe and reverence, rather than of clear knowledge and ardent love. He could be met only with imperfect approach and by deficient worship. He was rather a dreadful God than a loving one; and as the people sank lower, God, seen through the states of their own souls, would seem more and more awful and terrible, till he became the intensified reflection of their own passions, — incomprehensible, implacable, swift to anger, terrible in wrath.

But the revelation of God through Christ, and in Christ, meets every want of the soul. The real nature of God as a FATHER is brought to view, — the extent and absolute character of his saving love is seen. Wisdom unimpeachable is there. Power ever present, and flowing from mercy, is there. Love unutterable is there. The Father is brought near to us, as tenderly caring for us, as counting the very hairs of our heads, as stretching out his arms of protection and invitation to all who are weary and heavy laden, saying, "I will give you rest."

The study of Christ is the study of religion. The comprehension of Christ is the comprehension of God. Does the thought of infinitude here come in to trouble you? Do you ask, How can God, the Self-existent, the Omnipotent, the Infinite, be mirrored forth in Christ, the Man, the Nazarene, the Son of Mary? Remember that, in a picture,

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edge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of Him and in Him. I put my soul into His arms, as, when I was born, my father put me into my mother's arms. I draw all my life from Him. I bear Him in my thoughts hourly, as I humbly believe He also bears me. For I do truly believe that we love each other! — I, a speck, a particle, a nothing, only a beginning of something that is gloriously yet to be, when the warmth of God's bosom shall have been a summer for my growth; — and He, the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!"

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dimension lies not in size of canvas, but in harmony of proportion. Remember that the retina of the eye is as big as the world of sight; nay, that the atoms of its optic threads are equal, for sight purposes, to the reaches of great landscapes, and to the indefinite mileage of the air. "Through a single pane of glass we may see thirty miles of landscape, — proving that the pane is big enough to represent the landscape; through the corneas of the two eyes, again, we do see all that we see through the pane, — proving that a flat surface, smaller than the finger-nail, is big enough for the same; and so on till each minute granule of the optical substance is shown to be an eye, and an earth, and a firmament." So is Christ large enough to reveal and mirror forth the perfections of Deity. So is Christ the religious eye of the race, the *moral retina* of humanity, painted with the sacredness, the attributes, and the humanity of God.

God in Christ is the Divine Man; we are but partial and fragmentary men, whose work it is to repeat the heroic history of our Lord, — to emerge from the life of the animal nature, — to subjugate the merely carnal or natural forces to the will, — to become "sons of men," invested and filled with that humanity which is the only Divinity, which is the type of freedom, and the Lord of all.*

E. M. W.

* "He who adores an impersonal God, HAS NONE, and is without guide or rudder, on an immense abysse, that first absorbs his powers, and next himself. What nature will he honor who honors not the HUMAN?" — *Aphorisms on Man, by* REV. J. C. LAVATER.

"In all the heavens there is no other idea of God than that of a man. The reason is that heaven, in the whole and in part, is in form as a man, and the Divine which is with the angels constitutes heaven, and thought proceedeth according to the form of heaven; wherefore it is impossible for the angels to think of God otherwise. Hence it is that all they in the world who are in conjunction with heaven, think in like manner of God when they think inwardly in themselves or in their spirit. By reason that God is a man, all angels and all spirits are men in a perfect form. This is a consequence of the form of heaven. That men were created after the image and likeness of God is known from Genesis i. 26, 27. God was seen as a man by Abraham and others. The ancients, from the wise to the simple, thought no otherwise of God than as a man, and at length, when they began to worship a plurality of gods, as at Athens and Rome, they worshipped them all as men." — SWEDENBORG'S *Divine Love and Wisdom*, No. II.

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THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee."

HERBERT.

BESIDES the direct perception of Truth as evident in itself, there are two methods of attaining what we call belief; the one, a legitimate process from the certain principle to its genuine conclusions; the other, a process which, as process, may be legitimate enough, but starting from a principle assumed without evidence. Every one is aware of the sublime results to which the sciences of arithmetic and geometry, separate or combined, have conducted the human mind. It is easy to imagine how different the issues, suppose, instead of beginning with unquestionable truths, their problems and demonstrations had assumed falsehoods at the outset, reasoning from these with as steady and unbroken consistency. In the holier spheres of ethics and theology, where the truths and their uses penetrate into the immortal life of man, this latter supposition, we have reason to fear, has been practically realized. Some theologians, it is believed, have boasted that their system is so compact, so thorough, so logical, that, once admit a single element, the consequence is inevitable, — you must admit the whole. Rejecting, on the contrary, the original principle, you can hold the system only through ignorance; the faith is kept at the expense of the logic.

There is no need that we should ask whether this claim in behalf of any theological system can be maintained on any solid ground. It is enough to know that there is a sequence in thought, as regular as the sequence in nature; that thinking men always seek to find or to create a consciousness of harmony through all the opinions and feelings; and that this very effort, leading to such grand results, when

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conducted rightly, may become the very source and support of the falsest doctrine, the most monstrous and mischievous errors. To say nothing of other causes conspiring to such mischief, let us confine our attention to the common neglect of what may be called the previous question.

The Christian Church assumed into itself at its origin, both the truths which had been earlier discovered by the soul of man, and those which had been borne to it through ancient revelations. It accepted, moreover, the word which virtually contained all primitive revelations, as embodied in a Son, not barely as spoken by a prophet, or borne by a messenger, or enacted by a lawgiver, or represented by symbols. United to this Son of God, the Church was conscious of a filial relation to the Father, of the Holy Spirit as witness and assurance of it, and therein of the life whose natural fruit is universal charity. So far, dropping the theological dogmatisms which later times have piled over primeval Christianity, we may say that it revealed simply the truths of living consciousness, connected with an historical fact out of which it had flowed into the soul of the youthful communion. But the truth in the soul, corresponding to the word embodied in Jesus, was too great for the thought to interpret, and, still more, too pure and heavenly for the life wholly to receive and express. So, when thought essayed to pronounce its theories, it pronounced what larger insight would inevitably find defective; and when faith passed from the fact over into the theories, and established these as doctrines of God, and pride, ambition, and episcopal and imperial power identified them with the Christ and the Church of God, we need no fine speculation to demonstrate the consequences: the history of Christendom is statement and demonstration. It has ceased to be God with us: the standard of truth is to each person ecclesiastical tradition. Nay, let schism break the continuity of tradition; let the authority of tradition be strenuously denied, and the Bible exalted to supremacy; yet it is by no means impossible that

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this same supremacy ascribed to the Bible may rest for its support on the very tradition which is abjured. With some, we may believe, it does. With the Catholic, such a one as acquiesces in the Church and its tradition, they likewise acquiesce in the Bible and its supposed doctrine, not because God is really perceived in either, but because — they hardly know why, — really the whole is tradition.

The uncertainty of such a basis becomes more transparent, so soon as we remember the differences, and even contradictions, which have equally grounded themselves upon it. The Catholic Church, after its higher claim had been set up, was never catholic in reality. Besides smaller sects which it had cut off, — sometimes, one might be tempted to suspect, because wiser and better than itself, — there soon appeared the divisions which ended in the complete separation of the Eastern Church from the Western. Then came Protestantism. But the Protestants, bringing the old dogmas with them, soon questioned them; and the variations of Protestants, multiplying continually, have advanced to repugnances so strong, that they actually or virtually excommunicate each other: anything like reconciliation seems almost beyond hope. The Trinitarian and the Unitarian; the Calvinist and the Arminian; the believer in imputed sin and imputed righteousness, — in total depravity leaving only freedom to sin, and pardon only through faith in a sacrifice appeasing God's wrath and satisfying his justice, — and the man who believes all this a chaos of unmitigated nonsense and impiety; the soul which imagines itself destined to rejoice and bless God in the destruction — (that destruction pictured in sermons, as well as poems of the Church, and held as real and absolutely everlasting) — of none can say what myriads, infinitely dreadful of but one being in the universe, and the soul of other mould, which dares to pronounce this imagination absurd and wicked, and the God of such a theology but devil; — these, and who shall say what other antagonists, all assume in their arguments the same Divine

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authority, and appeal to what they concur in representing as the Word of God. How does it happen? As the Lord is one, so the Church is one, and the truth, contained in the Scripture, present everywhere, is one. There may be different causes in different cases. But as regards the multitudes of these discordant believers, may we not say, with some confidence, that there is a previous question, which either they have never put, or at least have never answered? Perhaps even the suggestion of a doubt is repelled as an assault of infernal powers.

Nor is this all. There are not a few, declaring still their attachment to the Christian faith, who separate it notwithstanding from the authorities with which it has been usually connected. They question, if they do not deny, miracles. They consider the records, so far as the Gospels represent them, of the birth and life of Jesus, enveloped in uncertainty. They reject the whole notion of infallibility, as applied to any part of the Scripture. It need hardly be added, that they reject the same notion, as applied to the Church, in any form whatever. For ecclesiastical institutions they feel, it is probable, but a hesitating reverence. For creeds, save as monuments of thought, or indications of worship deeper than thought, they can cherish no greater reverence. To them Christianity seems the highest expression which history has yet given to the ideas of the reason and the aspirations of the soul, — divine, as all truth, all virtue, is divine; but the doctrines of the Church concerning its origin, as well as the doctrines evolved from it through its course, symbols at the best to the imagination, if not even dreams of bewildered fancy.

So far we have kept within the range of a confessed relation to Christianity. If, even with those who limit their appeal to reason and nature, it may be found that there is a previous question which they have failed to answer, we may with no less confidence predict that such a question is yet to be met by those — not many we may trust, and their num-

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ber probably diminishing — who expressly disavow belief in Christ, whether they refer Divinity to a Living Power, or ascribe it to the co-operative forces of nature. With reference, however, to these later divisions of thought in or out of the Church, it needs to be remembered that the previous question is applicable not so much to their affirmations as to their denials. God, Christ, Truth, Virtue, we may not doubt, are all which they declare: whether they have taken from them anything essential, is the inquiry which their doctrines suggest. And in logical accuracy we might say this of acknowledged Christian dogmatists. But if their dogmas might be turned into negations, — if really they are but negations, — yet they are expressed and discussed under forms of affirmation. As affirmations of truth, they are urged by their advocates; as assertions of falsehood, they are assailed by opposers.

From these hints, looking toward classification of opinions, we may now turn to the error supposed to vitiate them all. The question which takes precedence of all is very broad and very simple, — Is the assertion true? To change the form, — Is the thing asserted a reality? There is never a subject to which we should hesitate to apply this first question. It is insult to truth, it is injustice and unkindness to the soul, when one says: "I would be in error with Plato, rather than in truth with other men. I will follow the old teachers, the churches, the fathers, the reverend authorities, trusting they are right, asking nothing better than they have given, safer with them than with doubters and myself."

Vain man! knowest thou that, for what these saints and sages had and spoke of truth, they severed themselves from their ancient instructors, and sometimes faced the hells of their country and church in maintaining? Thou coward! taking comfort in the confidence that all is well with thee, because, forsooth, thou holdest their doctrines, — false or true, this has not been asked, — forgetting that their highest worth is, not the opinion they held, but the devoutness, the

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humility, the gentle heroism, with which they surrendered everything to the spirit of truth living in their hearts. It does not live in thee!

But to another strain. Whatever can be put into the form of interrogation, let it once have risen before the mind, ought to be met honestly, thoroughly. What right has a man ever to accept a creed, unless he has examined it, and is able with sincere intelligence to affirm, that he has put the question and received the answer? What right has a man even to deny the creed of another, unless with as true sincerity, with as clear intelligence, he can pronounce it false? Truth, only Truth, — let it be to each man his only Plato; nay, his teacher from heaven, his church, his parent, his reverend authority, his all in all. For Truth let everything else go; for nothing else let Truth go.

This same previous question, applied to the successive subjects of thought, passes at once into numberless forms. Take the cases which have been referred to. So soon as the Catholic, calling himself such, has a religious problem, if he carries out his doctrine, he has simply to ask his Church through its appointed organs. But what if his confidence in the Church wavers? To numberless souls, devout and humble as he, the claim of the Church seems, not only groundless, but monstrous. Suppose they are right, after all, and the Church wrong?

But infidelity lies in this direction, at least heresy, apostasy. Every Protestant believes he ought to let the question in, and to give a fair hearing to the voice speaking on both sides. Very well, — but the orthodox Protestant grows perplexed. Is Orthodoxy the teaching of the Bible? Nay, is the accepted theory concerning the Bible itself made out? What shall be said now? May these questions be fairly met? Thousands can answer, No. Suppose the questions cannot be put by; that, moreover, they cannot be answered to the consent of the Church; that, in consequence, a new name is enrolled among the excommunicants. Let it never

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be imagined that the process is through. Error has been given up, when it was seen; but the eye is to be kept open and sound, that it may see the error unperceived as yet. The entrance has been gained to the temple; only the dim outline — dim, yet of surpassing beauty — of enshrined Truth has been seen; let the glory draw the soul on, even to the unveiled splendors. The vision shall brighten for ever.

But his vision is sometimes mocked. He tells it in words of the Church, and they deem it fanatic; he speaks it in language fresh from the heart, and they fear it is infidel. Who does not see the wrong thus done to the Truth and to the man? Ultimately, however, as the result of the complicated processes, society develops the denials, as in naturalism through its various forms. But here also may be the same oblivion of the first question. Here may be oversight of the integral relations of Truth and Humanity; the devout affections, the spontaneous aspirations, the conscience of sin aroused by the light shining inward, the longing for peace and perfection, the childlike humility, the glow which love kindles throughout the heart, the strugglings of imagination to body forth at once the glories of the Supreme and the raptures of emotion, — these and all kindred elements of our being may be put aside in behalf of a bare, bald, abstract reason, the thought divorcing itself from the soul in precisely the sphere which most belongs to the soul, and demands the entireness of all our faculties. Now to this abstract and divorced reason we might still pronounce its denials, if they are denials, not mere inquiries and suspensions of belief, oblivious of the question prior to others, even if not sheer presumptions. The Power which certainly produced these heavens and this earth; which sent out the earliest ray of light; which made the first grass or flower to grow from the earth; which in the ranks and series of animal existence produced a first, so filling nature with works whose laws had been latent before; — who shall deny that

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he may create new heavens and a new earth? — that in this new creation he may develop laws before unknown of communication to mankind? — that he may bring through mysterious birth a son into the world, the second and heavenly man, to open the majestic and perpetual process of regeneration? — that, greatest of miracles himself, the Son might surround his earthly course with miracles, divine like his own nature? — that, thus revealing God with us, he might produce the consciousness in which we feel ourselves sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty? At the least, it is not a demonstrated result of progressive culture, that a life such as the Gospel ascribes to Jesus is impossible; the assertion of its impossibility is a mere presumption; that impossibility constitutes the question, which ought to be asked a long while before the assertion is ventured, Is it true? That is not our present inquiry. We have only to say that the Rationalist in his answer is guilty, with Catholic and Protestant, with orthodox and heterodox, of assuming the thing which he is bound to prove.

The first remark with which we may follow up these suggestions, is this: The religious thought of our time is not only to be corrected in detail, but to be taken up on a new ground. Theology, truly such, is not assumption, is not opinion, is not dogma: it is fact perceived; it is reality brought into manifestation; it is God entered within the consciousness. Theology, such as it is widely current, is dogma assumed from the past, accepted without insight, and often frozen into logic or evaporated into sentiment. It may shine, like ice in the morn, or float about us in glittering wreaths; but it does not so borrow the inflow of life from above. We must unlearn the brilliant and consecrated fantasy; we must begin with the beginning, welcoming so much of truth as has really passed within our door, waiting and inviting every angel as the step draws near. There is no visitor, however, but proffers angelic service; so we must see carefully what is from God, what from idols; what

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is true, what false; what the blessing, what the curse. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The second remark concerns that which we may be justified in regarding as a test of truth. A vast topic, to which we can but just point! As through the outward senses we perceive the world, and learn our own existence and relations to it; so through what may be called inward senses we perceive the spirit, and learn our spiritual nature and relations. This latter is a perception as real as the former, and as certain. This spiritual presence appears in the world, in the soul, in all history. The revelations of all ages open over us its ascending cycles, completed and living in the mysterious One whom we name God. Christianity bodies forth this boundless spirit, brings the One before us in the human form, produced, transfigured, glorified, that, seeing Jesus, the whole soul loves, believes, sees in its beauty, the presence of the Father. Touched, oppressed, overwhelmed, it may sometimes be, with the conscience of sin and the feeling of condemnation, in the mercy which streams from his celestial face it finds itself imbathed as in an ocean of light and love; in the power which conquered the Devil, and rose through death to the right hand of God, it finds the great resource, exclaiming, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." The Bible rises into truth and Divineness, as the Scripture writing out all these quickening words of the Present God. Its inspiration is not a dead doctrine, but the spirit evermore breathing into it, breathing through it, making its words alive and radiant, rousing life, pouring a fresh dawn through our souls. So, just as far as we proceed in the whole realm of truth. The sun is in the sky for ever; we see both its own light, and whatever the eye looks on within its circle.

T. T. S.

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RANDOM READINGS.

RESPONSE TO THE NEW YORK CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

In a very friendly notice of our Magazine, March 5th, the Inquirer seems troubled at our theological *status*. It thinks that our wing of the "body" ought to make a "statement." It seems to say to us "Ho! you men up there in the fog, please come out where we can see you, and please accept of Dr. Sawyer's powerful pamphlet to clear up the haze that hangs about you."

Rather amusing it is to turn to another side of the Inquirer, and attempt to get the outlines of the theology of which the Inquirer is the "organ." There is "Channing Unitarianism," and "New York Unitarianism," and "Unitarianism progressive," which of course is "*in transitu*," but whether to the right or the left, up into the serene ether or down into the dusk, does not appear. Its centre is anywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

Now we would make a "statement," or do almost any other reasonable thing, at the request of our friend Livermore. As the hungry man said, when urged to eat his dinner, "I am happy to gratify my friends when it costs me so little sacrifice."

First, then, we say that we do not belong to the "body," nor any "wing" of it, either in name or in faith, unless we come fairly in under the general head of fealty to a common Master, and love to all the brethren; and that the Magazine is not the exponent of any section of that unresolved cloud of star-dust called Unitarianism. We repeat it for the fortieth time, that this is an Independent Journal, having no organic relations with any denomination, and it was on this condition alone that we undertook to conduct it. We love the Unitarians with a superabounding affection, for we have known their generous and noble bearing, and we have sat at the feet of their Wares and their Palfrey; and as a Christian organization they have protected sacredly the rights of opinion, and thrown a guard around us in our travellings through the valley of Baca, and ere our feet took hold of the summits of the morning. And we have been true to their own best teachings in attaining to a faith which probably the great majority of the "body" would not be prepared to accept.

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We are a friend of creeds. The more articles the better, we say, provided they be true, and provided you are in effort to live them, and provided you hold them in graceful deference to the rights of others. So we will make a "statement." We thought we had been tolerably explicit already in our first number, but we have no objection to drawing out our creed into any length of detail.

We believe (negatively) that every form of faith that leaves out the essential Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, — Arian, Socinian, and all shades between, — is radically defective; that it cuts off the worshipper hopelessly from any distinct apprehension of the Divine Person, and sinks by a sure gravitation into Pantheism; and that every sect that gets stranded here will die sooner or later of inanition or Arctic cold.

We believe that the worship of three Persons is precisely the same as the worship of three Gods, and that when theology makes a mistake in regard to this, its central doctrine, all its other doctrines are false, and all its foundations out, of course.

We believe that Pelagianism, in all its shapes, presents a most inadequate and superficial anthropology; cultivating only the outside of man, and leaving him no remedy for the disease that lurks within him.

We believe (positively) in the Ante-Nicene doctrine respecting Christ; that he is the Divine Logos, eternal and uncreated, and consubstantial with the Father; and that what was then more dimly apprehended is now brought out in its warm glory and undimmed splendor in the Divine Humanity revealed in the New Church theology.

We believe in a New Church, the New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, to gather into itself all that is good in all the sects in Christendom, and out of the present hubbub and chaos to form the city of our God; and that the New Church system of interpretation evolves its three primal doctrines with logical precision, and in heavenly clearness. These doctrines are the Divine Humanity in the Lord Jesus Christ; the plenary inspiration of the Word of God, and a life of charity in conformity therewith; God as one Divine Person ever present with his Church as the glorified Christ; his Word all-perfect as a rule of faith and practice, and a life of obedience to its teachings of justice and love.

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We believe that this Church of the Future organizing around these three primal truths is becoming the Church of the Present, and is to become so more rapidly evermore; that over the clang of opinions, and the waters of strife, it hovers like Noah's dove, and finds here and there a resting-place; that its blessed infusions descend into all the sects, Unitarian and Trinitarian; and that in its coming power and effulgence the good and the true everywhere will turn towards it, and be gathered into it like doves that fly to their windows.

We believe in the communion of saints, and that when the true Church Spiritual has become the true Church Visible, its communion will be such that no earnest seeker need mistake it; that one God revealed in one person, and that person the Divine Humanity of Jesus Christ, has power when earnestly sought to melt all the ice out of the soul as in the warmth of a summer's noon; that in such a communion there will be no slanders and backbitings, no ecclesiastical jealousies and hatreds, no nibbling at character behind anonymous paragraphs, no pricking with the needles of small criticism; but that communion in Christ so revealed will melt all hearts together, and have all the sweetness of angelic charities, and all the gentleness of God's grace, — "sweet as the words when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear."

We believe that the form of the Church Visible is altogether a secondary matter, always provided it be pliant to the truth and the love within, and be made effusive of the light and the spirit of God; and that thus visible under any form, the Gentiles will come to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising.

We believe it to be the duty of Christians everywhere, whether Old Church or New, to put away all uncharitableness and evil-speaking and pride of opinion and love of party and love of self, — all naughtiness, of which now, as in St. James's time, there is an obvious "superfluity," — and put on meekness and justice and patience and brotherly kindness and candor of judgment, and watch for the Lord as he breaketh from the clouds and cometh through the gates of the dawn.

This is our "statement," always bearing in mind that "our" means *my*, and "we" the Senior Editor in the first person singular, who compromises his associate in none of his confessions of faith. This is our creed, and we talk it, and write it, and preach it, and pray it, and

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sing it, and breathe it, and live it as well as we know how. The doctrine of Christ's Supreme Divinity is our pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day; and though it floods the soul with a light that streams in through all its dark chambers, and reveals self through all its disguises and doublings and sinuosities, and makes you fall at His feet as dead, it lifts you up afterwards, and places your feet on those summits of peace, where the scene of the bitter conflict lies far off in the valley below.

And now we hope our brother Livermore will not go to chopping logic with us, nor send us any number of that powerful and "persuasive" pamphlet, fifty thousand copies of which he proposes to have poured out upon the world. We beg you would n't. We know just what you will say, and what will be your beginning, your middle, and your end, — what texts you will quote, and how you will handle them. We know every "sound of the grinding" in that theological mill. We can turn to our own interleaved New Testament, and find the references and all the headings nicely arranged. The literal sense of the Word can be marshalled and turned this way, that, and the other, and prove and disprove the essential Divinity of Christ, just as your mood happens to be. When you have done all this, and your persuasive pamphlet is made out, we begin by rejecting your method. We say that the Word of God was not written after the manner that men write books, and that the New Church law of interpretation proves its own claims when properly used; and that under it the divine contents of the Bible unveil themselves in organic unity, and in clear, consistent utterance, and in a continuous and epic majesty, that contrast wonderfully with the janglings of men, and search the soul as with a thousand candles of the Lord.

S.

RESPONSE TO THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

The Register approaches us in a style and tone altogether different from that of the Inquirer. It seems possessed with the idea that we are trying to "popularize Unitarianism with certain classes," and that it is not a Unitarianism of the proper kind. We are evidently looked upon as a dangerous element in the Unitarian camp, and it is deemed that both our faith and behavior need looking after. We are trying to be Orthodox and Unitarian at the same time, and in this connection

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the Register speaks of "amiable and catholic-minded equestrians," who make light of "riding two horses at the same time, supposing they can be kept so near together as to pass for one." In this striking simile we incline to think the Christian Register meant to be satirical, which must have taken its readers by surprise as much as it did the inmates of a certain establishment when Oliver Twist "asked for more."

We will endeavor to relieve the Editor's mind of all anxiety, and discharge him of any watch and care over us. It is known well enough to the readers of the Magazine, that long ago, under Dr. Huntington, it was taken out of the category of Unitarianism and made an "Independent Journal"; that he disclaimed Unitarianism both in name and in belief, and released his paper from any supposed obligation to echo its opinions. As such it was handed over to us; and when the Senior Editor was asked to help in conducting it, he avowed explicitly to the proprietor that he was thoroughly a New-Churchman in theology, and as such must appear in the pages of the Magazine. And that there might be no mistake about it, we were careful in our first issue, in the clearest language we could find, to describe the grand central doctrine of the New Church, — God in one person, and that person the Lord Jesus Christ, — and to give in our warm adhesion to it. In our second number we did the same thing, more incidentally. In the third, in a notice of Mr. Gage's Sermon, without adopting its exegesis, we adopted its conclusion so far as it went; and we proceeded farther to define what we regarded the whole truth in connection with the subject, and it was the same precisely as we had already described as the New Church doctrine of the Lord.

Notwithstanding all this, the idea seems to have got glued into the editorial brain of the Christian Register, that, by some sort of understanding or comity, we are expounders of Unitarianism; and the notion seems to stick there more tenaciously than flies preserved in amber; and so, when we announce our beliefs, it gravely declares that they are not Unitarian "in the conventional and established acceptation of the word." Indeed! and what in the world is to be done about it? We had an impression of that sort ourselves, and when we expressed a wish that Unitarianism might be or could be such as to include what is to us a vital doctrine, we simply wished the highest blessing upon it in our power, without pretending that we were defining it, which we acknowledge ourselves unable to do.

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We hope this will satisfy any reasonable mind that we have not the least idea of usurping any place upon the animal which the Editor of the Register bestrides with such distinguished feats of gallantry. With the Editor's leave, and very likely without it, we shall utter in the Magazine our own views, in our own way, and concede to our contributors the same privilege; and he can call them Sabellianism, or Pantheism, or Modal Unitarianism, or Pickwickian Orthodoxy, or by any other name out of his rich vocabulary; and, provided he do not misrepresent our aim and position, we have not the least objection to his disporting himself in that way.

As it seems to have been the Senior Editor of the Magazine who has excited such anxieties about its theology, we have volunteered this further "statement." If, further still to convince the Register that we are not engaged in soldering Unitarianism and Orthodoxy together, it be necessary to keep up with the Register a quarrel with small-arms, or return its brilliant fire of popguns, we give over in despair, and leave the whole field to the Register itself in those new and interesting exhibitions of "Liberal Christianity."

S.

DEFINING ONE'S POSITION.

A WORD FROM THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

As "defining one's position" seems to be a matter which is pressed upon our humble journal just now by kind friends and counsellors, the Junior Editor is moved to add a very few words.

1. And, first, he would beg those who are in the least interested in the subject, to bear in mind that no writer who makes use of these pages, whether he be editor or contributor, is to be held responsible for any opinions save those which are put forth over his own signature. Of course it will be incumbent upon the Editors to exclude from the Magazine what seem to them merely curious and unpractical speculations even upon sacred themes, and especially to keep their pages free from words of doubt and denial. It is their aim to put forth "Household Words," and these should be words of Faith, as simple and direct as possible. But whilst they would shut down the gates on this side, and exclude from a *Home* Journal much which might be perfectly appropriate to a Theological Review, they do feel

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at liberty, indeed bound, as the editors of an independent periodical, to bring before their readers expressions of Christian thought and experience from writers of any and every sect within the estate of grace, provided the aim of such writers is rather practical than dogmatical, — provided they can show that their truth is unto life, whether interior or outward. They may be moved to append to one or another article language of assent or of dissent, or they may choose to let the paper speak for itself; but, whether with or without comment, the pages must be open, as common ground upon which Christians of every name, who are trying to think the thoughts and enter into the love of Christ, may meet, and utter each his message in allegiance to his Master. Let Catholic and Protestant, Unitarian and Trinitarian, Baptist and Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Presbyterian come, and if, in our poor judgment, *their words are unto edification*, they shall be put into type. This is not a denominational journal, as to its editorship; how the matter may stand as to the supporters and readers, the publisher can tell better than we; but if it is read and maintained mainly by Unitarians, then we say it is infinitely to their credit that they are willing, unlike any other denomination, to give a hearing to those who do not agree with them in opinion, — it shows that they have confidence in the truth, and it may go far to justify their claim to be liberal Christians *par excellence*. So much for the Magazine.

2. But how is it with yourself? What are your individual views? If the writer were not a very good-natured man, he might reply by asking another question, "What are your views?" It is a question not to be answered so easily in these days. Does the reader know of any two persons outside of the straitest sects who think just alike? We cannot answer as definitely as our senior associate. We have pretty much decided never to join any church association whatsoever, save that to which we were admitted when we signified our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, and our desire and purpose, with God's grace, to live a Christian life. Under Christ we try to maintain a strictly independent position. Into this we were born, in this we have labored, in this we hope to die. Our Christianity and our freedom are both very dear to us. With the Christian freedom that we find amongst Unitarians, with their effort to un-Calvinize the Church, with their

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protest against a bald, literal Tritheism, with their horror at the substitution of everlasting bodily torture for the Scriptural doctrine of eternal death, the death of the soul, with their large views of relations of science to revelation, with their tendency to honor the spirit as well as the letter, and with their honest determination, that, come what may, history and logic shall be heard within their proper sphere, and two and two shall make four, we do most heartily sympathize. We can live and work only where we can draw a good long breath, and speak out our whole thought in a natural tone; and we do not know any place where a man of moderate dimensions — not to speak of a Bushnell or a Beecher — can do this, save amongst the liberal folk. We fear that the sound and safe men in the Orthodox denominations, so called, would account us a very dangerous person. But if, on the other hand, we find many things in the old creeds that seem to us true in *meaning*, if not in expression; if we find great life-truths in the baptismal formula; if we accept very literally the Scriptures, which affirm that the Word was made flesh, and that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself; if we believe that the Church, i. e. the men and women who are in sympathy with Christ, is the Body which has been prepared for the Lord to dwell in through the Spirit; if, whilst we reject the popular doctrine of vicarious atonement as beneath reason and shocking to humanity, we have glimpses at least of a fact of atonement revealed in Scripture and in life, infinitely beyond any view of Christ as a martyr for the truth, and very significant and precious to us, though scarcely to be described in words, or even uttered in song; if we believe that the man who lives for himself, sets up for himself, puts his will against God's will, is radically wrong, though he may do many things called good, and needs to be made by conversion to God radically right, — we hope that we shall not be charged with trying to "ride two horses," or with "coquetting with the Orthodox." Is n't it just possible that we may mean just what we say? — that we have a small measure of the wisdom of the well-instructed scribe, who brings from his treasury things new and old? — that we are honestly of opinion, that, although we cannot safely put new wine into old bottles, we can put old wine, which is said by the skilful to be better, into new bottles? Equestrianism seems to supply figures of speech, and, being poor in figures, we gladly catch at the hint. We remember in our boyhood mounting, not without expecta-

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tions, a horse whose unhappy fortune it was to go round and round in a mill track, that thirsty men might be supplied with strong drink which was not good for them. The animal, though emancipated from the necessity, was enslaved to the habit, and would only gyrate, as his custom had been, round an imaginary centre. The ride did not answer our hopes; it proved tedious, and the beast was abandoned in disgust. Speaking in a figure, is n't it possible that some of our friends may be riding just such a horse as that? At all events, that is *not* the kind of horse we wish to ride. *One* will serve our turn, but he must strike out freely and bravely; he must go to old places just as readily as to new places; he must stand still as well as go; he must wear no blinkers, and yet must not be ready to spring out of the road at every unaccustomed sight; he must not for ever return upon his own steps, but make some headway; and if perchance we should find that he has wings and can soar a little, we shall not spring from the saddle in dismay, and insist upon being nothing if we cannot be plodders.

As to a creed, we have not yet grown up to one definite enough to demand utterance save in the words of Christ. We believe in him and in his words. If any must have human language, the Apostles' Creed, so called, will serve us well enough, always excepting what seems to be implied about the resurrection of this literal body, — an article in which we should be very sorry to believe, for already our outward tabernacle might be changed for the better.

E.

"A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE, FURNISHED WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

Reader, are you proposing to buy or to hire such a house? If so, pause a moment, and let us have a word together before the deeds have been passed, or the lease signed. Mr. Carlyle has eloquently developed a clothes-philosophy, to the great content of those who are able to understand him. Is there not also a house-philosophy awaiting development? Indeed, are not the two philosophies pretty closely connected?

You mean to remove. The old dwelling is too strait, too old-fashioned, too plain, too low-studded; the rooms open one from another inconveniently; the architecture is nondescript; it would not be possi-

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ble to have a furnace in the house; it would cost almost as much to repair it as to build a new one, and when repaired it would be old still; so you have been examining the palatial residence equipped as above, towering high towards the heavens, and resplendent in all forms of architectural glories. It may seem cruel to discourage you when you are cheered by such an auspicious vision, — and yet think of the matter a little longer.

Not that we mean to cast any suspicion upon "the improvements," to affirm that oil is better than gas, or that it is well to carry water up stairs when we can so arrange matters that it will go up of itself, or that a furnace in a well-ventilated building (if such a building can be found) may not be a great comfort in a cold day, especially if one does not entirely depend upon it. Nevertheless, even of these we would say that conveniences bring cares, and that nothing can be more forlorn than a highly improved dwelling into which gas and water cannot be induced to go by reason of the cold, which again cannot be overcome by reason of a broken furnace and the entire want of fire-places. If there is anything dreary, it is a first-class dwelling in a state of suspended animation, awaiting the plumber and the gas-man, with only a hundred names before yours on their lists. But suppose that all is right, are you to gain so much after all? If you think so, go! but let us have the old house, for we sometimes find ourselves regretting that our lot was not cast in that city where the inhabitants are said to *build* old houses.

We cannot, and we say it sadly, feel in the least at home in our smart modern dwellings. They are all so much alike that one never really knows whether he is in his own house or in his neighbor's, and we cannot ascribe it entirely to absent-mindedness, (to which, indeed, we plead guilty,) that we have occasionally been on the point of entering the next door instead of our own. There are no nooks and crannies in the usual dwelling; the whole thing can be predicted from the outside before you enter; you can almost tell the only places where bed, bureau, and wash-stand can be disposed. It is all mathematically regular, — the twenty-two by thirty-five is capable of just so much and no more. Try to vary the thing a little: — throw out a bay-window, we will say; — will not the street be filled with bay-windows as soon as they can be constructed? Give us the old house; and yet it is worth far more to you than to us, for though you have

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learned to despise it, the dwelling has grown up about the family, and adapted itself almost to the characters and wants of its inmates. You can't make it look very fine, we admit, but is n't that fortunate? It is full of snug retreats which invite meditation; the chimney in the centre holds the whole structure firmly to the ground; the walls are low, and for this cause you can be warm in winter without climbing like a fly to the upper currents of air in the rooms. The whole thing is very unpretending, but herein is great gain.

For, consider how much follows from a removal into a finer residence. You must leave most of the dear old furniture behind you. You must devote yourself very earnestly to upholstery. That partly worn chair, even that faded carpet, looks exceedingly comfortable and respectable where it is, but it will never answer for the new house. Better send them to auction at once. They are doomed, and might as well be off your mind. The chances are that you will make your dwelling so fine that you will not dare to live in much of it. The family will be driven into one or two small apartments, for fear of the magnificence that dwells in state in the drawing-rooms. One must have a common chair to sit upon. We have seen families, that at one time had been spread out very pleasantly over a humble dwelling, reduced to a little breakfast-room, beyond which they scarcely ever ventured, save when the splendors were to be exhibited for a moment, or the apartments were to be allowed a change of air. Besides, it will be many years before the new house will be humanized, illumined with the light, filled with the genial atmosphere of unity, made something more than four walls and a roof, by joy and sorrow, by smiles and tears, by manly and womanly and infant tones, by the wails of bereavement and the merry voices of children. If we had a house that we cared anything about, and had lived many years in, it would require something more than the ability to live in a finer one to dislodge us. We should be moved to improve it, all we could; we should attach this wing and that, always keeping as near to the ground as possible; we might remove the next house, if the owner could be tempted to part with it, but all the while we would hold fast by the old nucleus, and build round it to the end of our time at least. Our friends in the country have glorious opportunities in this way. They can do something to a house besides putting an additional story upon it. It was possible once, in the good city where we are writing,

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with walls to the right of us, and walls to the left of us, — with walls in front of us, and walls in the rear of us. It is possible no longer, unless, indeed, you are willing to make two purchases, first, of a water lot, and then of a gravel hill in the country to fill it up with, — and even then, who wishes to establish his *Lares* and *Penates* on a salt marsh, and become amphibious, and turn his children out into a lumber or a brick-yard for their amusement? Once this city was full of beautiful gardens and trees; now we have granite and trade, dry goods, weary men, hurried women, saloons, club-rooms, streets that must be crossed at the peril of your life, overloaded omnibuses with their struggling horses, a city that is scarcely inhabitable in the summer and yet must be inhabited, and all this with prosperity, except in "hard times," which are enough talked about at least! We suppose that there has been a gain somewhere, though we must confess that we cannot always see it, and often find ourselves longing for the old houses that stood with their ends to the street, — their yards and gardens at the side, the brass knocker resplendent in the sunlight, but all the rest sober and undemonstrative.

We are very serious, when we ask, Why not stay in the old house? The change is pretty sure to bring upon those who make it fresh burdens, that will spoil the remnant of their lives. It is not true that New-Englanders love money beyond other men; on the contrary, they are exceedingly lavish of their wealth, ready upon fit occasions to apply, not only inherited, but hard-earned stores, to college, school, hospital, or church. It is true, however, that we are an extravagant people, tempted always to go to the very extent of our means, if not beyond them. And we ought to keep out of the way of temptation. We ought to avoid occasions for added expenditures. How else can our merchants, whom we blame in one breath for their severe application to business, and besiege in the next breath for a gift to some pet charity, gain any time, we will not say for clubs, (we earnestly wish that these might be disbanded for ever,) but for their families, for establishing habits of self-culture. If you have money to spend upon a fine house, why not, as the boys and girls in the country phrase it, buy your time with it, so that you may live less at the store or in the office, and enjoy the dwelling which you already have? What you really want is not a finer mansion, the larger part of which you will never see, but some good books, some really fine pictures,

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some accomplished teachers for yourself and for your children, — time and means for refined and refining amusements, — a fuller purse for the deserving but unfortunate. If you go into the new house, you will find that you have grown very poor; that you must reduce your expenditures in directions where you would choose to be even lavish. There are thousands of persons who know how to earn a fortune for one who knows how to spend it as it should be spent. The result is, that in most cases, indeed almost always, when the property is not secured by entail, it is lost in learning how to use it. Three or four generations complete the circle from poverty back to poverty again, picking up by the way much which is a great deal worse than poverty. We like the old-fashioned houses, the grave horses, too respectable to be very fast, the family vehicles, the sober citizens of the old times, and we would improve the old world only by adding genuine culture, and substantial elegance, — by building upon the old foundations, not by substituting piles for them.

We have in our mind's eye more than one picture of a country town once fascinatingly quiet, refined, and lovely, but now "improved" by a railroad or the like into surpassing ugliness, dreariness, and vulgarity. If the people had only been content with the old houses, and with additions after the same sort; if they had realized that our life needs to be made rich and beautiful within, rather than to be more gorgeously surrounded; if they had been willing to pay for good advice and good taste, as well as for timber and stone and paint and damask, — their villages would still be inhabitable, and they would not be involved in wretched competitions to gain and keep trade. Leisure, comfort, quiet, simplicity, abundance, opportunities for the children, every-day furniture and raiment in the old house, the modest old equipage and the steady old ways, — are not these enough for a life so short at the longest, — a life which ought not to be spent in laying up treasures and getting ready to live, unless the treasures are heavenly treasures, and the life the life everlasting?

E.

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ANOTHER HYMN RESTORED, — HYPOTHETICALLY.

We have been asked in what edition we found our version of Toplady's hymn. We can only say that we scraped together all the old orthodox editions we could find and compared them, and also availed ourselves of the very retentive memory of a lady who is an amateur in hymnology, and from all this and from internal evidence we make it read as follows; though we premise that hymnicide has been a crime so wide-spread that no one can be sure of an exact transcript unless he has the first English edition of Toplady himself open before him. We also suggest, if there is to be a revised edition of the "Hymns of the Ages," that "My times are in thy hand," on page 229, ought to be credited to Miss A. L. Waring; and that the beautiful hymn on "The Love of God," page 222, taken from "Pictures of the Olden Time," was written by Miss Eliza Scudder, who has other effusions of equal merit floating about anonymously.

S.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

"Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no languor know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!

"In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

"Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,

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When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

DR. COXE'S HYMN.

THE mutilated hymn of Dr. Coxe suffered fresh mutilation in our last issue, mainly because the printed copy from which we took it was full of blunders. "Road" becomes *word*, "conformed" *confirmed*, and "fevered veins" *severed veins!* Not quite despairing, we copy the last two stanzas as they ought to be.

"O wondrous Lord! my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within,
And learn with thee, the lowly One,
And like thee all my journey run,
Above the world and all its mirth,
Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

"O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, O my God!
My passions lull, my spirit calm,
And make this lion heart a lamb;
And give me, all my life, to be
A sacrifice to love and thee."

"THE MOTHER'S DREAM."

THE beautiful verses under this heading in our last number, a correspondent informs us, are by Miss Hannah F. Gould, and may be found in the third volume of her Poems.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints, illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Colossians. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D., Author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. — "Dr. Guthrie's Discourses," says the Westminster, certainly an impartial judge in the matter, "manifest a very commanding eloquence"; nevertheless, the preacher's style is too ambitious for our taste. The listener, if he were satisfied with them, would be more likely to speak admiringly of the rhetoric, than to be still under the burden of awakened or deepened convictions. We are free to say that they would weary us, and that we should long for plainer Gospel bread. The way to the hearts of men is far more direct; and if we have something which is good for them to know, we can say it in simpler phrase, as those who believe in life and death, and good and evil, and deliverance and judgment. In some instances, the endeavor not to be dull has sadly misled the preacher. We are at loss, for example, to understand how a man evidently of so much power and culture could have painted the picture which is to be found in the first sermon, of Lazarus going about from house to house in his grave-clothes. Still, we are bound to add, that there is a simple directness in the thought, if not in the style, of the preacher, — a freedom from metaphysical subtilties which is very refreshing. E.

The Evening of Life; or, Light and Comfort amidst the Shadows of Declining Years. By REV. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D. A New Edition, revised and much enlarged. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — This book is in every way fitted to enlighten and console the aged. The large and clear type indicates a thoughtful and tender regard for failing vision. E.

The Scouring of the White Horse; or, The Long-Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.— On the side of a sharp hill in the county of Berks, England, there is a figure of a horse cut in the turf which covers a substratum of chalk, and so gives the animal to the eye in white. The monument is unquestionably very old, and in all probability owes its origin to some

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striking passage in ancient English story, — precisely what, it would be hard for the most acute or the most imaginative antiquarian to say. Not every day, but once a year, the horse needs to be thoroughly cleaned; and in good times, when old things are duly honored, and the right value is set upon popular amusements, the occasion becomes festal, with due accompaniment of games and jollity, not, as we should judge, and as might have been looked for in an imperfect world, without a tendency to abuse. The "scouring" for 1857 receives ample justice in this book, which is well worthy of a writer so favorably introduced to man and boy by "Tom Brown's School Days." A healthy spirit, like an October breeze, breathes upon the reader, and his faith in God and humanity, especially in the issues of modern civilization, in the possibility of using the world as not abusing it, and in maintaining an uncloistered piety and purity, grows stronger as he turns the pages, so bright, and yet so well laden with reverent thought. We wish that we could believe that the descriptions of farm-life in England are not a good deal in *couleur de rose*, but it will do no harm to idealize a little. It is serviceable sometimes to men, and to classes of men, to have a better name than they quite deserve. It is an encouragement to win it. The only *caveat* that we feel obliged to enter, relates to the very free, and we suppose very *English*, treatment of the use of stimulants by "men in health," as the old temperance tracts (they will soon, it is to be feared, be needed again) used to say. We should feel a great deal of anxiety about any friend who in our climate, and considering the vile compounds often sold as pure liquors, should go on after the manner of the *dramatis personæ* in this bright little book. Persons who live a healthy out-of-door life cannot require so much artificial stimulus, though the injurious effects of it may not be immediately apparent. We fear that our community is laying up for itself some sad experience in this matter, and a word in season will not be amiss. E.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Company. — An index covering the contents of the ten volumes from 1850 to 1859, inclusive, adds value to this year's issue of a most reliable and useful work, the merits of which are everywhere recognized. E.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son, Rev. Wm. George Hawkins, A. M. Boston: John P. Jewett. — This is an

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interesting biography of the leader of that Washingtonian movement which attracted so much attention, and, spite of all qualifications, wrought so much good, a few years since. The story is well told; — more diffusely than is necessary, for life is short, — and yet to good purpose. It is worth noticing that the foundation for Hawkins's reformation was laid in the moral and religious impressions of his earlier days. He wandered far, but the hand of the Lord was upon him, and brought him back. E.

Eddie Ellerslie; or, Old Friends with New Faces. By A. L. O. E. — *The Mine; or, Darkness and Light.* By the Same. — New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. — These little books are simply and pleasantly written, and are fitted to guide the minds and hearts of the young into good paths. E.

The State of the Impenitent Dead. By ALVAH HOVEY, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — A careful and thoughtful discussion of a most momentous subject by one who feels its awful importance, and who does not flippantly and pitilessly fling at the impenitent the threat of everlasting torment. We cannot, however, accept Dr. Hovey's exegetical results, or enter into the force of his abstract reasonings. As we read the Bible, a deep mystery hangs over that issue of Sin which is said to be Death. It seems to us to be a part of the wisdom which is from above, that this fearful obscurity should hang over the future of impenitence. It is certainly implied by many Scriptures, that the soul can die; that if neglected it will die; but it is written just as plainly, that the great multitude of souls are now in a state of death, dead in trespasses and sins, — souls that can only be raised by the blessed redemption of the Christ. The spiritual and moral life seems to be, to a fearful extent, in our own keeping. It is a large part of the tragedy of our existence, that each one of us must be, and must be what he chooses to be, saint or sinner, angel or fiend; but then, on the other hand, we cannot contemplate without a sense of utter dismay and heart-sickness a world of lost souls from which the Spirit of God has been utterly and for ever grieved away. In the words of Scripture, we speak of "the eternal life," of "the kingdom prepared for us from the foundation of the world"; in the same words, we speak of "the eternal death," and of "the kingdom pre-

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pared," let it be observed, not for us, but "for the Devil and his angels." It is a subject upon which we cannot argue; pray, plead, weep, one may, but not argue. We are not cold-blooded enough, or, if you please, not dogmatically clear and consistent enough for that. E.

The Rights of Wrong; or, Is Evil Eternal? By C. F. HUDSON. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. — This little pamphlet is No. 4 of a series of "Tracts for Thinking Men and Women." . Mr. Hudson is a vigorous, earnest, revering, and humane thinker, and well furnished with the theological learning which the proper treatment of his high theme demands. E.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — The son, in discharging the office of filial affection, has made a very entertaining book, and sketched some pictures of literary life in England which will be quite new to many. It is especially satisfactory to learn from the best testimony, that they were mistaken who have set down the satirist and humorist as a cynic, a barking dog to be carefully avoided. One who for any cause feels bound to be always smart or funny, or on the alert to find something to ridicule, lives under a terrible necessity, and is a sorely tempted man; but in this instance the day seems not to have been beyond the strength. The book is well worth reading. E.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO, Member of the Institute. Translated by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, the Rev. BADEN POWELL, and ROBERT GRANT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — We have two series of these biographies. The autobiography of Arago himself, with which the first volume opens, taxes our faith rather severely, and is exceedingly French; but it is fresh and entertaining. The notes of the translators are evidently much needed; they serve their purpose well, and correct many errors into which the author's prejudices betrayed him. So edited, the volumes are exceedingly interesting, and will be welcome, not only to men of science, but to a much larger circle of readers. We would call the attention of the young to the sketch of Watt, whose character as a man is worth even more than his great fame as inventor of the steam-engine in its first really available form. E.

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Le Cabinet des Fées, or Recreative Readings, arranged for the Express Use of Students in French. By GEORGES GÉRARD, A. M. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1859. — Much better adapted for the young, we should judge, than Charles the Twelfth, or Telemachus. It is, besides, well printed and strongly bound, two excellent features in a school-book. E.

The Manual of Chess: containing the Elementary Principles of the Game; illustrated with numerous Diagrams, recent Games, and Original Problems. By CHARLES KENNY. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1859. — An exceedingly attractive and convenient little treatise upon one of the best of games. E.

The New Liber Primus: a Practical Companion for the Latin Grammar and Introduction to the Reading and Writing of Latin; on the Plan of Crosby's Greek Lessons. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. 1859. — We have not found the time to make a critical examination of this Manual, but we are confident that, if the author has followed Professor Crosby with success, he cannot be far out of the way. E.

The Wolf-Boy of China; or, Incidents and Adventures in the Life of Lyn Payo. By WILLIAM DALTON. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1859. — This book contains a great deal of information with reference to Chinese manners and customs, and the young find it very attractive. E.

The Herald of Light for March, 1859. — This is a monthly journal edited by Rev. T. L. Harris, and is devoted to the cause of Christian Spiritualism, which, in Mr. Harris's case, includes the essential doctrines of New Church theology. Once in our journeyings we wandered one Sunday morning into Mr. Harris's congregation, expecting to be treated to the usual platitudes of Spiritualism, and were surprised when we heard Jesus Christ and him glorified preached with a most subduing power and unction, till the Lord's presence was almost visible, and "fragrance filled the room." Since then we have read everything from his pen that has come in our way, including the "Arcana of Christianity." The world-souls, the pivotal men, the aromal worlds, the wonderful flora of the planets, the lost orb, and such like, we must ascribe to Mr. Harris's splendid imagination abnor-

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mally intensified. But three things are patent enough. First, his warm grasp upon three grand and central truths, — the essential Divinity of Christ, the plenary sanctity and inspiration of the Divine Word, and the doctrine of an unselfish and devoted life, into which all truth must pass and be ultimated in order to save, — and these three doctrines lovingly embraced must clear away all the fantasies at last, until our brother sees the firmament above him clear as the upper sky. Secondly, Mr. Harris has a charity so warm and comprehending, that we can feel his sentences throb with it as we read them. And thirdly, his morality has almost an angelic sweetness and purity. His article on "Marriage and Divorce," in the June number of the Herald, is worthy of being inscribed on every home altar in Christendom. So long as he holds these primal doctrines, and this pure morality, and makes others believe them and live them, our heart and hand go out towards him with a most fervent fraternal love. S.

Street Thoughts. By REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, Pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — These fugitive pieces will prove as attractive and profitable, now that they have been bound into a goodly sheaf, as when they were lying about at the mercy of the elements. E.

Working and Trusting: Scenes from the Children's Mission. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Better than any formal plea for this noble and truly radical work of benevolence are these life-pictures. May they draw the attention of the thoughtful and kind-hearted to an enterprise of charity, say rather of *justice*, second to none in our day, whether in the spirit that prompts, or in the wisdom that guides it. E.

A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciations of the Popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated. By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — Mr. Wilson believes that the popular histories of the Conquest of Mexico, including those of Robertson and Prescott, are little better than romance, and that the Spanish authorities on which they rely abound not merely in exaggerations, but pure inventions. Mr. Wilson is a lawyer, and he insists on a lawyer's privilege of "sifting the evidence"; and this he does with considerable acumen, and rather too evident a satisfac-

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tion in finding flaws and blunders. He impeaches the Spanish authorities mainly on three grounds. First, the intrinsic improbabilities of their story, in which are woven pretended miracles which nobody believes. Secondly, they contradict each other so continually and grossly, that they must not merely have made mistakes, but wholesale fabrications. The three principal authorities are the despatches of Cortez, the narrative of Gomara, his chaplain, and that of Bernal Diaz, one of his men, which last was not written till fifty years after the conquest, and bears internal evidence of being a forgery. They are totally irreconcilable with each other. But, thirdly, the topography of the country, which Mr. Wilson has thoroughly explored, demonstrates, he says, the physical impossibility of the truth of these narratives. Applying these touches, the splendid story of the Aztec civilization becomes a mere myth, got up by the conquerors for effect at home. The magnificent cities become the mud villages of Indians not much in advance of the Iroquois in the arts of life. They did *not* offer human sacrifices nor eat each other, those stories being invented by Cortez and his men to excuse their own abominable cruelties. The ancient temples which the Spaniards found in Central America, and which Mr. Stephens has since given us some account of, were not of Indian, but of Phœnician origin, and were relics of a civilization and of a race which had passed away long before the Spanish conquest. These the Spaniards mistook for Indian temples. The pretended Indian picture-writing is the forgery of monks, and bears unmistakable internal evidence of being so.

We shall not undertake to be umpire between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Prescott. It is quite evident, however, that, while the confidence of the reader in the Spanish authorities will be essentially shaken, he will also see that Mr. Wilson has used his "lawyer's privilege" after a lawyer's method, and not after the method of the historian. In fact, the book is a lawyer's plea from beginning to end, with a special case to be made out, with slurs upon the witnesses on the opposite side; and it nowhere rises to calm judicial impartiality. Mr. Prescott's honesty of purpose is nowhere questioned; and, if living, no one would welcome the investigation with more candor than he, and no one, alas! would tell us so well where lies the golden mean in which the truth is to be found. S.

Readings for Young Men, Merchants, and Men of Business. Reprinted from the London Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. —

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This is a small volume of 172 pages, and no better advice could be addressed to young men seeking for the highest success, than this book contains. Nearly one hundred topics are treated of, in essays which are short, pithy, and spiced with anecdote. The moral tone is good, character being placed before gain, and integrity being paramount to worldly success. S.

Morality and the State. By SIMEON NASH. — An ethical treatise of 442 pages, written with ability and perspicuity. It discusses the questions of man's moral nature, the grounds of morality, the duties of the individual towards God, towards himself, and towards others, the foundations of the state, its limitations and duties, its forms of organization, and the duties of the citizen under it. The work is the result of much thought and discussion, and was written by the author in the intervals of judicial duties. S.

Charity Green, or the Varieties of Love. By THOMAS HARTMANN. New York: John W. Norton. — This is a romance, the scene of which lies principally in England. The author says in the Preface, that, though names are veiled, every personage in the volume is sketched from life-reality. The phenomena of trance-vision come in to develop the plot. We have not finished the reading of it, and can only witness to the beauty of style, the power of graphic description, the blending humor and pathos, with which the book is written. The interest is remarkably sustained, and the pictures from life are very vivid. S.

PAMPHLETS.

An Historical Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Willard of Deerfield, is an important contribution, by an honest and able divine, to the history of the rupture in the great body of New England Congregationalists, which we can never cease to regret. It is understood that this discourse will call forth a rejoinder. If there is another side, we shall be glad to hear it. The depth and sincerity of Dr. Willard's convictions, and the earnestness of his purpose, have been put beyond question by a life of singular Christian fidelity. — The parishioners and many friends of Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins, of the Second Church, Boston, will read the Sermon preached by him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination with great interest. — Seventeenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in the City of Providence, by EDWIN M. STONE, and the Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Seaman's Aid Society of the City of Boston, are interesting Reports of two benevolent enterprises. E.

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N. B. Articles intended for publication in this work should be addressed to the Editors. Communications relative to the business department must be directed to the Proprietor,

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Salvation by Charity, by Rev. E. H. Sears	289
The Primitive and the Present Church, by Rev. E. B. Hall, D. D.	298
To a Geode, by H. N. J.	305
The Mother of the Wesleys	306
The Missionary Spirit, by Rev. A. P. Putnam	316
The Rote of the Sea, by Rev. R. P. Rogers	325
Christ the Image of God. A Sermon by Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch	327
Readings for the Sunday School: The Early Christian Church, by H. M.	338
Obituary of Rev. James Kendall, by Rev. George W. Briggs	342
Editors' Random Readings.	
God, the Divine Man, by E. H. S.	347
God's Anvil, by E. H. S.	350
David's Spiritual Locale, by E. H. S.	351
"Whatever is, is right," by R. E.	351
How Gold may be kept bright, by E. H. S.	356
Notices of Books	357

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VOL. XXI. MAY, 1859. No. 5.

SALVATION BY CHARITY.

No Church is a true one that cannot return a clear and rational answer to the first question that presses upon an anxious mind. That question is, "What shall I do to be saved?" "Flee to Christ," or "Trust in the atonement," and the like phrases, answer it vaguely. The Catholic Church places the first essential in Church rituals; the Protestant Churches, in substituted righteousness. The New Jerusalem will place it in neither, but on an eternal principle disclosed in the very nature of man.

That principle is charity. No man can be saved without it, if Christ's words are true. Unless this be wrought into the heart, and form the very core and substance of the heart itself, no one can be saved. For what is heaven? It is a grandly organized charity, pulsating through the whole society, from each to all, and then back again from all to each, and then outward again in tides ever flowing and ever returning, and always kept full by communion with the Lord. And what is hell? It is organized selfishness, each one making himself supreme, and only kept in order by the pressure of external motives; that is, by the fear of

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grievous punishments. Hence in that awful description of the judgment-day reported by Matthew, when the Saviour comes out of the opening heavens and cleaves the peoples asunder, the prime ground of acceptance is A LIFE OF CHARITY, and the prime ground of rejection is a life without it. According to this test they enter into the "everlasting punishment" or the "life eternal." Charity according to its degree and fulness organizes "the solemn troops and sweet societies" around Christ their centre, and those who have not this as the inmost life of the soul sink to eternal death. If in reading Paul's metaphysics you think he has announced a different principle, and made faith everything, you are undeceived when you turn to his beautiful thirteenth chapter in his first letter to the Corinthians, where he makes faith without charity as its vitalizing principle nothing but an empty sound. It need hardly be said, that on the pages of St. John, whether of his Gospel or his Epistles, wherever a truth appears, it is only a form of love. If St. John had been as largely consulted as St. Paul, the Church could never have been taught to believe that traditional forms or traditional opinions could open the gates of heaven.

Since this is so, it becomes a question of the highest moment, What is this charity which is the prime essential of the Gospel? For we may be deceived here. There is a genuine and there is a spurious charity. We will endeavor to describe the Gospel charity which alone can save. On no subject is there so much of vague talk or unmeaning eulogy. Let us therefore discriminate, and bring the gold out of its dross, and not be deceived on this most important of all subjects.

1. We begin with its more obvious characteristics. It always *delights to find good in others.* Apply this faithfully and universally, and you will find, sooner or later, whether your charity be true or spurious. You may take pleasure in the good of some people, your own friends and benefactors, from whom you receive good yourself. This may

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consist with entire indifference to the good of those who are not your friends. It may consist with pleasure in finding evil in the character of others. Very often you find that faults in character are talked about with an evident satisfaction. In the rivalries of social ambition nothing is more common; and we may add, nothing is more revolting to any well-born mind. It is the delight of genuine charity always to fix upon what is good and true in the lives and characters of other people, and what is wrong in them is always witnessed with aversion and pain. Hence with genuine charity the faults of others are *never* made the common topics of conversation, or the staple of personal talk. This always implies that there is pleasure in such themes, and they give pleasure only to hearts which themselves are full of evil.

There is very often considerable range of motive from which an individual may be supposed to act. Within this range some in passing judgment will always select the best, while others will always select the worst. Herein very often light is reflected back upon the spiritual state of him who judges. Since genuine charity delights in good, and loves to find it in others, it always selects the best motive that consists with all the circumstances of the case; and since, where this Christian grace is wanting, people will alight with pleasure on what is evil in their neighbors, they will be prone to select the worst motive that any hypothesis will allow. Thus always in judging others we are having judgment passed upon ourselves, and our measure is always meted back to us again. Hence a censorious disposition, that takes pleasure in finding the moral wounds or sores that other people had been slow to discover, always discloses hereby its own moral leprosy and passes a reflex judgment upon itself.

2. Genuine charity *never panders to what is false or evil in others.* Men who are quick enough to see this principle in its lower and grosser applications, are sometimes blind

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to it in applications which are higher and more spiritual. You condemn the vender of intoxicating drinks, who pockets a paltry gain while he is the means of exciting the diseased appetite or the frenzied passions of his neighbor. He commits no more flagrant breach of the law of charity than those agreeable people who make themselves such by conforming to the corrupt tastes of others, or by appealing to their self-love. This is the sorcery which bad men practise upon others for self-advantage, and it sometimes looks outwardly like charity, while inwardly it is an intensified selfishness. There is lurking in the natural mind of every one somewhat of pride and conceit, and in many some cherished enmities and hatreds. To gain one's good opinion by touching these, is worse than to offer bribes. It is administering slow poison to the spiritual man, and therefore it is spiritual murder. Genuine charity can encourage the neighbor by breathing into his mind strength, confidence, hope, and self-respect, but it avoids the confirming of his internal evils more scrupulously than it would to develop the germs of a fatal disease.

3. Genuine charity always *seeks opportunities for serving others*, instead of waiting for them to come. It cultivates, as one of the arts of life, a facility in doing good. Many people think, if they only had great possessions, or abundant leisure, or were situated somehow different, they should live good and true lives. They are mistaken. Every such person, in just the sphere where Providence has placed him, would find, if his eyes were opened, that he is neglecting opportunities all the while, — that the chance has been offered him again and again of making somebody's pathway more smooth, somebody's heart more glad, somebody's load more light, somebody's heart more pure, and yet he did it not. If you start in the morning with this problem in view, "How many persons to-day will be made happier because I am in the world?" and keep it before you all day, you will be surprised at nightfall to find how much of incidental

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good you may have imparted without even turning from the common routine of your business; how much of oil you may have diffused over the machinery of life where it rubbed and creaked before; how much of sunshine you have called down upon your path from eyes whose beams had not cheered you until now. Charity, when it becomes large-hearted and diffusive, finds out the griefs that were covered over, draws them out to itself, and lights them up as the sun lights up the droppings of the rain.

4. We have not yet, however, reached the core of our subject. All the graces of charitable behavior may be put on, and yet the heart itself may remain unchanged and unregenerate. Indeed, the most consummate and cultivated self-love is that which imitates most perfectly the accomplishments of the Christian man. They may be fitted on to a mind internally and intensely worldly, like artificial leaves and flowers fastened on cunningly to the stems of the twig, drawing no juices from it, but serving only for a while to cover over its barrenness and decay. Assumed for self-advantage, they may not only deceive others, but deceive at length the man himself who wears them. Therefore genuine charity *always has its end out of and beyond itself.* Neither the impulses of natural feeling, which may do evil as well as good, nor the civilities of behavior, however perfect they may be, fulfil this essential condition. It is never fulfilled until a life of charity is lived from a motive of obedience to the Lord. This draws man out of and away from himself, and sanctifies his end and aim; whereas before this he always returned back into himself as the centre and end of all his doings. What graces of polite behavior, what liberality in religion and in human intercourse, what civilities in the parlor and in the street, what philanthropy that struts and swaggers and curses in its own name, what eloquence that moves and melts and shows itself in the best attitudes, all have their end in themselves, and are the exhibitions of self-interest and self-love! We learn at length to

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distinguish these by their tone and bearing from that genuine charity which always looks to the Lord alone, and only seeks the guidance of his eye. This is always humble and self-oblivious, losing itself in the cause of its Master, and when it glows the warmest, has in it no burning or crackling from the strange fires of human wrath.

5. Hence another quality becomes obvious. Genuine charity *always seeks to be joined to its kindred truth.* Spurious charity can go alone, and very often prefers it, talking in its own name, taking credit to itself for its plans and achievements, and clothing itself in its own glory. Not so of genuine charity. It cannot go alone or live alone, but yearns always towards the great truths that inspire it and clothe it with themselves as its body and robe, and lead it forth to its glorious victories and achievements. It always bends low and worships. It runs into prodigality, wild impulse, false generosity, easy good-nature, and goes to waste, or else runs into some specious and noxious mould of self-love, unless genuine truth comes to shape it and to clothe it in wedding garments. Out of Christ it is a spurious goodness, seeking its own ends, and swelling and vaunting itself in the face of the world. In Christ it is a goodness purified from self-love, and receiving the bright investiture of his truth and the crown of gold; for genuine charity arrayed in genuine truth as the symbol of victory is always going forth in the name of another, and always casting its crown at the feet of the Lamb.

Hence the everlasting connection between doing his will and knowing the doctrine. Merely doing good with the hands to any amount, does not of necessity lead to a more interior knowledge of the Saviour, or of his revelation which we call Christianity. It may lead the other way, to self-isolation and self-glory on the "rock of independence." It is doing it in his name and under a motive of obedience to the Lord. It is one of the rational and humane teachings of the New Jerusalem, that in all nations and under all

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forms of religion, Pagan as well as Christian, those who simply live lives of charity from a motive of obedience to a Divine will are sure to be saved, for when the earth-scene has passed, and the higher scene opens, and Christ is revealed, they welcome and receive him joyfully, and charity knows and recognizes its kindred doctrine, and puts it on as its robe and diadem. So in the judgment scene described by Matthew, those who are "the elect" are gathered from "all nations," and they are those who have done the offices of charity to the least of them that bear the image of the Lord.

6. Therefore we come to another characteristic. Genuine charity *passes beyond dead works and becomes an inspiration.* It may begin in simple obedience, but it ends in a hunger and thirst after righteousness. It is its meat and its drink to do the will of the Father. It becomes its own reward. Hence it is perfectly evident that charity will become a living principle just in the degree that God is clearly revealed and the soul is conjoined with him. When God is unknown, or impersonal, which is the same thing, we only do good because it is required of us, and we expect our reward hereafter; in other words, whether we own it or not, we are working for wages. Hence the supreme importance of clear and right views of God as connected with a good life. He must be to us a Divine Person, so revealed and so opening his nature into ours as to fill out all our deeds and make them fragrant with his love. Only then are our charities actually conjoined with their kindred truth, and made instinct with the life of God. Before that, they had no fitting to the soul within. They were fixed on to our inward life outwardly and mechanically, and, however laboriously and scrupulously done, they were what are called in the Scriptures "dead works." Not that such works should be omitted. Obedience to the Lord, as he is *now* revealed to us, leads on to such knowledge of the doctrine that obedience becomes at length "a passion and an appetite." Only be sure that your motive is obedience, and not the hollow expediency of the hour.

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7. Again, genuine charity *begins at home.* And it begins in a sense very different from the one usually accepted in these words. It begins by the resistance and expulsion of the evils in one's own heart as the prime condition of doing good unto others. That which hinders you from being a ready medium of joy and blessing to other people, is the sin that lurks within you and comes ever between you and your neighbor. Wrong tempers of mind will mar any good you may try to do to another, or poison and pervert any good you may attempt to throw into a beneficent cause. The old man of sin must be crucified and slain, and then the going forth of the Lord from within you will only be the radiating charities of the Christian man. Regeneration and good works must therefore go together, and as that proceeds apace, these become white with the light and warm with the love of Him to whom we ascribe the kingdom, the power, and the glory.

8. Once more, genuine charity always *seeks its ultimation in useful labors.* It is not a sentiment merely. It does not end in wishing well to others, nor in giving alms to the poor. It has the glow of health that comes from industry, and it makes its daily business a daily work of beneficence. Any calling that is lawful and useful, and tends to the common weal, if its work be done from the state of mind we have now described, is just as much a calling of charity as a ministry to the poor or a mission to the heathen. If a love of usefulness instead of a love of gain be made the controlling motive of one's business, his business straightway has a new soul put into it, yea, is brought into conjunction with heaven itself. In this way the work of the farm, of the shop, and of the exchange will become a work of charity. Just in the degree, then, that a man in his own business studies to be just, kind, faithful, and conscientious before the Lord, he makes his business a form of charity, for it becomes a blessing unto others; and if all business went on from this class of motives, every man's calling would help every other

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man's calling, and the hum of daily industry would rise to God like a hymn of praise.

Such is the charity that saves. And that nothing else can save is evident, not only as a truth of revelation, but is evident from the nature of things. There is a vital connection between the love in our hearts and that faith of the intellect on which we really rest and abide. No man whose life is prevailingly selfish will hold and *really believe* the great truths that condemn it. They will shine in only to produce disquiet and distress. Therefore they will be shut out, and an uncleansed heart will join itself ultimately to those beliefs that cover and protect it from the light. Hence all the truth which we only pile up in our memories without bringing down into our lives will fall away as no part of us. If we live untruly, we shall at length believe untruly. If we seek to live well, we shall be drawn to the truths that help us, and whose aspect towards us becomes like God's approving smile. If we live only for ourselves, we shall seek the delusions that justify it, and believe the lie that approves of it. So charity ever rises into the light of God that enrobes it, and self-love ever sinks beneath the falsities that protect it. These falsities are the rocks which it invokes "to fall upon it and hide it from the wrath of the Lamb." And the unrest and the torture arising from the lusts which it retains and closes in upon itself, are "the gnawings of the worm that never dies."

S.

"It is one property which (they say) is required of those who seek for the philosopher's stone, that they must not do it with any covetous desire to be rich; for otherwise they shall never find it. But most true it is, that whosoever would have the jewel of contentment, which turns all into gold, yea want into wealth, must come with minds divested of all ambitious and covetous thoughts, else are they never likely to obtain it."

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THE PRIMITIVE AND THE PRESENT CHURCH.

It is singular how ready men are to find obstacles in the way of duty, and magnify the failure of those who disregard obstacles in attempting to perform their whole duty. Both these dispositions may be seen in connection with the supposed character of the primitive Christian Church, and indeed with the character and claims of the Church of every age. A wrong idea is first formed as to the perfection of the early Church, and then, naturally enough, a false estimate is made of the degeneracy of the Church at present, and the *danger* of being connected with it; until men come to think themselves safer out of the pale, living as they please, than within the pale, striving to live as they ought.

In speaking of this, I regard the Church, and would use the word, in its original sense, as an assembly, denoting the whole body of believers and worshippers, who in the beginning were partakers together of the Lord's table, observing the rite of commemoration in connection with almost every gathering for religious service. In our different age and altered community, obvious reasons call for more discrimination, and less commonness, in this celebration. But it is important to remember the primitive mode, and form a correct idea of the early usage, to which a vague reference is often made.

The primitive Church was not immaculate. How could it be? Formed chiefly of new converts, either from Judaism or Gentilism, it contained necessarily very diverse and imperfect elements. Why, then, are we inclined to think of that early Church, constituted by the Apostles, as so pure and nearly perfect? Partly because we identify it with the Apostles, and think of it as if the spirit of Jesus himself had breathed upon and fashioned it. Partly from our reverence for a remote antiquity, — though at the same time we call it the infancy of the religion, and forget that in-

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fancy, if innocent, is not strong or wise, and in this relation does but exhibit the ignorance of childhood with the passions of manhood, — a perilous alliance. Christ formed no church himself, unless we choose to give the name to that little band of disciples whom he met to observe with them the Passover, when he changed it into an act of Christian fellowship. And how frail and erring were those disciples then! It is a lesson for us, when we think to exclude all but the last from *our* fellowship, or would ourselves stay away from the Lord's table until we are perfect. Those with whom he communed were not Christians then, but Jews still; not believers, but rather doubters, ignorant of the Master, ignorant of themselves, and too weak to endure the first severe trial of their fidelity. And when, after the Master left them, these disciples began themselves to form churches, and build up a community of believers, though firmly established now in the faith, true, devout, and devoted men, they could only use the rude materials which they found, — prejudiced Jews and superstitious Gentiles, jealous of each other, desiring each to incorporate some of their old faith and form into the new, and slow of heart to believe in a religion so distant from that of their childhood and maturity; indeed incapable, except partially and very gradually, of appreciating the simplicity, purity, self-sacrifice, and spiritual perfectness of Christianity. It is unreasonable to expect of such men and minds more singleness of motive and a higher excellence than we find even in those who have been born and trained in Christian lands. So far from this, we ought rather to suspect the truth of the history, if it gave us any other picture than that which it does give. And what is that?

The first fact we notice is the absence of that unity and harmony which many suppose to have prevailed in the early churches. Those who think it strange that there should be so much division now, and look upon it as proof of declension and infidelity, will do well to remember that

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divisions began with the formation of churches, and that it could not be otherwise if men were men, and were left free. The entire freedom given and exercised is one of the glories of the religion, and its abuse is but a part of human infirmity and probation. Beside the two marked divisions of the Church, growing out of the opposing prepossessions and jealousies of Jew and Gentile, there were parties attached to different leaders, as Paul, Apollos, Cephas, and Christ. And then very naturally came up the great question about the value and necessity of the distinguishing Jewish rite, circumcision, with differences and disputes about rites and customs, meats and drinks, things offered to idols, and the positive authority or comparative sacredness of Sabbaths and holy days. Even the vexed question of the power of the husband over the wife, and the privileges and proper appearance of "women" in and out of the church, began to be mooted. No reader of the Acts of the Apostles, or of their Epistles to the different communities, can fail to see what importance some of these controversies assumed, and how much attention and discretion they required on the part of the leaders. We are struck, both with the candor of Paul in recording these differences just as they were, and his judicious use of authority, with the exercise of a large liberality, in regard to them. While he insisted on essentials, he allowed great diversity of opinion and administration in everything local, secondary, and temporary. Instead of raising walls of separation, he aimed to break them down. No exclusiveness, no severity, no harsh and unauthorized conditions of fellowship, still less any requirement of apparent, but unreal, because impossible agreement, can be found in the teaching of this large-minded Apostle. Not uniformity of faith, but unity of spirit, he enjoined, as better than the other, even if the other were practicable. Free inquiry, individual liberty with corresponding responsibility, the exercise of mutual forbearance, and the greatness and glory of that charity which is "the

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bond of perfectness," — these were the dispositions and duties most commended. In all this, on the part both of the people and the Apostles, we discern marks of naturalness and truth, demanding our confidence and not cavils, reminding us of our own accountableness, proportioned to our claim of greater knowledge and perfect liberty.

Another prominent feature of the early Church, not peculiar to that day, but as apparent then as now, is the fact of moral as well as mental variance, great imperfection, and occasional corruption of converts and professors. If the presence and power of Christ himself, his teaching and his life, did not constrain either the belief or conduct of those around him, it is unreasonable to expect it of the Apostles, especially when they went among the heathen, and dealt with such habits and gross iniquities as Paul describes in writing to the Romans and Corinthians. The picture which he draws of the moral condition of the world at that time is enough to account for any divine interposition or new revelation; while the immoralities and excesses known to have existed in the bosom of the Church, in one community at least, teach us a lesson alike of humility, charity, and present responsibility.

In the last remark, we refer to the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and that eleventh chapter which has been so often misconstrued and perverted. We read there of the grossest immoralities, such as gluttony and intemperance, in connection even with the Lord's supper; and then, as the Apostle describes it by the terms "eating and drinking unworthily," and says that any one guilty of this "eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body," — it is inferred that all who allow themselves to partake of that ordinance without being strictly "worthy," expose themselves to this same sin, and may bring upon their souls an awful "damnation," in their very attempt to commune with their Saviour. It is easy to see how much evil may flow from such an interpretation; and we know from obser-

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vation, as well as the history of the Church, that many have been kept away from the ordinance through fear of this dreadful guilt and its fatal consequences.

After all the explanations that have been given of the passage, it cannot be necessary to vindicate it from the abuse to which it has been subjected. It is enough to remember, first, that this was a particular local case, and not a general fact; next, that it was an extreme case, such as is not known to have occurred since; and then, that it relates entirely to a misconception and misuse of an ordinance, and not to qualifications for communion. The whole state of things, social and religious, was unlike any known to us now. The Lord's supper was a frequent, and not a rare observance. Every Sabbath service, and it is supposed every religious ceremony in the week, was closed by the Eucharist. And this was common to all worshippers, all declared believers in Christ, with no other condition. Some of these appear to have confounded this "supper" with a common feast, probably with some of the festivals that they had observed in Pagan worship. Paul speaks of "partakers of the Lord's table, and the table of devils," and tells them that these can have no fellowship with each other. He gives a particular account of the Lord's supper as he received it "of the Lord," separating it from all common feasts; and then reproves those who had either not "discerned" its true purpose, or had abused and profaned it by the indulgence of appetite, even to excess. *This*, he says, is like "eating and drinking damnation to themselves": the term "unworthily" being applied directly to this kind of abuse, and no other.

It is clear, then, that this has no relation to our observance of the ordinance. It says nothing about men's fitness or unfitness to become communicants. It shows that many were allowed to commune at that day who were weak in faith and in character. It pronounces no sentence of excommunication even upon those who had either grossly mistaken

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the rite, or wantonly abused the privilege. It adds no conditions or laws of participation, except this simple yet comprehensive and spiritual rule, — "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." If any see in these circumstances a warrant for prohibition and exclusion of dissenters, or find any ground of excuse for continued neglect of the ordinance, or infer that there is more danger of "damnation" in the Church than away from it, they must have singular minds, and can hardly possess, one would think, that preparation of *heart* which is alone essential, yet absolutely essential, to the right enjoyment of Christian fellowship.

Even so cursory a glance as this, at the position and character of the primitive Church, will suffice to show, that, while it held diversities of faith and exhibited at times great defects of character, these are not inconsistent with sincerity or spirituality in many, and probably most, of those early believers. Men were left then, as now, wholly free; and some of them sinned and fell. No supernatural power was put forth to save any from the abuse of themselves or their religion. No attempt was made to coerce opinion; no doctrinal tests, so far as known, were applied to the admission of new members; there was no assumption of infallibility on the part of the Apostles, nor of immaculate virtue in the Church; and no harsh measures were taken even with offenders and backsliders. In fine, the whole character of the first disciples, and early churches, was such as might be expected from the age and circumstances, and furnishes no apology for keeping aloof from Church relations now, or slighting in any way our Christian obligations.

The Church of the disciples stands no nearer the fountain of truth and spiritual influence, than the Church of the present, — because the fountain is God, in Christ; and Christ may be as present to the believer and partaker to-day, as in the days of miracles and martyrs. Yea, he should be more present where he is better known, through the advancing revelation of his truth and power, in larger and larger

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numbers of trusting hearts and faithful lives, under every name and form. Our distance in time from the first age of the Church is more than compensated by the light that comes to us from the passing centuries, with their varied lessons. The single advantage of miraculous power, supposing it restricted to the Apostolic time, will not compare with advantages since gained, either in power or responsibility. Dr. Bushnell thinks the age of miracles has never ceased; no lines of past or present can bound it. This may be a question of definitions, rather than facts. Sure we are, that moral miracles, spiritual wonders, supernatural *experiences*, still in entire accordance with our highest and deepest natures, do and will multiply and advance with every advance of genuine Christianity.

Clearly, and as a conclusion, we have no excuse for any remissness or apostasy, any temper of complaint or neglect of the religion itself, in its past or present power. We have no excuse, or semblance of reason, for not endeavoring to do our duty, because many have failed. Our danger lies in apathy and inaction, not in endeavor. Better strive, though we come far short of the mark, than sit down with folded arms, distrustful, captious, or indifferent. Better set for ourselves the highest standard, though sure to fail of it, than be content with the lowest. Grievously misled is he, by his own lukewarmness or conceit, who thinks he needs no help from ordinances which the Saviour himself used. And more grievous still is his error and his danger who withholds himself from the fellowship of the good, lest he should fall into the condemnation of the bad. Fear nothing so much as unfaithfulness and sin. Fear to be ungrateful to that Friend who has done and suffered all things for our sake. Fear to be too distant, and too long absent, from a communion the most precious and most blessed. Fear to turn away from the proffered cup of mercy and life, till you hold in your trembling hand, and must press to your burning lips, the cup of sorrow and death.

E. B. H.

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TO A GEODE,*

BROUGHT FROM THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THOUGH years, ay, centuries, over thee have rolled,
Into thy beauteous heart still have my eyes,
Of all the earth's, these eyes first penetrated,
Thou wonderment of God's creative power!
Vain were it to inquire of thee, why thou
Within thy nodule rough foldest thy gems? —
Or who thee wrapped in cerements coarse and plain,
And bade thee 'neath the waterfall to lie,
Upon the river's bank, or bolder rock,
Unnoticed and alone? — and to thy heart,
Thine inner temple, gave such beauty rare? —
Who thee endued with power the rainbow hues
From the o'erarching heaven to bring? — yes, thou,
With thy prismatic skill, dost decompose
The delicate rays that form our glad'ning light! —
With such precision geometrical,
Who measured all thine angles, crystal-shaped,
Made multiform and regular their sides, —
Each shaft minute finished so wondrously?
Thou smiling prairie-flower, give answer here,
Thou sportive, music-warbling bird, reply!
And noble stream, that bearest million souls
Upon thy stalwart breast, what sayest thou?
God? — He who on my soul its power bestowed
To live for evermore? O Thou, Almighty!
By the immortal spirit thou hast given,
Aid me to draw the glory of thy heaven
To earth, to scatter light in deeds of love,
Brightening and cheering wheresoe'er they fall.
Grant me thy holiest influence within,
That, as the years successive roll along
Silently and unseen by all save thee,

* A hollow ball or rock lined with crystals.

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Each inwrought Christian virtue may grow bright.
Grant, Father, when thy powerful hand shall crush
My frame, as I this wondrous casket frail,
Thine eye, all-searching, gazing on my soul,
May nothing find to offend, but clear, serene,
Sparkling with heavenly glow, and from the world
Unsullied, may it gleam, and radiant ever,
Omniscient God, with purest love to thee!

H. N. J.

THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

"THE mother of the Wesleys," says Isaac Taylor, "was the mother of Methodism." This of itself might make her history interesting; but it will on its own account well repay the perusal.

Susanna Annesley was born in 1669, and was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a distinguished Dissenting minister, and a near relative of the Earl of Anglesea. Dr. Annesley was a man of great piety and learning. Early in life he occupied a prominent position in the English Church; but the "Act of Uniformity" deprived him of all his offices, and his refusal to "conform" raised against him a long and fierce storm of persecution. There were occasions when he was the victim of lawless violence and the object of legal prosecution. Some of these were attended with "remarkable interpositions," and one of his persecutors fell dead while preparing a warrant for his apprehension. He became a leader of the Puritans during the troublous times, preaching almost daily, supplying pastors for destitute congregations, and relief for his ejected and impoverished brethren. "O how many places," exclaims one of his contemporaries, "had sat in darkness, how many ministers had been starved, if Dr. Annesley had died thirty years since!" He was the chief and often the sole instru-

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ment in providing for the education, as well as the subsistence, of several ministers. The sick, the widows, the orphans whom he relieved were innumerable. On his deathbed he was able to say, "Blessed be God, I have been faithful in the ministry above fifty-five years."

Susanna was the youngest of twenty-five children. We have no detailed history of her early years. That she must have been a most pious and conscientious child there is scarcely room for a doubt. It is certain that she applied herself most diligently to the culture of her intellect, and became proficient in Latin, Greek, logic, and mathematics. By such studies she gave strength and tone to a mind destined to influence the character of sons, who in their turn should be powerful for good in all coming time.

She early manifested a disinclination to receive her religious opinions on the authority of her teachers; but claiming the right of private judgment, she set herself diligently to ascertain truth for herself. Before she had completed her thirteenth year, she had investigated the whole controversy between the Dissenters and the Established Church, and had come to a deliberate decision in favor of the latter, — this, too, notwithstanding her tender attachment to her father, who had sacrificed so much in defence of the opposite side. It is due to him to say, that he freely yielded to the daughter, even at that early age, the same privilege of religious liberty which he claimed for himself.

So the girl of thirteen joined herself to the Church of England, and gave herself to her studies, and her work, and her healthful recreations, scrupulously devoting to the last only as much time as to her religious duties. Thus nobly descended, piously and generously educated, having a mind greatly gifted by nature, with a graceful form and beautiful countenance, she was developing into one of the most accomplished and attractive women of her age, when she was seen and loved by Samuel Wesley. He was a minister of the Established Church, though his father, like Dr.

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Annesley, had been a stanch and valiant non-conformist. Mr. Wesley was at this time a curate in London, with an income of thirty pounds, which he, being of a literary turn and an indefatigable worker, increased to sixty by his writings.

About twenty years of age was Susanna Annesley when she left the pleasant home of her father to go with the chosen partner of her future destiny. They were poor, and lived in lodgings; but they maintained their independence and their piety. A notable instance of this is found in Mr. Wesley's refusing to read the "Declaration" of James II. He had been promised preferment as the reward of compliance; nevertheless, he went into his pulpit and denounced the instrument as a Papal design. One child was born to them while in London. Their next residence was Ormsby, where Mr. Wesley obtained a curacy with fifty pounds a year. Here their family increased to six children. It was a hard struggle sometimes to provide bread for so many, but each addition was welcomed as a gift from God. Mr. Wesley says, in a letter to the Archbishop of York, that they "had but fifty pounds a year for six or seven years together, and at least one child per annum." Mrs. Wesley, in reply to the same dignitary, who asked whether she had been in want of bread, said: "My Lord, I will freely own to your grace, that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread; but then I have had so much care to get it before it was eaten, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."

Her husband, having dedicated an heroic poem in ten books, on the "Life of our Saviour," to Queen Mary, so won her favor that she presented him with the living of Epworth, to which was afterwards added the almost worthless one of Wroote. Their income now amounted to about one hundred and thirty pounds a year. With this and the results of his literary labors they sustained and educated their nu-

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merous family, amounting at last to nineteen children, only ten of whom, however, came to maturity. The rector was a plain, bold, and pointed preacher, — so much so as to provoke the resentment of many of his hearers, who, not liking his sermons nor his politics, took revenge by maiming his domestic animals and setting his house on fire. Under pretence of a small debt, which he could not at the moment discharge, he was at one time arrested as he was leaving his church, and sent to prison. As for himself, his spirit never sank, and he had the sympathy and support of his noble wife. "'T is not every one," he wrote to the Archbishop, "who could bear these things; but I bless God, my wife is less concerned with suffering them, than I am in writing, or than I believe your grace will be in reading them." "When I came here," he said in another letter, "my stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife's at home scarce so much. She soon sent me her rings, because she had nothing else to relieve me with, but I returned them." After three months' confinement, the husband returned to his home and to his uncompromising sermons.

Mr. Wesley, as will have been inferred, was a man of great eccentricity, amounting sometimes almost to insanity. A painful and at the same time ludicrous illustration of this is found in an anecdote related by John Wesley. The rector observing, one evening, at family prayers, that Mrs. Wesley did not respond "Amen" to the prayer for the king, asked her the reason of it. She replied, she did not believe in the title of the Prince of Orange to the throne. "If that be the case," said he, "we must part; for if we have two kings, we must have two beds." Mrs. Wesley was inflexible. Her husband went to his study, and soon after left the house. As he was a member of the Convocation, he spent a year in London, within which time the king died; and as neither of them disputed the title of Queen Anne, he could go back without violating his word. Their conjugal harmony was restored, and John Wesley himself was the

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first child born after their reconciliation. Says Mr. Stevens, "This very singular incident seems not to have been attended with any severe recriminations; it was as cool as it was determined and foolish; it was made a matter of conscience by both parties, and both were immovably but calmly resolute in all conscientious prejudices."

Twice within a very few years the rectory was in flames; at one time nearly, at another totally consumed. In both cases it was the work of an incendiary mob, infuriated against Mr. Wesley. In the latter instance the family barely escaped with their night-clothes, — all else, books, furniture, and manuscripts, perished. Mrs. Wesley was in feeble health, and being unable to climb with the rest through the window, she was thrice beaten back from the door by the flames. Committing herself to God, she at last waded through the fire to the street, scorching her face and hands. It was found that one child was missing. He was in an upper chamber asleep. The father tried several times to go to his rescue, but the consuming stairs would not bear his weight. In despair he knelt down on the earth, resigning to God the soul of his child. About this time the little fellow, awaked by the heat and noise, and finding the chamber and bed on fire, had climbed into the window, from which he was rescued by two peasants, standing one on the shoulders of the other. Just as they had taken him safely down, the roof fell in and crushed the chamber to the ground. This little boy was *John*, afterwards the founder of Methodism. His mother at the time was greatly impressed with the extraordinary event, and felt herself called specially to consecrate him to God. In one of her recorded evening meditations, she writes: "I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavor to instil into his mind the principles of thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success."

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Notwithstanding severe trials, and many adversities, the little domestic realm over which Susanna Wesley ruled was as nearly a perfect model of a Christian household as is to be found on the earth. Before the first fire the rectory was a humble wooden structure, nearly a hundred years old, containing one parlor, an ample hall, a buttery, three large upper chambers, besides some smaller apartments, and a study, where the industrious rector spent most of his time, preparing his sermons, and in other literary pursuits. Having no taste nor talent for business affairs, he left all to the management of his wife, even the temporalities of the glebe and tithes. It is very wonderful how much of life she crowded into a single day. Not only taking upon her bravely much business properly belonging to her husband, but the sole instructor of her children, she managed the affairs of the household, gave scrupulously an hour in the morning and another in the evening to religious devotion and meditation, and yet found time for attention to literary pursuits. John Wesley expresses his admiration at the serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children.

Nothing is more indicative of her character than the method in which she educated her children. Their methodical training commenced almost as soon as they were born. In her letter on this subject to John Wesley, she says: "They were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep; after that they were, if possible, laid in their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterward two hours, till they needed none at all." So complete was her discipline, that after one year of age there was scarcely any crying aloud, and the family was as quiet as if it had been without chil-

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dren. Drinking and eating between meals were never allowed, except in case of sickness, which, we may well suppose, "seldom happened." They retired at eight in the evening, and were left in their several rooms awake; for there was no such thing allowed in the house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep. To subdue the will of the child was one of her earliest tasks. "This," says she, "is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind." The little ones were taught to be quiet at family prayer, and to ask a blessing immediately after by sign, before they could either kneel or speak!

Her method of teaching the children to read was peculiar to herself. None of them were made to learn their letters till they were five years old, with one exception, and she is said to have been "more years in learning to read than the rest were months." The day before a child began to study, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five, which were the school hours. One day was allowed for the learning of the letters, and all did learn them in that time with two exceptions; and these, requiring a day and a half, "were thought very dull." As soon as they knew the letters, they began to spell out the first chapter of Genesis, — spelling and reading one line, then a verse, never leaving it till perfect in the appointed lesson, whether longer or shorter. In a quarter of a year they could read an English author readily. Almost every one of the children, as they grew up, gave evidence of great intellectual acquirements. One of the girls at the age of eight was able to read the Greek language, and all the others were thoroughly accomplished, some of them having

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no small literary reputation in their day. The three sons, Samuel, John, and Charles, of whom the first died about the time his brothers began to attract attention, were all fine classical and scientific scholars, John, as is well known, having been at an early age elected to a fellowship in Lincoln College, Oxford.

The family school was opened and closed by singing. At five o'clock all had a season of retirement, when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the Psalm for the day and a chapter in the New Testament. The mother also conversed with one of her children on religious subjects, and on some evenings with two, so as to comprehend the whole circle every week.

Though method prevailed throughout the household, its almost mechanical rigor was relaxed at suitable intervals, in which the nursery, with its large juvenile community, became an arena of hilarious recreation, of "high glee and frolic." Games of skill, and of chance even, were among the pastimes, such as John Wesley afterwards prohibited among the Methodists. While the rectory was rattling with the "mysterious noises" so famous in the family history, we find the courageous daughters "playing at the game of cards."

Mr. Wesley being absent at the convocation sometimes for months together, Mrs. Wesley, feeling it to be her duty to pay more attention to the children, especially on Sunday, when there was no afternoon service in the church, read prayers and a sermon, and conversed with them on religious subjects. A few neighbors requested the privilege of being present, to which she consented, and the number increased till the house was filled, and many were compelled to go away for want of room. She, as a dutiful wife, made a full report to her husband, who, while he commended her zeal, stated some objections to the meeting. She replied in an admirable letter, answering his objections in order, and stating the way in which she came to adopt this course. Fear-

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ing that the Lord's day was not fully observed by one attendance on the church service, and thinking that the intermediate spaces of time should be filled with acts of piety and devotion, she read to and instructed her family and a few of her neighbors. An account of some Danish missionary, which her daughter Emilia had found in the library, so enkindled her zeal, that she thought, though not a minister of the Gospel, she might do some good by praying for the people, and speaking to them with warmth and earnestness. "I chose," she says, "the best and most awakening sermons we had. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred hearers, and yet many went away for want of room. We banish all temporal concerns from our society; none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading and singing. We keep close to the business of the day, and as soon as it is over they all go home. And where is the harm of this? As for your proposal of letting some other person read, alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it; and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people." Mr. Wesley was persuaded by his wife's reasoning. Very soon her assembly became larger than that which met at the church. The curate, — whose almost sole topic of preaching was the duty of paying one's debts, — with some of the parishioners, wrote to the rector against the assembly as a "conventicle." The high-church principles of the latter took alarm, and he wrote a second time to his wife. She replies, that the measure is reclaiming many of the common people from immorality; that it was filling up the parish church; that some who had not attended the latter for years were now seen there. "If you do, after all," she says in conclusion, "think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command,

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in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The rector was unwilling to assume the responsibility thus thrown upon him, and the meetings were continued. "It was evident," says Dr. Clarke, "that God had done more in a few months by this irregular ministry, than he had done by that of the rector and his curates for eighteen years before." Isaac Taylor remarks, concerning the passage where she says, "Do not advise, but command me to desist":—"In this emphatic expression of a deep, compound feeling, a powerful conscientious impulse, and a fixed principle of submission to the rightful authority, there was condensed the very law of her son's course, as the founder and legislator of a sect."

Mrs. Wesley encouraged and sympathized with her sons in their evangelical movements, and they were indebted to her, not only for their training in the Epworth rectory, but also for much direct and judicious advice in their movements in active life. She had their confidence fully; and it is a matter of no small interest to see them often laying their plans before her, detailing their experiences to her, and receiving, even in manhood, many instructions from this wise mother. She lived till about seventy-three years of age, and closed her earthly pilgrimage at the house of her son in London. John and five of the daughters were present, and immediately after her departure joined in a song of praise, in accordance with her own request.

"THE providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty, and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing or satiety."

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THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

THE spirit which genuine Christianity breathes into the soul is essentially unselfish. The gifts which the Gospel confers, each one is indeed permitted and required to make his own. But in no exclusive sense. He is not to hoard them as the miser hoards his silver and gold. He must gain possession of them, not only that he may be blessed with them himself, but that he may bless others with them in turn. Such must be his love for his fellow-beings, and his zeal for their welfare, so anxious must he be that the good which *he* has realized may be enjoyed by *them*, that he must quite forget himself in his disinterested devotion to their best interests. What Christianity expects of every disciple is, that he shall deny himself, go out of himself, yea, sacrifice himself if need be, in order that its priceless blessings may be more generally disseminated. He must not be exclusive, indolent, fastidious. He must be catholic, active, and fearless. If he have wealth, he must devote it to the cause of his Master. If he have talent, station, or influence, he must see to it that he employs it to widen the more extensively the reign of Heaven on earth. If he have in his soul the truth of God, — or if he think he has it, — that is the pearl of great price which he must seek to make the possession of every son and daughter of Adam. And although this is to be done with the most entire self-forgetfulness, yet is it true that only in this way can the Christian keep the immortal gift himself, and become most abundantly enriched in mind and heart.

Hence we have the great commandment which Christ gave to his disciples ere he was received up into heaven, saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This was their high commission. Freely they had received, freely they must give. As yet, the nations knew not God. The whole world was lying in wick-

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edness. Myriads were waiting to be blessed with the same grace and truth that had so gloriously exalted and inspired the Apostles themselves. That which was so invaluable to the few, would be equally precious to the many. By their sense of the worth of "the glad tidings of great joy," by their interest in the fate of countless numbers of God's children, and by the positive injunction of the Master himself, they were urged to the great missionary work. And well did they perform it. All else seems to have been wholly lost sight of. The establishment of Christ's spiritual kingdom in the hearts of men, and the conversion of the world to God in the name of the Crucified, was the one great thought and aim which inspired their subsequent career. It led them on amid dangers and persecutions which must have appalled men who had not been sealed to the service by the very spirit of the Most High. It led them to self-renunciation, to martyrdom, and to victory. And it was that fearless proclamation of divine truth, that wide-spread zeal in its behalf, extending into so many communities and countries within so brief a space of time, that gave to the new religion its most rapid and unexpected success. Christianity had not survived, nothing had been done, without this love, courage, and activity on the part of its friends.

By such an unselfish, beneficent, energetic life, how the characters of those companions of Christ were elevated! By their personal interest in diffusing a knowledge of the truth, how the fortunes of the world were changed! Henceforth the disciples sat on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

What an exaltation of soul and of life was given to Paul through his zeal in opening to the heathen world the treasures of Christ's kingdom! Rob the great Gentile Apostle of the glory he thus acquired, and you well-nigh deprive him of his all. Just such a work as that in which he engaged — so generous in its nature, so extended in its scope, so

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sublime in its conception and results — was needed to make him the chivalric and mighty man he proved to be.

What was true of the early Church has been true of those branches of the later Church which have most faithfully imitated its example. Those religious denominations which have sought most arduously to fulfil that last commandment of our Lord, — which have most effectively sustained the general cause of missions, — which have endeavored to furnish to others the blessings they have received themselves, — have, without doubt, been the great moving powers in the history of Christianity. It is thus that they have gained their truest strength and accomplished their highest good. For there is something in such labors as these which imparts vitality and insures victory; — something that fills with glorious visions, gives dignity to thought and word, and rouses to consecrated action. And it is as true now as it was in the days of Paul, that no higher type of life can be presented than that of a genuine missionary of Christ.

Some years since, the writer of this article was pursuing his studies at one of our New England colleges, when, one Sunday, the village church pulpit was occupied by the now lamented Stoddard, the Nestorian missionary, who had then recently returned from the scene of his devoted labors on a visit to his native land. I had never heard of him before. I knew not his subsequent history, until, several years afterward, I read the announcement of his death. But I never forgot, and often have had occasion to speak of, the impressions which that Sunday service produced on my mind, and upon the minds, I might say, of all who were present. The singular beauty and purity of his style, his glowing eloquence, his really "seraphic" countenance, as he dwelt, in extemporaneous discourse, upon the claims of his mission to the sympathy and support of the churches, and upon the prospects which Christianity had opened to that most interesting people, abode with me as a most beautiful and sacred memory, long after I bade adieu both to the church

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and to the college. The now written record of his life confirms the impression I had received respecting him. It is a finished picture, showing what one may do and be who thus finds the inspiration of his life in those words of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The church that can present such servants of God as this is rich indeed, as that church is weak and cold which not only is without them, but refuses to tolerate them within her enclosure.

It is most unfortunate that so many of our liberal churches are hostile to this missionary element of Christianity. We plume ourselves upon the grand and inspiring views which we cherish. But it seems too much like a selfish enjoyment. Having once got possession of them ourselves, we become content and inactive. Convinced that their reception is essential to true spiritual growth and peace, we yet make but little effort to extend them beyond our own narrow sphere. The poor old sinning world may take care of itself, for all that we are willing to do for its rescue. There is in most of our churches an ignorance and indifference respecting the proper mission of Christianity, and its claims upon every disciple of Jesus, which is most culpable. What we do most truly need is a general and thorough awakening to a vivid apprehension of the truth, that the pure, simple, original Gospel of Christ contemplates the whole world as its scene of occupancy and triumph, and that it is the duty of every believer in Christ to give as freely as he has received, in order that the kingdom of God may come in all its glory and power.

Yet let us be just. If our liberal churches lack in interest in extending a knowledge of the truth, it cannot be denied that they are possessed of peculiar merit in other most needful characteristics. No body of Christians is more responsive to the calls of charity. No denomination insists more courageously upon good works as the counterpart to faith. No sect has so well defended the Protestant

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doctrine of the right of private judgment. No church has forged so few chains and bound so few burdens. No one has presented Christianity so entirely divested of the dogmas and superstitions with which the human mind has ever been prone to encumber it. And all this is a good deal to say. But that which is imperatively needed, in addition to these excellent virtues, is a spirited, loyal obedience to the last commandment of Christ. It is just this which would arouse our churches from their spiritual lethargy, quicken their listless, lifeless members, and give us a right to a place in the vineyard of the Lord.

But it is urged that this missionary zeal is incompatible with the genius of our body, — does not properly belong to us, — is not suited to us, nor we to it, — does not work well with us. True, it is not congenial to us as we now are, but it is not uncongenial to us as we should be. We have so educated ourselves into a habit of selfish repose and unconcern, that we have come to think that this is our divinely appointed condition. Too many of our ministers pursue in retirement their quiet literary enjoyments or more ambitious scholarly plans and investigations, with the abominable conceit that it is theirs to do the thinking for the religious world, and that it is the providential mission of the larger sects of Christendom to do the work, — while our societies acquiesce in the agreeable appointment, and but too gladly accept the part of ease and indifference.

Now we are not constituted by nature so unlike others as we would fain believe. We were made and designed for work as well as they, — earnest, practical, missionary work, — the work of converting the world to God and his Christ. We are not to look about for some proud, favored, inglorious position in the Master's vineyard, to which others are not entitled. This is a fatal mistake. We might well imitate here the example of other sects, which are not for ever anxious lest they may not find some peculiar sphere of service, but take the field at once and engage in one

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common enterprise. It is only thus that we can attain, with them, to health, usefulness, and dignity.

But it is said again, that we must not imitate the methods of action which other denominations employ, but must have ways of our own.

A mistake is often made here, in confounding a sectarian habit of proselyting with a genuine zeal for the promulgation of truth. Did the latter necessarily involve the former, the case would present altogether a different aspect. For nothing is more opposed to the spirit and genius of Christianity than the mere building up of a sect or party by those jesuitical arts and that insane fanaticism which are usually employed for such a purpose. There is nothing which Christ would more readily forbid and condemn. He did condemn it. And it is a cause for sincere joy that our liberal churches are so free from this revolting evil. They do not cherish it as their aim to strengthen and enlarge their own body by weakening other denominations. In order merely to swell their list of church-members, they do not compass sea and land, pry into stranger's houses, coax, grow frantic, and seek to detach from other denominations here and there an individual who may chance to be good game for such a detestable guerilla warfare. They do not rejoice more heartily when they have persuaded one who is already a good Christian to change his ecclesiastical relations, than when they have constrained one who is sunk in worldliness and irreligion to repent and be saved. Let us thank God it is so.

But who does not see that the evil which is thus avoided is something entirely different from a manly, generous diffusion of the simple truth as it is in Jesus? Paul was a most zealous missionary, but he was given to none of the vices we have referred to. He became all things to all men, in order that he might save some; but there was nothing narrow, vulgar, or underhanded in his character or method.

Nor need we be particular to choose precisely the same

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agencies or localities as other churches select for carrying on this noble work. What we want is the right spirit, the heavenly zeal in behalf of truth, and the willingness to let it go forth freely to find its own appropriate manifestations. Here, perhaps, its direction will coincide with that which has been followed by other denominations. There, it will pursue a path of its own. But it must not affect to be singular. In our prejudice against churches of a different faith, we are led to discard many a form and usage which experience has demonstrated to be invaluable, and to adopt those which prove eventually to be useless, if not injurious. This mortal dread of imitating the ways and example of those who are Christians, and are doing a good Christian work, is an indication of weakness and disease. A really healthy religious life does not stop to inquire whether it pursues the direction which men have traced before or are following still, morbidly insisting upon separation and peculiar means and methods, but proceeds on, strongly and confidently, ready to tread new paths if it must, not hesitating to be guided when it can by the well-worn thoroughfares of the myriads who have passed on to glory, and glad to co-operate when it may with all who love the Lord Jesus and pray for the coming of his divine kingdom.

The most ridiculous objection which is urged against such a missionary spirit among our liberal churches is, that our doctrines and ideas are of so exalted a character that people generally cannot understand and appreciate them, and that those who *can* do so, being of a certain noble build, like ourselves, will find their way to them eventually, without any foreign assistance.

Now we have always claimed that we present Christianity in all its original simplicity. We have insisted that other churches have added to the genuine Gospel so much of dogma, tradition, and mystery, that people cannot understand it, are perplexed with it, and reject it. This is only too true. But what are we now saying and doing our-

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selves? What better is it to claim that our views are so broad and elevated that only here and there a person is fitted by nature to receive them, — that they are not meant for the masses, — and that therefore there is no urgent call upon us, nor is it of sufficient importance to us, to put forth any unusual effort to make known our faith to the world? Yet this is the position which many of our most distinguished brethren, and not a few of our strongest churches, openly and practically assume.

The Gospel of Christ is indeed characterized by the severest simplicity. He who runs may read and understand. The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err concerning it. By the Great Teacher himself it was preached, not so much to the refined and to the great as to the ignorant and the humble. Chiefly and perpetually, Christ's ministry was to fishermen, tent-makers, publicans, and sinners. And when he gave his commission to his Apostles, his was no exclusive command. "Preach the Gospel to *every* creature." There was a divine appropriateness and beauty in this; for every creature could understand it. Alas for humanity, if the toiling, suffering millions cannot understand the Christian religion, or whatever in it is noblest and best! Alas if we alone are possessed of its vast and glorious truths, and if these are just the truths which the larger proportion of our race cannot grasp, and were not made to grasp! This is a doctrine of election we did not expect to see set forth by those who profess a liberal Christianity. All things considered, we should quite as quickly accept the doctrine as it is held by our friends of the Calvinistic churches.

If Christ could preach the great truths of the Gospel to the multitudes, and we have that which was not intended for so general a use, it becomes us to examine ourselves, and know whether we be yet in the faith. It ought to be known what these views are which people generally cannot comprehend. Had we been asked what are the most dis-

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tinguishing doctrines and principles of the liberal church, we should probably have mentioned, as the most prominent, the paternal character of God; the brotherhood of man; the Bible our only creed; the right of private judgment and interpretation; the eternal growth and progress of the soul. But what is there here which those who hold to the popular system of theology may not sufficiently understand? What is it that we have got, above and beyond these, which ordinary minds cannot accept, but which yet we hold to be so ennobling and inspiring that there is scarcely salvation without them? Or is it, rather, *the manner in which these views are presented* which is the reason why they are not received and welcomed? Whether it be substance or form, one thing is pretty evident, — no denomination can, with impunity or safety, be above that sweet simplicity which was in Jesus himself. As long as we imagine ourselves to be above the masses, we deprive ourselves of power and influence, and cannot fulfil the legitimate mission of a Christian church. If we are, or mean to be, such a church of Christ, the sooner we know it, the better. Else the great Church of History will sweep on in its course to the final consummation of its purposes, as it seems to be doing now, heedless of all our boasts, and reckless of our *really* limited influence.

What the hungering and thirsting crowds of humanity want, is to feel the life-giving power of the few great, simple truths of Christianity. Deprived of these, they sink into spiritual death; possessed of them, they would become emancipated from all the grievous moral evils, personal, social, political, and ecclesiastical, with which the world is burdened. Once fully ingrafted into the soul, these truths, under the light and in the warmth of the culminating civilization of our time, would, by their own inherent vitality, quicken into countless applications and developments. And that body of Christians which will take the everlasting Gospel, thus purged of corruptions, and carry it forth most

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efficiently to the myriads who are dying for want of it, shall have a blessed record in the history of the Church Militant, and no inconsiderable share of the glories of the Church Triumphant.

A. P. P.

THE ROTE OF THE SEA,

AT CAPE ANN.

It is going on towards midnight;
Not a star keeps watch on the deep;
In the street not a voice nor footfall:
The old town is fast asleep.

Naught, naught but the wild Northeaster
Driving by, will disturb its repose;
But I hear in the lulls of the blowing
A sound full of warnings and woes; —

A sound that I cannot help hearing,
Now it has once come to me; —
A muffled tolling and booming:
They call it "The Rote of the Sea."

It rolls like incessant thunder,
From clouds or guns far away;
It is the thunder of ocean,
All round Cape Ann and the Bay.

'T is a heavy, monotonous murmur,
Not loud, but filling the air;
And never quite hushed off to silence,
Though the day or night be fair.

But now it is louder than usual,
As the waves were making a breach
Across the sands and the marshes,
At Little-Good-Harbor Beach.

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What a story the sea is there telling! —
A story it has learned by rote,
Of mariners shipwrecked and drowning,
And of perils to all afloat.

What a dreadful night for the home-bound,
And for the fishermen on the Banks!
Where the sea runs high to the topmast,
In broken, impetuous ranks.

There is many a sleepless pillow
To-night in this sea-shore place;
There is many a thought flying seaward,
And upward in prayer for grace.

There is many a goodly vessel
Lying to, afar on the main,
Or scudding before the tempest,
That may never come home again.

I listen, and out of the murmur
Make many a dismal tale
Of those who are off on the waters,
Caught by this furious gale.

O, who can tell of their safety?
Or what their danger may be?
But down there at Little Good Harbor,
'T is all told in the Rote of the Sea.

R. P. R.

GLOUCESTER, Mass.

"THE truths of Christ crucified are the Christian's philosophy; and a good life is the Christian's logic; that great instrumental introductive art that must guide the mind into the former. And where a long course of piety and close communion with God has purged the heart, and rectified the will, and made all things ready for the reception of God's Spirit, — knowledge will break in upon such a soul, like the sun shining in his full might, with such a victorious light that nothing shall be able to resist it."

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CHRIST THE IMAGE OF GOD.

A SERMON BY REV. STEPHEN G. BULFINCH.

NUMBERS xxiii. 13: — "God is not a man."
COLOSSIANS i. 15: — "Who is the image of the invisible God."

To the intelligent creatures of God, the nature of their Creator must be an object of interest. To those who look for redemption to the Lord Jesus Christ, the station in the universe of that exalted personage, and the relation he sustains to the Almighty, present themes of deep concern. The Christian Church has accordingly, in all ages, placed foremost on its list of doctrines those by which it taught, or professed to teach, what is the nature of God, and what that of the Lord Jesus Christ.

These are lofty themes. Their grandeur should check the disposition to speak with presumptuous dogmatism. On such subjects it is evident that we cannot know all. The finite cannot measure the infinite. Yet we may know something clearly; else wherefore has God revealed himself to us? And if the themes are so vast, it is of the more importance that we should seek to know distinctly what we can. If it be but little that we can learn, let us try to have that little correct and clear.

The current of thought among theologians has recently turned more than it had done for many years to this especial branch of research and meditation. For a generation past, scholars had busied themselves with explanations of the work wrought by Jesus Christ in his life, and especially in his death. The atonement had been the great theme of speculation. But of late, the subject which had such deep interest for those of a generation still farther back has reasserted its claims, and the questions of to-day, in this highest department of human thought, are those on which so many ages have seen the powers of their ablest writers tasked to the uttermost, — the nature of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

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With the view of expressing my opinion on these two great topics, intimately combined as they are, I have chosen for this discourse two texts, from different portions of the sacred volume; — the first relating to the Almighty, "God is not a man"; the second having reference to his glorious Son and Messenger, "Who is the image of the invisible God."

"God is not a man." A few years since, it would have been idle to repeat these words. The tendency among scholars then was not to imagine the Deity confined to a human form, but to expand and attenuate their conception of him till his personality was lost, and God was identified with nature. Pantheism was then our danger, — the system, which, beginning with the grand conception of "God in all, and all in God," passes by imperceptible degrees to the denial of a living, loving Parent in creation, and leaves to us no Heavenly Father, but a mechanism of the universe, an inexorable, irresistible Fate, whose actions are all determined by necessity, and to whom prayers and praises are alike in vain.

Now, however, there is a reaction. The fatherly character of God has asserted its claims upon the heart of man, and has found them acknowledged. He is owned as an existing person, as one who loves us and whom we may love. I rejoice for the increased reception of this truth. Last Sabbath I commended it to you as of the highest importance, to prevent your repentance of sin from being merely a cold, selfish turning of the mind, and to make it a warm and devout turning of the heart. But even this blessed doctrine may have error connected with it. I conceive this to be the case, and that the error needs to be exposed and combated with the weapons of truth.

"God," says our text, "is not a man." I do not quote these words as proof in themselves of what they assert. They are the words of Balaam, a prophet indeed, but one whose character and fate leave to his utterances but ques-

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tionable authority. Nor have I thus far given the sentence entire. It is, at length, "God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent." But I conceive that the assertion, in the brief form in which I have given it, is one of obvious truth. It was used by Balaam as thus obvious. He taught no new doctrine, nothing which needed prophetic authority to sanction it. He but declared what Balak, whom he addressed, knew perfectly, nay, what we all know perfectly, when he declared, as the foundation of his subsequent discourse, "God is not a man."

And yet this assertion, truism as it appears, is not now needless to be repeated. The tendency at present is to dwell so far on the traits in God that connect him with humanity, as to forget the essential and infinite difference. This tendency, though new with us, is not new in some branches of the Christian fold. If you enter a Roman Catholic Church, or turn over a volume of Roman Catholic engravings, you are startled to find, not only pictures of the Saviour and of his Virgin Mother, but pictures of the Eternal Father in the form of man. This bold custom has prevailed in that Church for ages; but Protestants have turned from such representations with feelings like those of Paul, when he spoke of those in old time who "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man." But let Protestants take care that they become not themselves conformed to that which they have so strongly rejected. Many of you have read the eloquent passage in which one of the bravest and best of nominally Trinitarian preachers lately described his own belief. "My God?" says he; "Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither is to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But

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Christ stands my *manifest* God." And while the great preacher of Brooklyn thus indicates the craving of the heart of our day for a God in human form, I find the same wish exhibited in our own section of the Church. While writing, I have had before me a paper by one of our brotherhood, with the title, "God, the Divine Man." In this article I find such language as the following: "To assert, with the Rationalist, that Deity has neither form nor image by which the mind can grasp Him, is to proclaim God to be an unknown God, — for the mind can form no idea of a Being to which it can attribute no *form;* it gazes upon emptiness and grasps at a shadow! To think only of Omnipotence, Wisdom, Love, is to think, not of God, but of empty words, — of a mere bundle of abstractions; the terms are meaningless, till we connect personality with them. And that personality, as God's manifestation, must be the human form, whatever else beside it may be. *For there is no form higher than the human.* It is only in the human form that the Divine attributes, Love, Wisdom, Power, in a finite degree, are found." "I think the time of the forty-five thousand pulpits in America could be profitably employed for the next ten years in simply repeating and reiterating the thought of the *humanity* of God; — that God is a man; that the distinction between Him and us is no impassable gulf of difference, but simply the distinction between the greater and the less, the parent and the child; and that every attribute and quality found in God is found also in man." The article from which the above passages are extracted derives additional importance from the fact of its insertion in a periodical publication which has generally been considered Unitarian, and is still mostly sustained by Unitarians.

To pass over in few words the impropriety of describing as "Rationalists" that great body of Christians in every denomination who maintain the spiritual, incorporeal nature of the Most High, — and the unphilosophical character of the assumption, that to think of God by his moral attributes is

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to think of mere abstractions, — I join issue with the writer whose words I have last quoted, on the general subject of ascribing to the Almighty the bodily form of man. Natural religion protests against this doctrine; for that tells us of a boundless universe, displaying in all its parts the same consummate wisdom, and thus testifying to the existence everywhere of the same Creator. Form implies bounds, limitations, the necessity of leaving one place in order to be present in another. They who assert the Divine Being to exist in human form, must take their choice between two opposite difficulties. If the body of God is less than the universe, He cannot be omnipresent; if it be equal to the universe, their theory comes back to that Pantheism which it is their especial desire to avoid. It may be said that such reasoning, on a subject so majestic, is irreverent. It may appear so to those who regard the doctrine I am opposing as a divine truth. I regard it as a human error. Yet would I not for this speak words which to any might even seem irreverent, but for the necessity of defending dear and sacred truth.

Again, a form, if regular and symmetrical, implies a producing cause. We admire the wisdom displayed in the construction of the human body. Every portion of it, from the strong and flexible pillar of bone to the delicate lenses that compose the eye, bears testimony to the great Designer. I have heard of an atheist surgeon, who was rescued from his unbelief by the evidence which his own profession laid before him. If, then, the human form implies a cause in us, it must imply a cause in whatever being is endowed with it; and no being possessed of such a form can be the Great First Cause.

Such, briefly, is the testimony that first occurs to me among that which nature renders on this subject. Nor is revelation less distinct. True, it is said in Scripture that God made man in his own image; but most intelligent Christians have considered this as relating, not to that out-

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ward form which man so nearly shares with some of the inferior animals, but to those intellectual and moral qualities which distinguish him widely from them all. True, also, that the figurative language of Scripture assigns to God the limbs of a human being; and not only these, but the passions, the repentance, the mutability of man. But if we are to take all these as literal, must we not also interpret literally his language to Noah, and believe that after a shower the Supreme Being places in the clouds his bow, that bow which he uses against his enemies? Passing lightly, then, such evidence as this, we come to the great fact, that God forbade any image in the form of man, as well as in the forms of the inferior animals, to be used in his worship. How impressively is this command repeated in the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy! "Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves, (for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb out of the midst of the fire,) lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female." The writer whose doctrine I am controverting, quotes from Swedenborg the following words: "The ancients, from the wise to the simple, thought no otherwise of God than as a man, and at length, when they began to worship a plurality of gods, as at Athens and Rome, they worshipped them all as men." From this testimony of the ancient idol temples, we turn to that holy spot which Jehovah chose of old, to place, not his image, but his *name* there. When the Roman victor entered the temple at Jerusalem, he looked in vain for the statue of the Deity. Jewish devotion pointed to the spot between the spread wings of the cherubim, over the ark of the covenant, as the place of God's especial presence; but it conceived of him there, not as a human form, but as revealing his inscrutable existence in the Shekinah, "the glory of the Lord," that dazzling light which Moses saw illuminating the bush which yet it did not consume.

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I have mentioned the name of Swedenborg. I honor his memory, as that of one learned, venerable, and pious. In religion, as in science, he saw far beyond the men of his age. But his name has little authority with me when his assertions are opposed to those of reason; none, when they are opposed to the word of the Lord Jesus Christ, declaring, "God is a spirit."

But the doctrine I am opposing has been held by others than Swedenborg, and carried out by them to consequences from which the pure mind of the Swedish sage would have revolted, but which yet appear to me legitimately to follow from its admission. Mormonism, the last and most loathsome of the corruptions of Christianity, which even our land of religious freedom has been compelled by its atrocities to drive from its borders, — Mormonism holds to the existence of God in a human form. I should shock my audience and desecrate this hallowed place were I to describe in detail the doctrines to which this belief has given rise. Suffice it to say that Mormon writers, perceiving that a bodily form implied a beginning and a cause, deny the eternity of the Supreme, and declare that the Creator of all things, like one of his imperfect creatures, derived his almighty power from a predecessor. This last perversion of Christianity carries us back to the fables of celestial families in the old heathen mythology.

No, "God is a spirit"; confined by no corporeal limitations, partaker of no growth, subject to no decay. Equally present with us, and in ten thousand other Christian temples, he at the same moment marshals through space armies of suns and worlds, to whose combined magnificence our whole solar system is but as a few grains of sand to the seashore.

But wherefore have I spent this time in warning you against a doctrine to whose approaches you may not probably be exposed? It is partly because I would guard you with all truth, and against all error; but it is still more that

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I may lead you to the true "Divine Man," the true bodily representative of the Father, the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Lord.

The doctrine I have thus far maintained effectually vindicates our peculiar tenet as a sect. God is not a man; therefore, of necessity, God is not the man Jesus Christ. If our Creator is a viewless, incorporeal spirit, then he who walked the fields of Palestine in bodily form, eighteen hundred years ago, is not He. If God cannot suffer, then he who died on the cross is not He. I do not know any process of argument that can make this clearer.

I suppose that the view generally taken among thoughtful Trinitarians is, that the Divine nature, or some portion thereof, was so mysteriously connected with the man Christ Jesus, that it becomes lawful to call that glorious personage by the name of God. If I am correct in this, the question between them and us is simply respecting a name. We hold alike, that the blessed and holy man who died on the cross was not truly God; we hold alike, that he was most intimately and mysteriously connected with God, — that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." The only question is, then, whether we are at liberty to call Jesus himself God, on account of the Divine Spirit, which dwelt so abundantly in him. On this question, let each decide for himself; but for one, I give the name of God to none except the Sovereign and Father of the universe.

But that most holy Being, infinite, spiritual, incorporeal, whom no mortal eye hath seen or can see, has graciously met the weakness of his human children, by granting to them an image of himself. Jesus Christ is, in the words of the second text which I have prefixed to this discourse, "the image of the invisible God." That craving of the heart for a divine object who yet is truly man, of which the writings I have quoted indicate the existence, is not without its cause in man's nature, and therefore is not without its gracious answer from God's wisdom and love. We have

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granted to us in Christ a holy friend and guide, at once human and divine. Through him we come to know God, while through him we also learn to understand ourselves. Let us develop and illustrate these truths.

I have said that Christ is the image of God. The same thought is elsewhere expressed, that in him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily, — that is, the divine perfections are exhibited in him, so far as is consistent with a human form. He was not omnipresent, for that material body could not be with Lazarus in Bethany while it was with the disciples in Galilee. He was not omniscient or omnipotent; he expressly disclaimed these attributes;* they are inconsistent with the form of man, — the incommunicable glories of the Supreme. But his power over nature was the highest resemblance of the Divine omnipotence that man has ever exercised or witnessed; his knowledge of events passing at a distance from him, and of the mysterious heart of man, was an image to us of the Divine omniscience. It is, however, in the moral attributes of Deity that Christ is pre-eminently the image of God. To perceive how he is so, requires a moment's thought on the resemblance and relation between man and his Creator.

Man was made "in the image of God." It is but a low interpretation of those sublime words to apply them to a fancied resemblance of outward form. Man resembles God because man alone, among the tribes of earth, is capable of goodness. We sometimes call the inferior animals good or bad, as their qualities render them agreeable or noxious to us; but we well know that there is nothing of conscious rectitude or depravity, no moral merit or demerit, in their conduct. Man alone possesses that self-determining power, that knowledge of a law of right, which mark him as the child of the self-existent, self-controlling Being, the eternally and supremely Good.

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* Mark xiii. 32; John v. 30.

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If then it is man's moral qualities that make him God's image, that image would exist in perfection if the moral qualities were perfect. A perfectly true and pure and holy man would be to us the perfect image of God.

Much of excellence had there been in the human race, before Christ appeared. Many there were, in Israel and among the Gentiles, to whom human admiration might give the name of "godlike." But every character was marked with imperfection; and often where some virtues shone most brightly, there, as in the character of David, vices were found of sadly answering magnitude. There needed for man a perfect example, — a single one, — a being who should combine and harmonize the divine with the human, representing to us the character of God by showing us what is the proper character of man.

That revelation of himself God gave in Jesus Christ. I do not much object to the term which piety has applied to him, — "the God-man"; for in him earth and heaven meet, the human character is raised until it offers the true resemblance to that of God. That perfect character has been tested by the malice of opponents and the intense observation of innumerable disciples for near two thousand years, but all that malice and all that observation have, like the Roman judge, "found in him no fault at all."

Jesus then is to us the bodily image of God. When the soul is wearied in the arduous attempt — arduous though not impossible — to meditate on the viewless, incorporeal, infinite Spirit, it turns to him who comes to us in a nature like our own, and offers to him, not supreme adoration indeed, but the deep homage of reverence and of love. Through him we know God. Not only is it Jesus who teaches us to call God our Father, but the deep, self-sacrificing love of Jesus for mankind shows us what the love of God is. What can give to us so lively yet so sublime a conception of our Heavenly Father's mercy, as to hear the Saviour's prayer on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they

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know not what they do," knowing that the character thus exhibited is the image of the Supreme? And while in Jesus we thus learn to know God, we learn in him also to know ourselves, — of what depth of love, what height of holiness, our nature is capable, — our powers, our duties, our glorious hope.

> "He is the eternal mirror bright
> Where angels view the Father's light,
> And yet in him the simplest swain
> May read his homely lesson plain."

Friends, may no ancient or modern form of philosophic speculation, no doctrine framed by human ingenuity and presented to us by lips or pens however highly honored, draw us from the simple, Scriptural faith in "one" spiritual "God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Holding this truth, we are relieved from those doubts that seem to press on the noble heart of the preacher of Brooklyn. God, the Father, is to us no "dim and shadowy effluence." His essence is incomprehensible, but we know him by his attributes, — the only way, philosophers tell us, in which any essence can be known. Among those attributes are "Omnipotence, Wisdom, Love." Who shall say that these are mere "empty words" to us, because we dare not join with them shape and form? And in Jesus Christ, we, no less than that honored brother, see our God. We see the same glorious object that he beholds, but we recognize it, according to the dictates alike of Scripture and of reason, not as the Creator, whom no eye hath directly seen, but as "the image of the invisible God." May we have grace to form our characters in the resemblance of his, even as he bears the likeness of the Father!

"PRACTICAL sciences are not to be learnt but in the way of action. It is experience that must give knowledge in the Christian profession, as well as in all others."

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READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

I.

Constitution and Government of the Church.

The introduction of Christianity, while it formed a new era in the relations of social life, the organizations of states, and the theories of civil government, also effected an entire change in the institutions of religion, not only by its gradual overthrow of the old established forms of heathen ritual, but by the new spiritual worship and simple rites it enjoined upon all who accepted the faith, either from among the pagan world, or from among the Jews, — by whom, henceforth, outward ceremonies, however endeared, were to be regarded as effete and obsolete, as the purer light of a faith revealed through Christ made known the only acceptable worship of the Most High, — that of the spirit, and of a consecrated life.

The Christian faith was no arbitrary power, designed to overthrow existing institutions, through the might of a mere outward, constraining force, but a spirit infused into the very heart of man, working outward, through its own inherent vitality, and gradually, but surely, changing and assimilating all to its own spirit of holiness and purity. It was the leaven, designed ultimately to leaven the whole mass of human society, renewing and recreating; sanctifying and ennobling every relation of life, and lifting every sincere and seeking soul into direct communion with the Divine Spirit; — no longer through the agency of priest or solemn ritual, but opening the door of the Unseen to every heart that came to Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. But while the effects produced by Christianity are gladly acknowledged by every believing soul, and the noble example of the Apostles and the first preachers of the faith is

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regarded as worthy of the profoundest reverence and love, in their self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christ, comparatively little is known, especially among the young, of the constitution of the early Christian Church, of the government of the same, the different offices held in the Church, and the rites of worship in the time of the Apostles and the age immediately succeeding. We propose, therefore, to consider in brief these subjects.

In the history of the Apostles, we find that they never arrogated to themselves any civil authority, nor expressed any desire to dictate arbitrarily to the churches established through their means, but that the only power they exercised was the spiritual power bestowed upon them as the chosen messengers of Christ, and the first preachers of his truth. Questions of dispute arising in different Christian communities, or the claims of different churches or individuals, were indeed referred to them for adjudication, — not as to individuals possessing anything of a civil or monarchical power, but rather as to those whose superior worth, ability, and nearness to Christ gave them a precedence and a right to speak and command in his name. Christianity was regarded by them as a *life*, rather than as a doctrine or form; a free spirit, an influx of the Divine life into the heart of fallen humanity, that was to take up and transfuse into itself all the mingled elements of human life and thought, separating the true and spiritual from the false and earthly, and lifting the soul into a new and higher region of thought and of life; not sending its disciples to dwell wholly apart from the world, but leading them to labor in and for it, to renew and sanctify.

We find, therefore, that as this free and living spirit of faith diffused itself among different communities, it appropriated to its own use such existing forms as were adapted to its spirit and essential character.

In the Jewish synagogue, and in all the sects that sprang from Judaism, there was a form of government consisting

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of a council of elders, who had the guidance of all affairs belonging to the common interest, and to this form Christianity, in those places where it unfolded itself out of Judaism, naturally attached itself. And the same result we find also in whatever part of the Roman empire Christian communities were formed among the Pagans; for the Romans had long been accustomed to see the affairs of state administered by a Senate; and, as has been truly observed, "It is an evidence of the relationship between the ecclesiastical and civil administration, that, at a somewhat later period, the clergy were denominated 'Ordo,' the guiding Senate of the community, since 'Ordo' stands pre-eminently for the 'Ordo Senatorum.'"

The founding of Christian churches among Pagans under other governments led to another name more conformed to the Grecian mode of designating such relations. It was borrowed from the city form of government among the Greeks, and was applied to the presiding officers of the Christian communities, as *overseers* of the whole, — the word Presbyter, and Bishop or Overseer, being synonymous; the former being particularly the title or name of dignity, the latter designating the function, or particular sphere of activity.*

The separate Christian churches formed distinct deliberative assemblies, so to speak, to which all questions of dispute were first referred for decision, especially such as sprang from their peculiar position in the midst of heathen communities, — the settlement of which occupies so large a portion of the Epistles to the Corinthians, — or from their stand-point in relation to the Jewish forms and ritual, as we find discussed in the Epistle to the Galatians. In these separate

* This is evident from those passages of Scripture where the word is used interchangeably. Compare Acts xx. 17 and 28; Titus i. 5 and 7; Phil. i. 1; and 1 Timothy iii. 1 and 8. From these passages, and others where the office of Deacon is named immediately after that of Bishop, it is evident there could not have been then a third, intervening one.

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churches, therefore, those eminent for piety or wisdom, or respected on account of age, naturally were appointed as deliberative committees, to decide upon any cases brought before the church; and thus, informally at first, but in after years as a distinctly chosen assembly, powers were delegated to them, and often self-assumed, which gradually undermined the simplicity of the Apostolic forms of authority, and, through union with the civil powers, unfolded themselves into the gigantic structure of the Roman hierarchy.

Then, too, the smaller and weaker churches naturally referred to those older and more firmly established in the larger cities, as at Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, for precedents as to their modes of action, and questions were thus transferred from the lesser to the larger assembly; so that gradually several churches would unite into one community, so called, over whom one Bishop or Overseer was appointed, to have the general direction of affairs, — such Bishop, at first, possessing no greater authority than any of the assembly of Presbyters, being chosen simply as one to preside in their deliberations. He was never to act without the concurrence of the Presbyters, who were the representatives of the whole church; and we find that even Cyprian, when, as Bishop of Carthage, he was separated from his church by the persecution, and nominated to church offices individuals whom he regarded as qualified for such labors, deemed it fitting to excuse this arbitrary proceeding, as a matter of necessity both to the clergy and the laity.

H. M.

"Of those many millions of casualties, which we are not aware of, there is hardly one but God can make an instrument of our deliverance. And most men who are at length delivered from any great distress indeed find that they are so, by ways that they never thought of, ways above or beside their imagination."

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OBITUARY.

REV. JAMES KENDALL, D.D.

The number of honored ministers, beloved while they lived, revered now that they are among the dead, has been greatly multiplied within the last few months. The holy memories of faithful and saintly lives rapidly increase in the circles of our clerical companionships, and among our congregations. The witnesses who compass us about are fast becoming as a cloud. Three months ago, our journal recorded the names of two, then lately gone; — Rev. Barzillai Frost, taken in the meridian of life, — the devoted servant of that Gospel to which he consecrated his utmost powers with the truest and most conscientious purpose; — and Rev. Dr. Nichols, departing in the ripeness of age, — the man of brilliant genius, whose highest powers seemed to find their native element, and display their peculiar splendor, when he soared into the upper spheres of Christian thought. Though we seldom met the first, we felt that we knew him well. We can claim to have had merely an introduction to the last; but we shall never forget the impression that he made upon us, when, many years ago, while wholly unacquainted with the ministers of this city, or with its people, we wandered into the stranger's seat, in the Federal Street Church, now also gone, and for the first time heard him preach. The close and logical thought, uttered in language that had an increasing fire as he went on in his discourse, — the quiet, yet singularly effective manner, with an almost utter absence of every form of gesture, but with a piercing glance of the eye following every sentence that deepened the meaning of his words, and added to their spell over intellect, heart, and conscience, — all combined to give an impression of power such as we have rarely felt from any pulpit efforts. None of those of whom we ventured, that day, to inquire, could even tell us his name; but we learned it soon, and we need not say with what respect and honor we have thenceforth regarded it.

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A month later, we recorded two other honored names of men who were yet far more widely separated in years; — Rev. George Bradford, of Pilgrim stock both in lineage and in character, who stood on the threshold of his public work, and lived just long enough to bind all his people to himself in confidence and love, — and Dr. Abbot, the man of patriarchal age, who lived many years after his long and honorable public service was ended, until strength failed by the course of nature, and he peacefully fell asleep.

Still another of the younger ministers has lately gone, — Rev. Frederic A. Tenney, after a brief service, cut short by long and painful sickness; and now we record the name of another aged man, who departed after a ministry whose duration has been seldom equalled, and scarcely ever surpassed, in the history of our New England churches.

Every one who has visited Plymouth, and been introduced to Dr. Kendall under the roof of the parsonage, must have been deeply impressed by the fine qualities which manifested themselves at the first glance. Always hospitable, receiving both friends and strangers with an unaffected welcome, ready, even in his latest age, to perform every service with alacrity which might add to another's pleasure, raying out sunshine by his benignant looks and cheerful words, he seemed a model of kindness and Christian courtesy. A transient call upon him was never forgotten; and the impression of a night or a Sunday's visit remains with a peculiar brightness and beauty in the memory of many. Those who loved him best rejoice to know how pleasantly he always impressed a stranger; and those whose only acquaintance with him was gained by a single interview, will be glad to be assured that a closer intercourse, instead of modifying, deepened and confirmed the first impression. No eulogies upon his character are so unqualified as those from the lips of his townsmen and parishioners, who can recall the whole fifty-nine years of service during which he walked in and out among his people.

The principal events in his life have been made familiar

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in the notices of his death. Born in 1769, graduated from Harvard in 1796, ordained January 1st, 1800, over the ancient church in Plymouth, he remained there until his death, March 17th, 1859, in the ninetieth year of his age and the sixtieth year of his ministry. Married first, in June, 1800, to Miss Sarah Poor, of Andover, — who died in February, 1809, — and again in June, 1810, to Miss Sally Kendall, of Templeton, — who died in February, 1845, — having had twelve children, of whom eight still survive, he knew the richest joys and the severest trials of domestic life. But amidst gladness and grief, through all the cares, or the perplexities, of his protracted ministry, he always manifested the same attractive and Christian qualities. And this pure and winning character was the natural result, the bloom and flower, of his earliest culture. He was trained, first, by a pious and faithful mother, whose instructions and example he most gratefully remembered to his latest days. He was trained, also, by a kind necessity, which compelled him to rely, in a great degree, upon his own efforts to obtain the means of preparing for, and completing, a course of classical studies. These two elements — a true mother's influence to inspire the noblest aims and shape the course of life, and a beneficent necessity to enjoin the exertions which develop every manly power and faculty — are the great things which have so often secured the noblest education of the children of New England. No fidelity in the use of opportunities at school, or college, or in the special work of life in after years, surprises us when such an education has been obtained. It endows men with an unfailing capital of character and power. Mr. Kendall, as the uniform testimony of all the witnesses assures us, went through the University, as he passed through his future life and ministry, without reproach.

Many traits in his character deserve to be named with eulogy. Only two can be noticed in this brief paper. One is the entire and beautiful naturalness of his religious feeling. In every respect, indeed, his character was simple and trans-

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parent. He had no concealments. He had no affectation or pretence. And his religious feeling seemed as truly a part of his nature, and flowed out as simply and unconsciously, as any other element of his character. He assumed no peculiar look or manner, — he was obliged to assume no peculiar attitude of feeling, — in entering upon religious services, or engaging in religious discourse. According to the familiar language of many prayers, he had so truly learned "to carry the spirit of the Sabbath into the labors and duties of the week," that he seemed to himself to be doing God's work, and living in God's presence, in his home and in his daily service, as truly as at the altar. The oil of consecration flowed down even "to the skirts of his garments." It was always interesting in his days of health, and it was most instructive in his latest days of sickness, to see him turn directly from the consecrated expressions of religious feeling and thought to the commonest facts of daily life, and then go back again, according to our ordinary speech, from the things of earth to those of heaven, as if unconscious of any transition. It was no transition. All the while, he was simply looking at different truths, or attending to different duties, within the same Father's house. When the spirit of the heavenly life has so truly baptized the whole of present years and labors, how naturally the earthly life must pass into the divine.

The second point is the depth and power of his trust. When religion becomes so truly natural, indeed, the heart must be always trusting. Still, in Dr. Kendall, the spirit of trust seemed to have gained a peculiar immutability. During an acquaintance of more than twenty years, the writer scarcely remembers to have seen him give way even to a momentary anxiety. The victory had been won at an earlier date. When, after he had entered upon his eighty-fourth year, he heard of the death of a son, at the West, who was cut down by acute disease, — in whose character he had every reason for unbounded confidence, and upon

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whom he especially leaned as a staff for himself in his declining age, and for his family after he should be called away, — he spake no word, and seemed to have no transient thought, that was not inspired by the most confiding, child-like faith. The beautiful descriptions of the life of the New Jerusalem sometimes find their verification here; and we see how God "wipes away all tears from his faithful servants' eyes."

In his early days, Mr. Kendall ranked among the most attractive preachers of his time. He had a remarkably mellow and pleasant voice; and his sermons were serious, practical, and Christian. His prayers were an unwritten liturgy, — varied to give them fitness to peculiar circumstances and occasions, but composed, in a great degree, of the most beautiful and poetic expression in the Scriptures, brought together with peculiar taste, and connected with sentences of his own which seemed worthy of such an association. But he preached by his life far more effectively. The gospel of a good man's life is the highest preaching. It disarms scepticism, and silences opposition. It is known and read of all men. It does its work upon those who will listen to no other Gospel. When grace is given to any man to gain a true victory over himself, and to walk through the world "clad in white," we need not question concerning his work or his reward.

The Pilgrim Church at Plymouth has many claims to reverence. It has a world-wide honor in its origin and history. It is the mother of churches and of commonwealths. It has many honored names upon its records, — names of the founders of states, — names that can bear the criticism of succeeding centuries and still retain their glory. Men of wider grasp of intellect, men made for more conspicuous service to their own day and future time, have been among its members. But no more saintly life, or more saintly memory, illustrates its long annals, than the life and memory of the pastor who served it longest, and who has just gone to his rest. G. W. B.

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RANDOM READINGS.

"GOD, THE DIVINE MAN."

Two articles on this subject appear in our journal, one in the April number and the other in this, taking views apparently opposite and irreconcilable. Leaving those articles to speak for themselves, we wish to make a brief statement of some principles which seem to us to be all-important in connection with the subject in hand. Possibly the views are not so antagonistic as they appear to be.

1. If there is anything in God which is not *human*, it is perfectly clear, we think, that man can never know what it is. Man can never understand anything about God, or even conceive of him, except from that which answers to and represents God in himself. When, therefore, we are told that God created man in his own image and likeness, can we understand aught else than that the whole of God is imaged forth and represented in man, the Creator in the creature, as the only ground of man's *communion* with God? If there be aught in God which is not so represented, could it even become an object of human thought? And can God be revealed to us, then, otherwise than as man?

2. Is there any such thing as essence without form? Is such a conception possible to the human mind? We talk of the essence of matter. Do we know anything about it except as essence is revealed in form, and thus discloses its qualities? And is there any object in nature — flower, tree, beast, or bird — whose form is not simply the manifestation of its essence, or the embodiment of its qualities? And when you talk of essence, or abstract being without form, do you not use words that convey no idea whatsoever?

3. Is not the human form the most appropriate revelation of the human essence, and the best embodiment of the human attributes? Is there not a fixed correspondency between the one and the other, — and is it not eternally true that as man becomes more manly, rising in the scale upward, his form becomes more perfectly human, from the form of the savage that verges towards the bestial, to that of an Apollo, that almost seems divine?

4. Does any one ever think of God, except under some form of manifestation? We may believe there is a God, unknown and

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unrevealed, beyond the vast inane; but the moment he is revealed, or becomes in any way an object of thought, does not some form come to us out of the inane, more or less distinct, as God is more or less fully revealed? And if we do not think of him in human form, do we not attribute to him some other, — a cloud, a diffused ether, or a diffused something, — and if the mind cannot shape it to the imagination, does it not cease to rest objectively upon anything at all?

5. Is *presence* only to be predicated of the space which body fills? Is a man only present in the cubic inches occupied by his material organism, or is he present in that whole sphere which his mind and energies, through his material organism, pervade and fill? Is the sun only present in its own body, or is it all-present in the planetary spaces? And is it not because the solar essence exists in SOLAR FORM, in other words, has a body for its forthgoing, that it searches every nook and cranny of this great system, and rules the planets in their courses? And if it had no body, would not its presence and power cease to be felt at all? And is it not quite conceivable, that it is precisely because the Divine Essence exists in its own Divine Form, that God is both omnipotent and omnipresent?

6. We make no progress in the investigation of these themes, till we rise to the conception that there are other bodies than natural ones governed by natural laws. Only idolatry, or fetichism, worships God in a material form, located in natural space. "THERE ARE CELESTIAL BODIES, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." Until we rest in this distinction, the spiritual world is merged in the natural, and we sink into the slough of materialism. With this distinction, the spiritual world rises on our faith, a world of substances and forms, more pure, perfect, and life-like, because free of the death-robes of earth and matter.

> "Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."

Man ceases not to be man when the flesh falls off; yea, rather his manhood becomes more plenary and complete, as all the angelophanies of the Bible bear witness. Angels always appear in form, and the form is more perfectly human as we ascend; — that is to say, it is the more perfect revealment and enrobing of the human attributes. And we stop not here, and faith gets no rest till it rests on that form

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which is not material, nor yet spiritual, but DIVINE, — the form of the Divine Essence, and therefore supremely perfect, and out of which the whole universe, from the inmost circle of seraphim to the outermost circumference of dead matter, is filled with the Divine presence, energy, and glory.

7. How much is signified in the fact, that not only the whole world outside, but nine tenths of the Christian Church, have in some way clung closely to the idea of the humanity of God! Is it not because Jesus, when regarded as essentially Divine, brings God within the range of human sympathies, and thus takes hold of the whole heart, that this doctrine has been kept alive in the Church? Is it not because God in Christ has been humanized to human wants and affections that the doctrine of his Divinity has had all its vitality, and not because of its connection with the notion of a trinity or a vicarious atonement? — thus keeping devotion alive and warm as no abstractions could ever do. And should not this suggest to those who throw the doctrine clean away, that there is a want in human nature which they do not supply, and a power in the Gospel which they unwisely forego?

8. The name of Swedenborg has been introduced in connection with these themes. The notes appended to Mr. Wheelock's essay were added by one of the editors, and it should have been so indicated in the notes themselves. The last one is an extract from Swedenborg's Divine Love and Wisdom, a work of masterly metaphysical analysis, and which opens a most impressive chapter of the creation. Neither Swedenborg, nor any finite being, is of authority to us, except so far forth as he brings the aspect of truth full fronting the reason, and enables us to see it rationally for ourselves. And in our view of the matter, until we rest in the distinction between what in the above-named treatise are called "*continuous and discrete degrees*," we walk blindfold in these great themes, and get no foothold anywhere from which we may not slide incontinently into Pantheism or Fetichism, between which we do not see much difference that is worth the choice. We hope the earnest and truth-loving utterance of both the writers who have favored us with their thoughts, will be an incentive to clear and rational thinking on these great subjects with all the readers of the Magazine.

S.

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GOD'S ANVIL.

TRIBULATION means *threshing*, and Trench, in his excellent little treatise on the study of words, has carried out the figure, showing that it is only by threshing us that God separates the wheat from the chaff. Here is a precious little morsel which somebody has clipped from an old paper and sent to us credited "to the German of Julius Sturm," and which will speak touchingly to many a heart which has been put into the *furnace* of affliction. S.

"I HOLD STILL.

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

"He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

"He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

"Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

"He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand:
So I say praying, As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still."

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DAVID'S SPIRITUAL LOCALE.

"Is David still in Hades? According to our brother Sears, he is." — SAGAMORE, *in the Christian Register, April* 16.

The brother aforesaid, never having formed any opinion on the subject, never has expressed any. In "Athanasia" he quoted St. Peter, Acts ii. 34, as showing what was the contemporaneous Jewish opinion of Hades, and Sagamore's new rendering, "David did not ascend into the heavens," does not alter the case in the least, that we are aware of. David, according to the Jewish belief, was still in Hades. Therefore it was not *he* that was "by the right hand of God exalted," but the Christ who had shed forth the Pentecostal influence.* S.

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

MR. DICKENS somewhere puts these words into the mouth of one of his characters by way of pious reflection or moral anodyne, when the speaker had been receiving a comfortable little pension from government, on the score of some trifling service rendered to royalty by the pensioner's parent or grandparent. But the sentence comes from the lips of many persons in very sober earnest. As possession is nine points in the law, so fact is nine points in morality. It would be far truer to say, "Nothing IS but what is right, — WRONG is unsubstantial and unenduring"; this, however, is not at all what men mean, — they feel bound to justify existing things, they are for ever taking them under patronage. We seem to regard our consistency and morality as fatally depreciated, if what we and all the world with us are doing is called sin, and this although actually or virtually men call themselves sinners on every first day of the week at least. Can sinners avoid committing sins? "I stated the question," says the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whether duelling was consistent with moral

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* "The Apostle's argument is this: That David speaketh concerning the Messiah is clear from Ps. cx. 1, where he speaks of a LORD who was to be at God's right hand till all his enemies were subdued. For that patriarch is not raised from the dead, and 'ascended into the heavens' to God's right hand, therefore he must have spoken of some *other* person, namely, of Jesus Christ, 'who hath shed forth this which ye see and hear.'" — BLOOMFIELD *ad loc.*

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duty. The brave old General Oglethorpe fired at this, and said with a lofty air, "Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honor." Goldsmith turning to me said, "I ask you first what you would do if you were affronted?" I answered, "I should think it necessary to fight." "Why, then," replied Goldsmith, "that solves the question." "No, sir," said Johnson, "it does not solve the question. It does not follow that what a man would do, is therefore right." Too many persons, as the world goes, would be likely to say with Goldsmith, "that solves the question," when practice is quoted against principle. And yet how many things there are which it is as good as certain that the world will continue to do for years and even centuries to come, and which nevertheless can no more be called right, than we can maintain that two and two make five! There are great advantages in giving deeds and institutions their right names, so we do it in love. We must be ready to say, "No! that does not solve the question," and go resolutely behind the average practice of the community to learn what the Gospel requires.

In truth we find no realized ideals. Speaking of *men*, we must say, with Mr. Emerson: "I accept all saints with a certain grain of allowance. Strictly speaking, we have had no saints." And certainly, when we come down to those who do not profess to be saints, we must admit short-comings. When one leaves his pleasant retirement and mingles with the workers of society, those who are filled with its vital forces, we seem to be in a lower planet and in a grosser atmosphere; the abstractions of our meditative hours haunt us like so many thin ghosts, who ask with mocking, squeaking voices, Where now are all your fine fancies, your beautiful imaginings, your saintly men and women, your truth and beauty wrought into life? Is there any department of society, any one of its great fields of activity, even those professedly religious and moral, which one does not shrink from looking into and knowing all about?

1. Look at the politicians, — we can hardly call them statesmen. They almost decline and protest against scrutiny; at all events it must be laical, not clerical. Let it be laical then. Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar, unto Cæsar shalt thou go. Laymen who are not stigmatized as abstractionists or ideologists do not find much pleasure in the contemplation of the world's governments, or put much confidence in official claims to high principle and pure patriotism. We are too

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busy to govern ourselves, and we take what offers in the way of rulers, and when we vote, it is from a sense of duty, rarely because we like the candidates. Certainly our politics are very unideal.

2. Look at the professions, secular and sacred, at commerce and the mechanic arts. Go and talk with the tradesmen, for example. They will tell you more than they will allow you to tell them. Your honest workers, and not the recluses and desert-haunters, are your heroes. Even whilst we are putting these few paragraphs upon paper, we hear sad testimony as to this point, coming, as it chances, from a veteran merchant on the one hand, and from a tyro on the other hand. A most respected merchant, full of years and of experience, drawn to the writer's study upon an errand of charity, speaks, unsolicited, of an act of mercantile meanness and dishonesty which has just come under his observation, that should send the culprit — no insignificant person — to the penitentiary. A young man, fresh from his country home, reports, "I met the other day an old friend, a salesman in this city, who said to me, 'I would not have believed that I ever could have done the things that I am doing now, but my conscience has somehow become seared.'" "What things?" our young friend asked. "O," said the expert, "we must make the buyer think that he has had a good bargain, whether this is really the case or not." The truth seems to be, that the ambitious extravagance of society is fatal to the integrity of multitudes. Healthy, honorable commerce lapses into doubtful speculation, and speculation soon passes into unmistakable gambling. Competition, too, is fearfully reckless and demoralizing. The scale of American expenditure increases far beyond the increase of the wealth of the country, great as this has been; the consequences need not be told.

3. And who dares look through our great cities, from the highest to the lowest, beginning with the palaces and passing deep down into the lanes and cellars? What a mass of heathenism! In the city of London, the metropolis of what is called the most Christian country of the Old World, there are three hundred thousand more persons who neglect Christian institutions altogether, than all the converts that have been made by all Christian missions the world over. For in the single city of London there are, in this very year of our Lord 1859, two millions of people who would be called heathen if they lived in Hindostan or the Sandwich Islands. And this city is not

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alone, though it is eminent in Christian heathendom. Let church-goers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, leave their pleasant houses of worship in the afternoon of the Lord's day, and try to practise the Christianity which they have learned in the morning, and they will have a more vivid apprehension than they have ever had before of the saying, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Only a large measure of the same zeal which first preached can extend, within as well as beyond a nominal Christendom, the domain of Christianity.

4. And in many directions where we find no positive crime or unqualified sin, we cannot choose but note a large measure of aimlessness and frivolity, and living for the senses. Prophets, and the Son of God, have suffered and died for this world; and yet how many live in it only to amuse themselves! — how many content us, so small are our demands upon them, simply by not harming others in their pleasures! Think of the triflers that every city includes, wakeful at night and sleeping by day! They make an earnest man more impatient than even your active, enterprising sinners, who are scheming us out of our estates, or, in a smaller way, trying to steal our purses. We have all at some time sympathized with indignant Hotspur, —

> " For he made me mad,
> To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
> And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
> Of guns and drums and wounds (God save the mark!),
> And telling me . . . . .
> . . . . . that but for these vile guns
> He would himself have been a soldier! "

Or, if you would know what an inspired poet and prophet thought of triflers of the other sex, read the third chapter of Isaiah, from the sixteenth verse onward. When one has in mind such workers as Howard and Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry and Sarah Martin, there be many that do no harm, and yet give us small contentment, and only leave us to wonder why the Lord made them. Elegant manners and outward refinement, and even intellectual culture, cannot atone for, though they may disguise, the want of an earnest purpose.

Whatever is, is *not* right. Have we painted the picture too dark?

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Tone it down one half, and more than enough shadow will remain! Well, but what of it? What have you and I, the reader and the writer, to do with it? What is it to us that in so many places the least traces of Christianity are hard to find, — that Europe is threatened with war, and masters will not let their fugitive slaves remain in peace, and parties divide the spoil of state and nation? What have we to do with crimes in Washington, New York, Boston, — with fraudulency, and intemperance, and unwarranted luxuriousness, — with inordinate pleasure-seeking, a low-toned sensuousness, a literature that turns its back upon conscience, and a religion that publishes for doctrine the commandments of men? We answer, Much every way! for humanity is one, and, consciously or unconsciously, we are partakers in the sins of the world. Ten righteous will save any city, as they might have saved Sodom and Gomorrah. For lack of the ten righteous, all the great cities of antiquity have perished, or are dead whilst they seem to live. For lack of the ten righteous, the wise Greek and the brave Roman have passed under guardianship; and it is only a question whether Russians or Austrians, Frenchmen or Englishmen, shall be their tutors and governors? "The glory has departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken." Never were truer words written! There is no natural term of national life. Nations perish because nations sin, and are faithless to the great moral principles which underlie all questions of mere policy.

What can we do about it? Be sure that we are not degrading the very instrument of our redemption into a plaything, — amusing the sick, instead of trying to cure them. Be sure that we accept it as, under God, the real work of a man's life to bring the actual up to the ideal, and translate abstractions into deeds. What can we do about it? For ourselves we do *not* propose to spend our days in mourning; to clothe ourselves in sackcloth, as if that were any more moral than broadcloth; to live upon fishes, as if they were any more conducive to spiritual health than flesh; we do not propose to discharge all light from the face, and renounce all cheerful converse or innocent amusement, least of all do we mean to insist that those who do not share our sober thoughts, shall walk in our sober ways, and shall sport no more in this world, because we are, or fancy ourselves to be, virtuous; we do not propose to afflict the body for the sins of the soul, — we can see no difference between denying a healthy appetite

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for food, and scourging the back with rods, — we shall try to be temperate every day, and mean to fast literally no day; but all the while we shall keep holy days that are not holidays, confess that we too have part in the great transgression, that we live in a world that crucifies the prophets and stoneth them that are sent from God, humbling the pride of mind and heart before the Holy One, and praying Him that we and ours may have part in the great Redemption, and be filled with the grace which lives and works and suffers and sings. "Most men," says Macaulay, rather sarcastically, "have religion enough to be sorry for their sins, but not religion enough to put them away." The true Gospel is not in word, but in power. It saves men in their sins, that it may save them from their sins. The righteousness which it offers is not *of* us, and yet it must be *in* us. E.

HOW GOLD MAY BE KEPT BRIGHT.

FROM HORACE.

O Crispus! foe to sordid gain!
The man whose heart is tender
Makes all the gold his hands obtain
Shine with redoubled splendor.

Thus Proculeius lives in song,
And all our love engages;
Fame bears him on her wings along
The never-dying ages.

For when upon his brothers Fate
With cruel hand was pressing,
He shared with them his own estate,
With all a father's blessing.

Add field to field, — rule all the climes
Whose shore the sea is laving:
'T is nobler far to rule betimes
The soul that 's in thee craving!

S.

*** We are reluctantly obliged to defer until the next number some valuable contributions.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life of John Milton: narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By DAVID MASSON, M. A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his Handwriting at different Periods. Vol. I. 1608 – 1639. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — Professor Masson is already most favorably known as a vigorous and accomplished essayist, and brings to the task upon which he has so happily entered, a well-stored mind, a habit of research, an iron industry, a skilful pen, and a loving appreciation of the great and brave man whose story he undertakes to tell, as it has never been told before. There is much in the book, as must needs be the case, where such a measure and such a style of completeness are aimed at, which will not hold the common reader; but there are those who would not be content had the plan been any less comprehensive, and others, who have little time or taste for many of the details which Professor Masson has accumulated with manifestly conscientious painstaking, will find enough in the main current of the narrative to engage and reward their attention. The work is a Life of Milton, and it is a great deal more. Indeed, it will be found to be an important contribution to the civil and literary history of England during the period which derives not a little of its lustre from the poet's fame. Without being brilliant or startling, Professor Masson occupies and pleases the reader, and the absence of any ambitious flights will be a positive commendation of his style to not a few. We hope that the publishers will be encouraged in this effort to place before American readers, especially before the dispersion of our Puritan Israel everywhere, the story of the great Puritan scholar, statesman, and poet. We shall look with great interest for the two volumes that are to follow, and are too confident of the sincere reverence which Professor Masson feels for Milton, to share the fears that have been expressed in some quarters, lest he should be misled by some supposed dogmatical predilections to give an incorrect representation of the doctrinal views of one who was an earnest student of theology as well as of letters. E.

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The Avenger, a Narrative; and other Papers. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — "The Memorials and other Papers" made up a score of De Quincey's volumes, and now we have yet another, containing The Avenger, Additions to the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, De Quincey, Barbara Lewthwaite, The Daughter of Lebanon, The Essenes — Supplementary, Ælius Lamia, China, and Traditions of the Rabbins; — a pleasant programme. E.

The Children's Bible Story-Book. Illustrated with Twenty Engravings. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1859. — This book, simply and judiciously written, is printed in clear, large type, upon fair paper, and parents will find it of much service in introducing children to a knowledge of the Bible. E.

The Losing and Taking of Mansoul; or Lectures on the Holy War. By ALFRED S. PATTEN, A. M. New York: Sheldon and Company. Boston: A. F. Graves. 1859. — Bunyan we can read and be thankful for, as for a man of genius and the profoundest piety, though allegories are little to our taste; but lectures upon Bunyan by way of commentary, unless they should come from an acknowledged master, we could not be persuaded to read. E.

The Christian's Daily Treasury: a Religious Exercise for every Day in the Year. By EBENEZER TEMPLE, Author of the Domestic Altar, &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — This book is filled with profitable Christian thoughts, simply and earnestly stated. Used as an aid and by way of quickening the flow of pious thinking, it will be of service. Conned for parrot-like repetition in conference-meeting or elsewhere, as a substitute for the utterance of real experience, it can only be mischievous. E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This work *does* exhibit, as the title-page claims, the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, &c., &c., together with notes on the scientific achievements of 1858, a list of recent scientific publications, and obituaries of eminent scientific men; and, besides being well printed, and supplied with an index, is illustrated by an admirable portrait of Professor O. M. Mitchel. E.

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Frank Elliott: or Wells in the Desert. By JAMES CHALLEN. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. — A well-meant attempt to combine entertainment with edification. As a fiction, it will not, we fear, be very satisfying. The glimpse which it supplies of the "Hard Shells," so called, will be a novelty to many, and we commend the book to any who are leaning toward that heresy. E.

Christian Brotherhood: a Letter to the Hon. Heman Lincoln. By BARON STOW, D. D., Pastor of the Rowe Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — An amiable spirit pervades this little book, and within certain limits, and those pretty wide, its course of reasoning ought to be effectual; but the questions still remain, What of those who are technically non-Evangelical, and yet believe that they hold the essential truth of the Gospel? What of those who cannot subscribe articles, and yet do with all their hearts believe in and love Christ? What of those who are persuaded that the Scriptures are the record in both parts of a Divine revelation, and yet cannot accept much which is commonly affirmed about the Bible? E.

First Things, by the same author, and from the same publishers, is a very pleasant and profitable little book, and may serve as a commentary upon one of the most interesting portions of Scripture, the narrative of the Acts of the Apostles. E.

Quiet Hours. By SUSAN FRANCIS CLAPP. Not published. Salem: Henry Whipple and Son. — A very dear friend, struck in the noontide of life with a fearful and fatal disease, and awaiting each day, almost each hour, her summons, has gathered with trembling hands this sheaf of fair and nourishing grain, and sends it a precious gift and memorial to those from whom she must so soon be separated for a season. So coming it could not be valueless, but the little book has a worth of its own. Very many of the poems have already appeared in this journal, to the great satisfaction of its readers, and they grow upon us as we read them again. The writer has many qualifications for poetical composition, besides the gift of a poetical vocabulary. She has entered into the experience of life for herself, and has gained thoughts and feelings of her own, so that, without leaving the common paths, she is not commonplace, and is fresh and bright without any affectation of originality or straining for effect. She has

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not gone about amongst the gardens of literature, culling here and there a flower to be arranged into a wreath which may pass for new; she has wrought at home, looking into her own heart, and out upon the paths of her near friends, with a quick sympathy and a seeing eye; and the result is a home-book, a book most fitly named, a book that will pour a new quietness over quiet hours, and aid the aspiration of the soul for the rest which is theirs who cease from their own labors and suffer the Lord to work in them. Let the "*Not published*" be removed from the title-page, that the volume may pass out into a larger circle, and accomplish a work for which it is so well fitted.

E.

The Poetical Works of William Motherwell, with a Memoir of his Life. Fourth edition, greatly enlarged. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — No one, we suppose, claims for Motherwell more than a second-rate position as a poet. This position he fills very gracefully, and the little book, with the excellent Memoir and portrait, will be very welcome to those who have eyes for the lesser lights of literature, and time to use them in. E.

PAMPHLETS.

A Sermon delivered at Plymouth, at the Funeral of Rev. James Kendall, D. D., Senior Minister of the First Church in Plymouth, Sunday Afternoon, March 20, 1859. By George W. Briggs, Minister of the First Church in Salem. — A singularly appropriate discourse, and a most fitting tribute to one whose life had ever been so simple and pure and faithful and serviceable, that his death, even at fourscore and ten years, seemed untimely.

A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Rev. George Bradford, preached in the First Church of Watertown (Mass.), February 27, 1859. By A. P. Putnam. — In this touching and earnest Sermon the brief but honorable course of a true minister of Christ is well sketched by one who had been the companion of his studies and his familiar friend.

The Pulpit and the Rostrum. New York: E. D. Barker. — The number of this serial for April 15 contains an eloquent discourse by Rev. William H. Milburn, on the Progress and Demands of Christianity, with an interesting notice of the preacher.

E.

ERRATA IN APRIL NO.

Page 262, last line, instead of "excommunicants," read "excommunicates."
" 264, 8th line from the bottom, instead of "morn," read "moon."
" " 7th line from the bottom, instead of "borrow," read "become."

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GOULD & LINCOLN,

59 Washington Street, Boston,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

Hugh Miller's New Volume.

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Lectures of Sir William Hamilton.

Lectures of Sir William Hamilton on Metaphysics and Logic. Edited by Prof. Mansel of Oxford, and Mr. Veitch of Edinburgh. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00.

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Voices of the Night, by Rev. E. H. Sears	361
Consolation	370
Nearer, by A. M. S.	371
Thoughts concerning the Gospel according to John, by Rev. T. T. Stone	373
Pleading for Baal, by Rev. Rufus Ellis	380
Guardian Angels, from Spenser	388
Health and Healing	389
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. VI. By E. P. P.	390
Death. A Sermon by Rev. Edmund H. Sears	398
Hymn to the Ascended, by L.	406
"Charity and Truth," by Rev. Rufus Ellis	410
Editors' Random Readings.	
Mysteries of Memory, by E. H. S.	416
Extract of Words, by E. H. S.	419
The Savoy Statuary, by E. H. S.	419
Old and Young Grimes at Church, by E. H. S.	420
Song of a Family, by C. T. B.	420
Rev. Mr. Haley and Mr. Sickles, by R. E.	421
"The Morals of Trade," by R. E.	423
The Anniversaries, by R. E.	424
Notices of Books	425
Sermons by Rev. W. L. Gage	425
Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons	427

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VOL. XXI. JUNE, 1859. No. 6.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"O Night and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

NIGHT! its meaning, its place in the economy of things, its proper use as a means of improvement and spiritualization, is a theme which may well claim our earnest attention. It is the more necessary that we attempt to unfold its lesson, because it is often regarded as having no lesson at all. The hours of darkness are considered as a blank in human existence. Night, darkness, sleep, have passed into human language as representative of ignorance, death, annihilation, and the grave. But it is hardly conceivable that one half the time allotted to man has no important place in his probation. We read that in the beginning God arranged the night as well as the day, parting one from the other, fixing to each its limits, and extending over it his protecting providence. He might have banished the darkness entirely from his dominions, instead of so shaping the worlds and so poising them on their axes that they shall dip with endless alternations into the light and the shade. He would have so arranged, if, while the one is simply and positively good, the

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other were simply a negation of good, having no other purpose than to put men to rest and steep the world in oblivion. Not only men and animals, but the whole vegetable kingdom, are so constituted as to pass into those alternate states which require the ministrations of the night and the day. If my object were to excite no more than our admiration and wonder, we might pause to examine that divine mechanism by virtue of which every leaf and flower, at the approach of eventide, send back their juices towards the seat of life and fold themselves to rest; but my object is rather to develop the moral significance of night, and show its bearing on the well-being and regeneration of man.

1. And can you conceive of an arrangement which calls more irresistibly to self-inspection, than that under which the day fades away into darkness? Gradually do the objects which glared in the sunshine disappear, until the whole outward world is taken from us and we are left alone with ourselves! We were in the midst of noise and business; what was external absorbed our whole attention; when lo! the solemn curtain descends and shuts the external from our view, and hushes every noise upon the landscape and over the peopled earth. If a voice had come audibly out of the heavens, saying, "Turn thine eyes from without and look within thee," its meaning could not be more clear. The man bearing within him the memory of crimes unrepented of and undivulged, who can pass alone through the first hours of the darkness with no troubled sensations, has probably sunk below the possibility of reformation. Hence this is the hour when such persons attempt to flee the necessity of self-communion. They seek for vicious companionship, that in its revelry they may drown the voice becoming too audible within. I have heard of men, I once knew a slave-dealer myself, who in that solemn interval between the glare of daylight and the oblivion of sleep, could not bear to be left in the darkness and alone. For the darkness would then form itself into hideous shapes, and agonized faces

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would come out of its abysmal void, small and dim in the distance, but growing larger and nearer, and at length glaring around him in the phosphorescence of his troubled conscience. Drive them away, and they would take shape in the dark distance and slowly come up again. Such tricks does that weird sisterhood play with us, — Memory, Conscience, and Imagination, — when turned to Furies, and the darkness gives them time and space to work in. At that hour a man must converse with his own thoughts, and he may be surprised to find that his thoughts are not abstractions, but living people issuing out of the secret places of his own breast and revealing the mysteries that lurk there. In the splendors of daylight a thousand objects call away his attention and absorb it in the outward world. But daylight gone, and external things blotted out, the inner world has nothing to overlay its creations, and so they come out without hinderance and disguise. This arrangement of Providence, by which we are drawn alternately to the things of the external and the internal man, is adapted to the purposes of self-knowledge and self-improvement as no other arrangement could possibly be. If no occasions were presented but those of the daytime for this descent of the mind into its own recesses, and for its more exclusive presence with spiritual things, men would become at length entirely external, and perhaps grossly carnal. By and by they would live in the senses altogether. Now they cannot if they would, and probably no one of us is conscious how great may be the effect upon our characters from being let with such frequent alternations into our own spirits, whether we would or no. Have you never experienced how involuntarily the mind adapts itself to this arrangement, how in the first coming on of the darkness, when "shadows from the fitful fire-light dance upon the parlor-wall," the mind instinctively reverts to the past, opening all the storehouses of memory, and calling up their images in a never-ending train? It is just the reverse of this in the morning; then we are full of

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the future, then our thoughts and plans dart forward and outstrip the hours. One is the period when the foretime waits to be evoked and reviewed, the other when the after-time is to be anticipated and provided for.

Now if we would avail ourselves fully of this arrangement of Providence, few things would so help on the work of regeneration within us. Every evening the events of the day would pass before us in solemn review. Its silent shadows would fall around us to invite us to the duty of self-examination, until the style of our secret thoughts had been disclosed to us, and memories of our past ingratitude and impenitence had melted our hearts into tenderness. Every day ill spent would work repentance and reformation at its close, and God, who had been forgotten in the temptations of business, would reveal himself when the busy scene was withdrawn, — another sun coming down through the evening sky with higher and more interior illuminations. Not a day would pass without its review, not a night would come on to blot from our senses the outward universe, without making the objects of faith rise more vivid on our sight. And we should find, every time the outward world was withdrawn, that the spirit-world was nearer than the night before, so that we "pitch our moving tent a day's march nearer home." Here, especially, where there is so much of reckless hurrying on in the march of life, and such downward tendencies into sensualism, so little of meditation and so much of bustle and action, there is especial need that we listen to these voices of the night that call us to seek a knowledge of ourselves.

2. Such is the lesson of the first hour of the night, nor is the one of the hour that follows less instructive and holy. For then the hand of God unrolls the sun-strewed firmament which pours over the earth its serene and eternal blaze. I suppose the thoughts and meditations produced by the sight of these higher heavens will depend upon one's previous habits of mind; but it has always seemed to me that the

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great spiritual idea which they impress upon us is that of *contrast*, — contrast between our realizations and our hopes, between the state in which we are, and the state to which we aspire with unsatisfied longings. In the daytime we strive and toil in the petty competitions of the hour, we run with hot haste after trifling objects, we exult and triumph when we have attained them, and we vex ourselves with bitter disappointment when the stake is lost. We labor in the hot sun, in the dusty ways of life, and our little strivings become to us of supreme moment. But in the midst of our contentions the darkness descends and blots out our little world of cares, and away through infinite depths we gaze into a region where all is tranquillity and peace. How contrasts the majestic silence above with the petty strifes beneath! How the firmaments have moved on together ever since time began, and yet no sound among the "rapid travellers"!. How enlarged to infinity is the space we move in, when a little while ago our sphere of labor was all in all! The drop of starlight which falls upon my eyeball travelled a thousand years before it reached me, and I stand in my little place of labor like an insect that inhabits a single leaf that flutters in the foliage of boundless woods. O the unbroken stillness and tranquillity of the heavens, contrasting their eternal harmonies with our temporal discords, giving us the idea of infinity for our low and narrow views, and of everlasting peace above all earthly trouble! The Christian has given the name of Heaven to the abodes of future rest: the word means literally the arch that is raised or *heaved* above us, and we take it to describe our future state because it gives to us the image of eternal repose. None can tell how great has been its influence in keeping in our minds the idea of the rest of immortality, and drawing our aspirations thither, because every night it spans the turmoil of earth with its deep and boundless tranquillity.

3. I come next to the lesson which is derived from the fact and the necessity of sleep. Did you never inquire for

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its moral significance, — this giving yourself up once in twenty-four hours to the seeming arms of annihilation? I do not know how the permanent lesson of man's dependence upon a Power above him could have been so well established as in this ever-returning fact, this ever-renewed necessity. The strongest and most self-confident become, after a few hours' exertion, as weak and as helpless as a little child. Every time we resign ourselves to sleep, we do tacitly perform an act of self-surrender into the arms of Providence. Body and soul, with all their faculties, are given back entirely into the keeping of the God who gave them. The outward act has a correspondent influence upon the inward mind, and a religious sense of dependence is thus kept alive in us to an extent we hardly perceive ourselves. It is not suffered to become quite extinct even in the most thoughtless. How boastful would a man become, and how forgetful of the source of his strength, if his strength were never suspended or taken from him! He would soon claim the attribute of self-existence. But now the strong man finds that his sinewy frame relaxes, and the brain sinks away into unconsciousness, and the twin brother of death holds him in its firm embrace. How helpless as an infant! How completely at the mercy of circumstance or accident! A child's stroke might change his breathing into the gasp of dissolution. That reason of which he boasts now flees from him, and unless restored to him he would wake up an idiot or a maniac.

It is a fact well known to the anatomist, that every man has two brains, or two departments of brain; that from one of these issue those nerves that command all his voluntary motions, while from the other issue the nerves that command involuntary motions, or those functions of his frame over which his will has no direct control. Some organs, the lungs more especially, are supplied with both sets of nerves, and their motion, therefore, is both voluntary and involuntary. They can move with his care, or they can

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move without it. But the inmost and vital organs are supplied exclusively with the involuntary nerves. Your heart beats just the same without your superintendence. Your lungs will play as you bid them, and stop playing if you say so; but in their healthful action they will play quite as well without your interference. So then our external and internal man are imaged and represented in our very frames. The most internal part of us is played and moved upon by a hand we do not see. Our interior brain takes its impressions directly from a spirit hand; from that awful Power that ever works in our most secret nature, from that Will which always acts within our will, a Life within our life, seeking its realizations in all we do.*

It is known that during sleep only one set of these powers is suspended, while the other set is in full motion and play. The brain that you use gets tired and becomes inactive; the brain in you that God uses never gets tired and never ceases from its work. There is another that does your breathing for you, and keeps the valves of your heart in their regular beat. The outward part of you sleeps; the inward part that opens into the world of mystery is wide awake as ever. This holds of the mind as well as the body. You can control your thoughts and reasonings and fancies while your voluntary brain is awake; but when that sleeps, this other brain takes the control of them, and thought, rea-

* This duality of the brain is pointed out in a little treatise, published a few years since, on "The Spirit Manifestations, and the Involuntary Powers and Instincts of the Human Mind," by John B. Dods. A great many curious phenomena to which this duality gives rise are described and explained, particularly in connection with animal instinct; and an application of the principle to the spirit manifestations is attempted. The writer of the book was not aware that Swedenborg had described this double brain in connection with the whole subject of sleeping and dreaming. Whoever wishes to explore his profound philosophy on these subjects, with their special connection with man's involuntary powers, may find it in the Arcana, Nos. 959, 1980–1983. Man during sleep is specially protected from evil influence. See also an exceedingly interesting and instructive article "On Sleep," by Mr. Sampson Reed, in Vol. XVI. of the New Jerusalem Magazine, where Swedenborg's philosophy is variously applied.

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son, and fancy are no longer yours. Another power comes into the treasure-house of your memory, and takes the imagery there stored up and unrolls it in a new order, possibly touching it with new and more spiritual hues. It hence results, that when the voluntary powers are entirely quiescent we sometimes get better impressions than we did when those powers were in complete operation, for then we did not meddle with the Power that works within us. Falling in with these laws of our nature, we read that in primitive times God chose to make his highest communications to his children while they slept, so that the patriarch came out of his sleep as out of the very entrance-gate of heaven. Hence, too, the reason why sleep revives our drooping faculties. There is nothing in rest, considered as mere inertia, that can impart any strength to us. It is because then a higher Power works within our voluntary faculties, and works without hinderance, and so pours new life and soundness through them all. Somehow we wake up with an elasticity of thought, a strength of purpose, a clearness of soul, which we never could have given ourselves by mere inertia, or by any contrivance known to human ingenuity. Truths we had toiled for in vain the night before, now stand out on the canvas of the mind as in letters of gold. The mathematician who gave over his problem in the evening, sometimes finds on waking that it has almost solved itself. But the heart, as we have seen, the most internal part of all, is then in the special keeping of God. Hence our feelings, which had been desponding the evening before, are now fresh and fragrant as the morning. The high purposes from which we swerved the day before, now seem clearly practicable; then there were lions in the way, and we were ready to give over; now we can meet them with brave hearts, and slay them as we go. Even wrath and boding revenge, except in the worst men, will not bear to be slept upon. They are swept by some hand invisible from the precincts of the heart and the brain, and lo! we awake in a new atmos-

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phere, which somehow has been breathed around us. Who has been with us? What ministries of light and love have poured into us that unconscious life which has cost us no sacrifice and effort? There are Divine influences that come to us as the brightest visits of our waking hours; but this unfailing provision by which Heaven steals upon us unawares, shedding new brightness over all within us, and sometimes retouching with a pencil of light truths which were fading into dimness, should also command our unfailing admiration and gratitude. They belong to those blessed ministrations of the night which wait on all the children of men, and which make its hours something more than blanks in human existence. We resigned our bodies, and they are returned to us restrung and renewed; we resigned our reason, and it returns to us relumed and strengthened; our whole nature is returned to us wearing the freshness of a world unseen.

But let us now gather up the important lesson which comes to us from this branch of our subject. I suppose there are few persons who, when they lie down upon their pillows, make a perfect and devout resignation to God of all their voluntary powers, and therefore they fail of that refreshment and renovation of soul which are the highest end of slumber. Few, comparatively, have the faculty of sleeping well. The last voluntary thoughts too often are thoughts of worldly scheming; there is no giving up unto God, no sweet surrender of our burden of care. The last images that float in our memories are those that throng from the scene of labor, perhaps from scenes of guilty indulgence. The consequence is, that the involuntary brain, or the Power that works through it, does not work in us without hinderance, or it finds in our memories only such images as the poet saw within the jaws of Hades, where

"Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell."

And with these it plays fantastic tricks, and scares us with unreal terrors, and we wake up with feelings as if we had been communing with demons. We do not give up to the

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divine and renovating powers the whole province of our being. Our last thoughts are not on God, and we do not surrender our will perfectly to the Sovereign Calmer. When this is so, we fail of those holy ministrations of the night, which seek the constant renewal of our whole being. Sleep in its highest sense is so divine a gift, that, as the Psalmist says, God reserves it for his beloved. If, at the close of every day's labor, when we lie down to rest, our last thoughts were heavenward, our last mental exercise tranquillizing prayer, and our sleep were spiritually what it must needs be physically, a perfect surrender of our will, an entire giving up to God of all our voluntary powers, the hours of unconsciousness would do quite as much for our spiritual renovation as our physical. A sweet elixir would distil upon the spirit, and we should wake up as from under the gentlest influences of God, — like the pilgrim in Bunyan, "whom they laid in a large upper chamber that opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

S.

CONSOLATION.

"BLESSED are ye," the Lord hath said, —
"Blessed are ye that mourn."
Speak all true hearts, "Lord, even so!
Blessed are all that mourn."

But who shall soothe these weary souls?
Who shall the Comforter be?
On Olivet One prayed alone,
And, praying, wept; — 't is He!

And when shall all this weeping end?
And when shall trouble cease?
The last of all was Calvary,
And after that was peace!

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NEARER.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." — St. Paul.

Lost the first sweet gush of feeling
That my Saviour gave to me;
When, before his throne low kneeling,
I dared say, "I do love Thee."

Dimmed the radiant gleam of Heaven,
That my raptured soul did thrill;
And the holy peace then given
Every restless thought to still,

Is not now so strong within me;
And my hope is not so bright;
And my hands cling not so closely
To the Unseen Hand of might;

And the heart that, through all losing,
Would do just as God had willed,
Many a time of its own choosing
Has its wayward work fulfilled;

And the faith that, seeing clearly,
Said, "The veil is drawn aside,"
Since has learned, not twilight merely,
But the total dark, to bide;

And the strength no toil could weary,
So it was but God's command,
Long has knelt in weakness dreary,
With worn feet and trembling hand.

Sinning ever, failing often,
Is the record of the years:
None but Christ the stain can soften;
Everywhere his blood appears.

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He the Saviour, He the Blesséd,
Wept and prayed, through many an hour,
That not one weak soul hard presséd
Should fall, lacking His great power.

Sanctified in part, not wholly,
Dimly through my tears I see:
But I trust my Saviour solely,
"I will keep them that love me."

Every day His name grows dearer;
And this sweet thought I receive:
"Now is my salvation nearer,
Than when first I did believe."

Nearer, nearer, each new sunrise
Is one less on earth for me;
Ere another, these poor, dim eyes,
Bright in glory, Christ may see.

Cherished thought! ere next Spring greeting,
Violets may be on my grave;
And dear friends will say, there meeting,
"So soon Christ this soul did save."

Yet what matter, — longer, shorter,
Though my time on earth may be, —
If I but hear, "Patience, daughter,
Let the weary come to me"?

A. M. S.

HAVERHILL, April 10, 1859.

"NOR is that man less deceived, that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure, by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. For it is most certainly true of all these things, that as they refresh a man when he is weary, so they weary him when he is refreshed; which is an evident demonstration that God never designed the use of them to be continual; by putting such an emptiness in them as should so quickly fail and hush expectation."

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THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN.

I. PRELIMINARY.

The first general statement in regard to the whole New Testament, after recognition of the obvious fact that Jesus as the Christ is its primary subject, may be made either affirmatively or negatively. Affirmatively, four of its books are annunciations, each in its own method, of this great subject as believed to be real fact; the fifth book gives an outline of some among the earlier incidents connected with unwritten annunciations of the same Christ, to the Jews first, next to the Gentiles. Then succeed Epistles addressed to such in various places as had received these annunciations into their religious belief, making them the principles of a devout communion. The series is completed by a book full of mysterious visions, illustrating through successive symbols the course, the conflicts, and the final triumph of the power embodied in the new Church. Negatively, none of these books, unless we except that of the Acts, is to be considered as strictly historical or biographical. The four Gospels in particular are what their name imports, — gospels, evangels, annunciations of a benignant message. In the first three, there is certainly more of the historical element, something nearer the common form of biography, than in the fourth; but even these three should be read rather as primitive sermons than as precise biographies. Of the fourth, however, it is proposed now to treat, — the Gospel, as it is called, according to John, and to which, without prejudging or even asking its origin, we may give the name by which it is universally known. The subject before us is simply the book; neither the author by whom it was written, nor the time when it was written, but the book itself, its scope, its meaning, its significance.

Happily for our inquiry, the writer has distinctly stated

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his purpose. His theorem, to use the language of science, is briefly this: Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God. The theorem he pronounces and demonstrates, so he frankly tells us, not to record an historical fact, not to suggest or excite theoretical speculation, but to produce a spiritual effect in the souls of men, — an effect single or twofold as we contemplate its relation to the sphere of life or its relation to the state of belief. He is seeking to bring men to believe that Jesus is Son of God, to believe in his name, that is, according to Hebrew usage, to believe in that which constitutes his very nature and quality so far as known, and through this belief to become conscious of the life from God which is real life, the life full of bliss and everlasting as its source. But this very statement involves something beyond external history and details, however wonderful, of a peculiar personage, even though proved to be prophet of the Highest. An outer delineation there is indeed, on the one side, an image of the gentlest majesty, of the grandest benignity; but on the other side, or rather within this human form, he presents an order of things purely spiritual, invisible, known, if known at all, through vital perception; — God, his Son, his Christ, his Spirit, his life; belief, a growth within the deepest consciousness, rather than the end of a logical process; the life itself, neither a series of regulated deeds nor a happiness imparted as reward of our fidelity, but the unseen principle — unseen, but never unfelt — of all goodness and all peace. And, let it be marked, whatever the Evangelist gives us of the former, he gives us, not as end, but as means, subsidiary to the highest purpose. The historical personage is brought before us as living image of the Eternal, whose presence fills him. The Christ in person and the Christ in idea, distinctions which we have learned to make, were in him unsevered; and in the one Christ he sought to show the direct presence of the Father.

This general view might be illustrated by particular instances. As one such instance, let it carry us to the intro-

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duction of the Gospel. The first thing which the writer speaks of is the Word of God; not a person distinct from God, nor yet a temporary utterance from his lips, but the permanent communication from the Divine Essence into nature which it produces, into soul which it quickens, filling the universe with its perpetual influences. This same Word, the writer expressly declares, this permanent energy of communication, is no other than God himself contemplated as speaking that it is done, as uttering his voice that all things exist. In which Word, he goes on to say, life dwells, shining as light to men, making and entering into the world, and elevating those who receive it to the power and consciousness of children of God. The Word again has become human, assuming visible relations to this earth: full of grace and truth, it has made its abode in humanity. Jesus Christ, in whom this process is fulfilled, converts grace and truth from images of thought to realities of existence, and transfigures law to life. This Son of God, dwelling evermore in the bosom of the Father, brings even the Godhead into the realm of perception. Throughout, it is well to bear in mind the remark already made, that the elements of idea and of person, the spiritual and the historical, instead of being distinguished, as modern thought distinguishes them, are blended completely together, giving us the one Divine Man; as in nature, where science analyzes its objects, even to the air we breathe, sense gives us each in integral unity.

Thus, according to this annunciation, the terms Messiah, Son of God, and the like, are neither titles of dignity nor names of office. Nay, they are more than expressions of identity between the ancient promise and the present fulfilment. The writer would show the Lord as he is, not prove his commission. He would give us the living man, rather than make out that Jesus fulfilled the old prophecies, and is therefore he whom the Jews looked for. He finds the Messiah in the very nature of Jesus. He perceives and proclaims the Son of God, essentially such, in the being

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itself. To him, Jesus is the Word become human, the man in whom God enshrines himself; so he is real Messiah, not representative and outward type of Messiah; so, Son of God, as living out the life of the Father.

This conception is not limited to the general statements which introduce the Gospel. It pervades the whole Gospel. It is neither a Jewish image nor a mystic shadow, that we meet anywhere; it is the fresh, living person, man in the body, not an ethereal vapor. If the writer has not assailed this latter view, nor taken pains to assert in a dogmatic form that his Messiah is a substantial person, yet his whole book shows the absence from his mind of any thought which should make the Christ unbodied spirit, and the presence to his mind of a persuasion that the Christ really lived in flesh, feeling human affections, rejoicing and sorrowing in human joys and human sorrows, dying really, and really rising. Nowhere, in fact, are the tokens clearer of the substantial man, though of the man filled, penetrated, overflowing with the Divinity from which his existence issued, and whose pure elements he combined into one glorious form.

I am perfectly aware of having alluded here to a theory of which this Eastern writer had probably never so much as a dream. I confess also, that, in stating his theorem and purpose, I have not so much reproduced his precise thought, as given my own version of his thought. None the less, however, would I press it on the mind, that we strive to dismiss from our interpretations all later theories and modes of thinking, and to draw just as near as we can to the writer and the writer's own conception. Be the doctrines of modern theologies, for example, true or false, let it be remembered that the Evangelist lived long before they had assumed anything like their present shape; that to him the annunciation was indeed spirit, rather than doctrine; power, rather than system; the Christ with us and in us, rather than any logical definition of his nature and his offices. There is nothing here of the Trinity, nothing of the monarchy of the

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Father, of the eternal generation of the Son, of the eternal procession of the Holy Spirit; nothing of the one essence and the three persons, of the second person united to human nature so as to render God and man one person and two distinct natures for ever; nothing, again, of the questions which the West added to those of the East, regarding the primeval state of man and his fall, the imputation and transmission of the first man's sin to his posterity, totally corrupting human nature and destroying its very power to choose good; nothing, not one solitary word, of these dogmas which have agitated the human mind for so many centuries, nor of other dogmas which these, and the experiences generated by them, have originated and established. To the questions which such dogmas suggest, let us give the best answer we can; they, too, belong to the grand history of mankind and the unfolding order of God: but let us beware of putting them into the minds and writings of men to whom they would be but as a strange language, suggestions to which an ancient, could he now live and meet them, might say, "True ye may be, false ye may be; but, at any rate, I never saw you before. Ye surely were born later than I." We would let the centuries fall off from us, and try for the while to put on the antique robe, and dwell in the antique realm. The Word, the Life, the Light, the Messiah, the Son of God, we would depict to ourselves neither according to Athanasius nor according to Arius, neither as Trinitarian nor as Unitarian, nor according to the changeful theories on both sides, but according to the idea of a man to whom all such names and theories were simply future and unknown. We may translate him into modern dialect; but let us not antedate our translations by referring them to him.

At the same time, and not so much for particular applications as for universal presupposition, let us recur to a question of the greatest depth and breadth, often discussed since the origin of the Gospels, never alluded to in them. It is

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the question at issue between Realism and Nominalism. This question may have been stated in different ways; and the diversity of statement, thoroughly understood, might lead the parties sometimes almost to change sides: always however, in fact, it involved one central inquiry, — The Truth, is it an absolute and unchangeable reality within itself? or, is it something which exists only in relation to some mind concerning it? The Realist says: "When you speak of Truth, or when, multiplying your words, you speak of Virtue, Justice, Goodness, Power, Life, Spirit, and other the thousand ideas which men call abstractions, you speak of something really existing, something independent of all your thoughts, something which would equally exist, though we were not here to think and speak about it. Thus, Truth is absolute and substantial Being brought into manifestation. Virtue is not an abstract or relative quality, but the absolute Being in a state of activity corresponding with its intrinsic elements. Justice is the absolute Being in action corresponding with itself and all other facts and relations. Goodness is the Being in the act and state of goodness. Power, Life, Spirit, each is the Being exerting its power, living its life, breathed out, as it were, in vital energy." He has but a step to take, the Realist who follows out his thought, to gather all those words and ideas into unity, and to identify them with God; so that the Being whose name is I AM, shall be recognized as the real presence in what we call abstract things or qualities. The Nominalist, if he be such consistently and throughout, denies all this, making such essences but names and relative images.

The Evangelist never once dreamed of Nominalism and Realism. But the peculiar element which characterizes Realism, unthought of as theory, penetrates all his writings as principle. Of names as mere names, of abstractions as ideas drawn off from realities, and existing only to the fugitive thought or speech, he not only knows nothing, but pursues a method altogether alien to such a theory. Every-

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thing is to him real, solid, substantial. Take as instances some words and ideas already referred to: Messiah, not a title, but an existing entity, a Divine reality wrought into human relations; Son of God, not an epithet of dignity or office, but the life itself of God informing and vivifying the personal image; the Word, not an articulate sound, not a temporary speech, but the substantial, living, eternal expression of the Divine mind, God communicating himself; Life, God Living; Light, God shining. Let us look at one other word, perpetually recurring. When in our days men speak of the Spirit, or the Holy Spirit, as, on the one side, a person in the Trinity, or, on the other, as a temper, a disposition, a quality, belonging to individual persons, we need not say they speak falsely, but we may say without reserve that they use language in a sense wholly unlike that of the Evangelist. With the former of these uses he indeed agrees in this one point: Spirit, Holy Spirit, is substantial, living, an absolute reality. Here the agreement ceases: it is not with him a distinct, conscious person, a separate agent. With the latter use, he may contemplate temper or disposition of the person, but only as incident or effect, not as the thing itself. Strictly speaking, spirit is with him no other than absolute Being considered in vital presence and activity. The phrase resolves itself into this, — inward activity of God, from within himself, to within his creations. So, to understand this Gospel, we must not only discover its central purpose, but appreciate its thorough, though perhaps unconscious Realism.

Once more. This has always been looked to as the Gospel of Mysticism. An impression so general, felt by Mystics themselves, scarcely disallowed even by their opponents, one would be slow to think existed without some basis. How does the case stand? It seems to me that we may put it thus: If by Mysticism be meant the perception, instinct with love, of Divine ideas as realities full of beauty and power, we may confess it mystic, just as in this sense all true religion, all real virtue with man, is mystic. But if by Mys-

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ticism be meant the predominance of fancy, and of the peculiar feelings connected with fancy, in our religious contemplations, then the impression is mistaken. Fancy there may be, let us rejoice that there is, in this wonderful book; but nowhere fancy obtruding its shadowy visions for solid truth, never appearing except to enrobe the reality; making itself but the garment, not the central form; nor yet a robe to hide the life, but a pure transparency, through which the life alone shines out. The mind, in truth, which gave forth this Gospel, delighted in its visions; rather, it sought through them to behold and love the thing seen, the Godhead enshrined in humanity.

T. T. S.

PLEADING FOR BAAL.

And what, asks the reader, do you mean by that? If he is not too "illuminated" to read the Old Testament, let him turn to the sixth chapter of the Book of Judges, and he will find out. But first a word upon the Book of Judges.

It is our only record of the Jewish people for about three hundred years of their national life, i. e. from the death of Joshua, the conqueror of Canaan, to the death of Samson, about a quarter of a century before the accession of Saul. We must bear in mind as we read this narrative, that it supplies only glimpses of the Twelve Tribes, and is rather the story of their wars than of those peaceful times which yielded no material for the chronicler. It is to be regretted that the book is not arranged, as has sometimes been the case, so as to include the sweet story of Ruth, a quiet tale of domestic life, offering to our eyes, wearied with looking at battle-pieces and the portraits of grim and blood-stained men-at-arms, the beautiful harvest scene, with its central figure radiant in mild, spiritual beauty. One may hope

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that, besides the immortal one, there were other Ruths in those troublous times, whose stories were not recorded. But the tales of strife are not without significance. Too strong, it may be, for our modern humanity or effeminacy, they illustrate, in their primitive, rough, and almost Titanic way, our constant nature, and that life of man in the sight of God which is the same evermore. They show that men, even before they have reached a high state of civilization, are ruled to a great extent by ideas, that the ark of God is ever the glory and strength of God's people, and that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. The picture which supplies our caption has a real human meaning. Gideon, or the Destroyer, had been stirred by a Divine messenger and urged by startling portents to take upon himself the emancipation of his countrymen from the Philistines; and, going at once to the root of the matter, he had first declared war against the idolatry into which his nation had declined. He rightly judged, that until they were done with Baal, they could look for no help from Jehovah; and acting upon the persuasion, and consulting prudence only so far as to guard against needlessly provoking opposition, he demolished the altar and cut down the grove of that intruding Sun-god. The people come with the earliest dawn to worship the visible Lord of day; but instead of a shrine and a holy place, they find a ruin and a desolation, whilst the altar of Jehovah rises from the appointed spot near by, and the offering smokes thereon. The Destroyer does not care to be concealed. He has made his choice, and, meaning to abide the result, encounters the popular indignation; his father witnessing for him that he had done the deed, not in the hot blood of youth, but because the fire of Jehovah was burning in his heart, and he could bear the sight of the idol-shrine no longer. Besides, asked the father, What is this to you? What need that you should plead for Baal? If he be a god, let him speak like a god! If he has a right to an altar, let him defend

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his altar! My son's quarrel is not with you, but with Baal: henceforth he shall be Jerubbaal, the man with whom Baal contends, and do you leave Baal to fight his own battles. The multitude were willing to await such interposition, and when they found that no fire came down from heaven to consume Gideon, they hailed as their captain and judge the man whom they had been ready to slay for sacrilege, and the ark of God became again the glory and strength of Israel.

Let Baal plead. The counsel of the old man was wise, worthy to be remembered and repeated, — a lesson for that human nature which is the same in all ages, good for humble as well as for great occasions. If any man speak, let him speak, not for Baal, but as an oracle of God, words of faith and hope and aspiration for what is holiest and best. Steadily refuse everywhere and at all times to be Satan's advocate, or to uphold in any way a doubtful cause. If you cannot speak out of your belief and love, in loyalty to God and goodness, then at least be silent. Amongst the errors and sins of speech we find this of pleading for Baal, not consciously, not often perhaps with any deliberate purpose of calling evil good, or of magnifying the lesser over the greater, and yet really to this effect. The temptations to this sort of advocacy are very insinuating, and we are quite likely to be misled into it through an exaggeration of tendencies and claims which in themselves are very honorable. As one listens to the world's discourse on great and on familiar occasions, he might often be moved to this brief rejoinder: Let Baal plead! The words might well be written upon the walls of our dwellings, amidst the blazonries that adorn the houses of the state or nation, — yes, to great advantage sometimes amongst the mural inscriptions in our places of Christian worship and instruction.

Let Baal plead! The words may well come to our lips when we hear one whose special function it is, or should be, to press the claim of revealed truths, the wisdom of

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prophets and apostles, the everlasting lessons of the Great Teacher, upon a careless or hardened world, misusing his great opportunity for giving utterance to the questionings and the doubts of our narrow understandings, confusing the minds of the simple, magnifying the difficulties in the way of faith, marshalling the arguments of scepticism. Sometimes, indeed, opinions are hinderances to belief, and it becomes our duty to oppose them. But even then it is of the first importance always to speak in the interest of faith, from revering minds and hearts, putting the affirmation before the denial, as one whose proper business is fulfilment, not destruction. If there are concessions to be made by the believer to science, to history, to the advancing moral sense of mankind, let them cheerfully and honestly be made, that the cause of pure religion may be the stronger; but let not intellectual conceit parade them as grand discoveries, and offer to men who must die unless they can hear the truth, only denials, only warnings against errors. Prompt, wise, careful admissions are what may fairly be demanded of the friends of religion in this direction, — so much, but not eloquent advocacy, that should be expended on the side of faith, in the effort to deepen and enlarge those convictions which are the glory and the defence of our souls. Hear the other side! is an excellent maxim, but one may hear both sides without himself presenting both sides. Let doubt plead its own cause, — advocates even of unbelief will never be wanting. Should you be silent in your moods of uncertainty and questioning, the world will lose nothing; wait until, through a healthy antagonism, a new form of belief has been developed over against your doubt, and the world shall bless you for its utterance. There are those of whom it may truly be said, that every word which ever fell from their lips or flowed from their pens was on the side of faith, — in behalf of the highest and holiest. Is it not a most glorious testimony?

Let Baal plead. We should be tempted to the same

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rejoinder, were we to hear from lips that ought to be consecrated frequent or earnest advocacy of things merely tolerable, to be borne with on account of the frailty of human nature, or the hardness of human hearts, or the slow movements of human thought, but not in any wise to be maintained as true and abiding. Let those who seem to need half-truths, imperfect regulations, defend them as they best can. The matter, so far as it has any just claims, is safe in their hands. Prophets of smooth things are never wanting. Man and his imperfections never want an advocate: it is the cause of God which lacks earnest pleaders. If there is an easier view to be taken of human life, if for any reason it seems necessary to say a word for this world, its works or its amusements, there will be voices enough to take up the parable. Why not plead for the interests and enjoyments of earth and sense? it is asked. Simply, we reply, because there is no need, simply because they will plead for themselves; the emphasis is all demanded on the other side; the difficulty is to win men, not for the visible, but for the invisible. Why not reassure the weak and wandering with promises of forgiveness, and unlimited lessons of love? Simply, we reply, because there is no need: the difficulty is to hold men to the solemnities of life, its moral obligations and necessities. Let Baal plead. The words press to the lips whenever we hear men misled by the claims of a false liberality into pleas for opinions or institutions which, although they may still be tenable for others, would be untenable for them, and positive offences. It is enough if we witness for what we believe to be true and profitable, — let others do likewise; there is no need that we should add our voices to theirs, or be apologists for anything which, in our circumstances, would be sin. Sometimes the vituperations and unqualified censures of over-zealous reformers tempt us to come to the help of their victims; we wish to see justice done, — we feel that there is something to be said on the other part, — we are annoyed by heated

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and undiscriminating language, — before we are aware of it, we are on the wrong side. Let Baal plead. Superstition, bigotry, dogmatism, outgrown and doomed institutions, will find voices enough; Romanism, despotism, slavery, do not need our advocacy; let them plead for themselves, — and may God give us grace to herald and to commend to our brethren the ideas and the institutions of the life which is to be.

But there are other and more familiar applications of this ancient word of counsel. We have said that it might well be inscribed upon the walls of our dwellings, and there is not a little of common human speech which, whatever may be its design, and although it may be frequently the expression of thoughtlessness, serves only to set forth the power and abundance of evil and sin in the world. The words of the fault-finder, the criticisms of the ill-natured, the chronicles of human frailty, the unfavorable interpretations of acts which admit of a double construction, the perpetual question, asked alike of the best and of the worst, Doth Job serve God for naught? the sneer, the persistent exhibition of the dark and unlovely in the life of our world, — what else could Satan ask as the fruit of the lips from his most earnest advocates? Could the speech of the world be predicted and announced beforehand to those from whom it is destined to proceed, they might often say, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" — that he should speak such words of any brother or friend, of any human being whatsoever, save of extremest necessity and in the deepest sadness? Surely every friend of God and man must greatly desire to magnify the good of life, — to find and celebrate virtues, moral triumphs, — to make the best, and not the worst of men, — to show how in the multitude of instances the most weighty trusts are not violated, but scrupulously discharged, — to throw faults into the background, instead of thrusting them conspicuously forward, — to call up from obscure places instances of humble heroism and every-day faithfulness, — to

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expend whatever skill one may have in grouping and coloring, in bringing out the lights and graces and perfections of this checkered scene. It is God's world, and whatsoever there is of good in it redounds to the glory of God, whilst evils and sins are so many mysteries and perplexities which try, if they do not stagger, our faith; and yet there are those who, in utter disregard of all sad inferences, will have it that the larger part of mankind are either abominably wicked, or utterly absurd and ridiculous. It is pleading for Baal. It is an indirect denial of the blessed and comfortable doctrine that this world, in many of its aspects at least, is beautiful, and our Father's.

Is it incumbent upon any so to plead? We may be told in reply, that if the fact be so, if sins and evils do so abound in human life, the truth, saddening as it may be, should be spoken. Perhaps so, sometimes, if it is spoken in sadness, — admitted, not exulted in, — reluctantly whispered, not sedulously blazoned. But one is often at a loss to see what possible advantage can come from the largest portion of the evil-speakings which enter into human speech, — what cause can be advanced, what soul of man can be built up by them. They serve only to make us think meanly of each other and of ourselves; they are not those words of love which provoke to amendment, and since they are not pleasant things to utter, we may well leave them to find a voice as they can. Let Baal plead for himself! If for any reason it is important that the darker side of human life should be exhibited, there will be enough to do it. Let bitterness and sourness and disappointment and malice do their own dreary work, without any help from believers in God, and lovers of mankind, and friends of Christ, who, perfect as he was, loved the imperfect, and deemed all men worth saving. Besides, a zeal for fact and truth should engage us to set forth the good things of the world which lie hidden, the noble deeds that are not written down in the daily and published record of horrors. The honest men are not chronicled in police re-

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ports. They do not supply items to those who hunt for startling disclosures. Blessed, encouraging facts ever wait for him who would plead, not for Baal, but for God. We find what we seek. We see what we bring means of seeing. Our vision is according to our desire and our faith. Moreover, a vast deal of the evil-speaking of the world is an impeachment of motive, an assertion of inward evil where the appearances and the outward acts are good, — skilful and labored argument to prove that under a fair surface there lurks a foul heart, — a claim for Baal of what professes to belong to God. It is better to take honesty and simplicity for granted, where that theory is admissible. It has been said, we know, that "scandal is nothing more than inverted love of humanity." The interest which we feel in each other leads to personalities, and personalities would be undiscriminating, tame, and tedious, were they in the main laudatory, and would often lose not a little of their zest should they be carefully balanced. This more perhaps than deliberate spitefulness is the explanation of much evil-speaking. The desire to amuse is sadly liable to mislead. But surely hearts that can find entertainment in the recital of the sins and follies of companions and friends, must be far from right, and endowed, to say the least, with very little moral sensitiveness. It is fortunate when the grasp and culture of the mind are large enough to insure the discussion of principles rather than of persons, or at least of those historic personages and heroes of literature who are removed beyond the reach of envyings and suspicions; but if this cannot be, how refreshing and stimulating beyond any jealous detraction the heart-felt recognition of merit, the warm and scarcely measured eulogium, — such, for example, as that passed upon the great inventor, James Watt, by one of his friends, — an eulogium of which it was said, it is difficult to determine whether the honor of having uttered it be not as great as the honor of having inspired it, — so common, alas! is it to plead for Baal, so rare to celebrate goodness.

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Silence has well been called golden. Where it is maintained by stern self-restraint, it is anything but a negative excellence. "Quick to hear, slow to speak," is a Scriptural commendation. Far oftener than is needful we volunteer judgments. Our character for discernment seems to be at stake, and we must speak in order to maintain it; but even were this so, kindliness, genial recognition of merit, and a sympathy not inverted, are better than discernment. "True charity," says Paul, "believeth all things." The world sets no very high value upon such charity as that, and yet how much nobler and more gracious is it than the jealousy which finds no beauty in anything, and believes in no one. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh"; therefore by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned. For when the heart is wise, loving, trusting, we are sure to be advocates of wisdom, love, and faith, — we leave the dark side of life to assert itself as it can; our speech is in demonstration of the spirit and in power; our lips frame those hopeful words which bring back to the earth the light and beauty of heaven, that faded away quickly whilst the scorner spake. Let Baal plead against us, if he will. Let him maintain, if he can, his own cause. Only the Lord of truth and righteousness has any claim upon the lips of the sons and daughters of men.

E.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

FROM SPENSER.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us, that succor want;
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant:
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

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HEALTH AND HEALING.*

The Machineel and the White-wood
Are growing side by side;
And the White Ash spreads its guardian shade
Near where venomous serpents glide.
The poison and the antidote
Grow under the selfsame sun,
And prevention, a richer boon than cure,
Is given to every one.

If the breath of the deadly Machineel
Has dimmed your health-bright eye,
The White-wood, waving its friendly arms,
Says softly, Thou shalt not die.
Under the boughs of the White Ash keep,
And the rattles you may hear,
And see the gleam of the angry eye,
And never feel a fear.

If you have slipped, recover, —
There is help in power divine;
A blessed gift is repentance;
And the Word, in every line,
Bids him that strays, back to the way
That he has left return,
And every human soul has need
This lesson of love to learn.

But we must strive that we may not slip,
And to be upheld must pray;
The White-wood helps us when we fail,
The Ash when we steadfast stay;
Both are fair trees in the garden of God,
Both are for human need;
And every lesson our Father writes
It is good for his children to read.

* The Machineel is a poisonous tropical tree, whose unhealthful effect is counteracted by the White-wood which is always to be found near it. The White Ash is the dread of the Crotolus Horridus, or Rattlesnake. Being cured by the White-wood is like being penitent; being protected from harm by the White Ash is like being held back from sinning.

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MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. VI.

JOHN JACKSON found himself at the time of the separation among the nicknamed; and it was doubtless of great importance to him, that his attention was thus called to review the circumstances under which the discipline was originally initiated, and to see that it was subject to a corruption of which the Friend's first principle was insusceptible. He saw that there was a transient and a permanent element of the Christian Church, and that the former must ever be secondary to the latter, which holds to the former a relation analogous to that of the principle of vegetation to the deciduous forms. As soon as any Friend should rest upon the *forms*, whether of speech, of dress, or of thought, for justification, instead of seeking the living word in their own souls, these forms ceased to be helps to Christian development, and became hinderances. The differing bodies of Friends published books which contained their differing views, and the Orthodox Friends took such measures to make known their want of unity with the others, that the surrounding Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, &c. came to consider them as Unitarian heretics; and the idea got abroad in the world, that the Hicksites were those who had deserted the ground of George Fox and William Penn! But whoever will read the memoirs of these two remarkable confessors, will find that they always stood for the very liberty Hicks claimed, and were jealous of the ultimate effect of organizing the discipline, from the first.

The history and analysis of the organization of the Friends' Society, to which John Jackson's attention was called, because the controversy began just before he entered the ministry, will give the key to his unsuperstitious character and ministry. It saved him from being the victim of an organization which he always regarded with reverent affection,

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and said it afforded him all the liberty he wished. For he always looked at it as an instrumentality merely, and criticised it freely; seeking light whereby to reform and purify it, and several times proposing improvements which were adopted into the Book of Discipline.

He reverenced, still more than the Book of Discipline, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; but he considered them also to have, like the Church, a divine and human element, and, realizing that "the letter killeth," sought, from "the Spirit that makes alive," light to read them by, and exhorted others to do likewise. He never doubted their *inspiration*, because his own experience lighted up their record of transient events; making them symbols of truths, ever new and living, which he saw their writers also recognized as permanent. In striking contrast to the sectarianism that excommunicated this faithful Friend from "the Orthodox" minority, are the following thoughts, which were the last pages of a diary that he kept till within a few days of his death.

"In the religious disputes which have distracted human society, the true life of religion is generally lost; the nobler virtues of the soul are buried beneath the heated zeal of sectarian bitterness. It is no longer the philosophy of Christianity they seek to defend, but abstract dogmas, or forms, the most frivolous and unimportant. Purity of life is no protection, no evidence of a man's Christianity, the moment that he is suspected by his self-constituted judges of a defective faith. An *unimportant difference of opinion* in speculative theology is vastly more criminal, and represented as more offensive to God than an immoral life.

"That the anathemas of the Church should have been directed so frequently against individuals of unsullied piety and virtue, is proof of itself sufficient of her apostasy, and calculated to make her an object of loathing and disgust, and deserving the merited condemnation she receives from those she has been accustomed to accuse of wholesale infidelity.

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"There is scarcely a religious sect that has not been deluded by a spirit of Antichrist in presuming to sit in judgment on the consciences of their members. The Catholic Church claims the right (in the presumed infallibility of its judgment in matters pertaining to the spiritual interests of man) to demand the surrender of the conscience to the decrees of her ecclesiastical councils, and to enforce them to the extent of her temporal power, by temporal punishments. And *every* sect among Protestants has been infected to a greater or less extent by a measure of the same fanatical spirit; for we call that genuine fanaticism which substitutes anything as a test of religion but a religious life. We see how soon after the Reformation this Papal doctrine was introduced, and what deplorable divisions its introduction immediately gave rise to, many of which would have put the darkest deeds of Popery to the blush. The burning of Servetus and its attendant circumstances, the persecution on the continent of Europe, the burning of martyrs in England, the hanging of Quakers in America, show how fully Protestant Christianity has imbibed this desolating and persecuting spirit.

"It is difficult to account for these infatuations upon any other principle than to ascribe them to a false method which men have adopted of defining Christian philosophy. In numerous instances the persecuted have in turn become the most cruel and vindictive of persecutors. We need refer only to the history of the Church to discover the fact of this spiritual wickedness in high places, which has been so mournfully written and confirmed by the blood of martyrs.

"In our own time, we have seen the desolating work of this spirit in a sect where, above all others, we should have the least expected to find it,—we mean in the Society of Friends! One would be inclined to think, after all the persecutions the early Quakers endured in the defence of the right of private judgment, the unconditional freedom of conscience, and the little value they attached to abstract

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dogmas and creeds, that they would not have fallen into the error of condemning *one another* for differences of opinion, and especially from condemning those whose lives have been models of integrity and Christian philanthropy, which no enemies ever attempted to assail. We will better illustrate our remarks by reference to two individuals, now no longer among the living, belonging to opposite parties, — Elias Hicks and John James Gurney.

"The schism which rent the Society a quarter of a century ago, and produced the most acrimonious spirit, was occasioned by an attempt to invalidate the religious standing of Elias Hicks, upon the charge, among other things, that he undervalued the Scriptures, and entertained erroneous opinions respecting the divinity of Christ. He was denounced as an infidel, and no epithets were too opprobrious to be employed in the defamation of his character. His opinions were considered too heretical for the orthodox standard of Quakerism, which his self-constituted judges drew up and explained in numerous declarations of their faith and belief; and he, and all who favored his sentiments, were regarded as having lost their Quakerism, and therefore as unworthy even to bear the name of their sect. Elias Hicks, however, was called from works to rewards, after a life of more than fourscore years, during which among his fellow-men he exhibited the strictest integrity, his life being a rare example of honesty and intrinsic moral worth, devoted to the good of his fellow-men. Not only his public ministry, but his performance of private duties, are all memorials of his Christianity, which make comment on his character superfluous and unnecessary.

"But no sooner had the troubles of this schism began to subside, than those who had joined in these demonstrations against Elias Hicks, and had attempted to fortify themselves against further defections of the faith, found it necessary to assail one of their most worthy members, on the ground that his opinions were too *orthodox* for their standard of Quakerism.

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"This noted individual was J. J. Gurney, one of the English Quakers (who had been powerful allies of their American brethren in suppressing what they supposed to be the heresy of Elias Hicks). This unhappy controversy is still waging, and is at the time we write a fruitful source of crimination and recrimination. We do not meddle with it. All we have to say is, that the character of Gurney, like the character of Hicks, was unsullied. He devoted his life to promoting the good of his fellow-creatures, and was active in every work of benevolence. He fulfilled his mission as a Christian, and died in the assurance of a blessed immortality.

"These two individuals, who were denounced by their sectarian judges, men whose genuine Christianity no one pretends to dispute, so far as they are to be judged by their fruits, are brought forward here, not as isolated cases by any means, but as a striking illustration of the consummate folly of Christians' condemning one another for differences of religious opinion."

The foregoing words were the last that flowed from John Jackson's pen before he died, in 1855. But the view he held in 1832, which was the alpha to this omega, may be inferred from the following extracts from his correspondence with his family, while he was on the journey alluded to in No. IV.

"A circumstance a little singular happened at one of our meetings, a few days since. We had a Friend from Port Elizabeth who went before us to appoint the meetings, and when he came to the place of which I now speak, he was asked, if the women Friends were the old-fashioned Quakers, and orthodox in doctrine. He told them they were. 'Well, did *they* believe in the doctrines of ancient Fox, Penn, &c.?' 'Yes, they held the doctrines of ancient Friends'; — and with this information a meeting was easily procured. Priscilla * was led to speak on the subject of

* She did not know of any questions having been raised.

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salvation by Christ, and that the only hope of salvation was through him. But when they came to find out that we were *Hicksites*, they were surprised at this. We were asked by a respectable man, at whose house we lodged, — a Baptist, — if those women preached what was called the Hicksite doctrine. We told him, 'They preached the doctrines of Friends, and they had been called, in derision, Hicksites.' 'Well,' said he, 'if that *is* Hicksite doctrine, it is good enough for me; but I had understood that Mr. Hicks had no belief in a Saviour,' &c., &c. We found he had been misinformed by some of the false publications of 'the orthodox.' We told him what Elias's views were on several subjects, and he was well satisfied with the explanation. . . . . .

"Last evening we held the first Friends' meeting that was ever held in this place (Cape Island, New Jersey), and many of the people never heard a woman nor a Friend preach before. One of the ministers, a rigid Presbyterian, made all the opposition he could to our having a meeting here. He refused to let us have a church. . . . . I cannot but believe, that by making this public opposition he did more to collect a meeting than could have been done in any other way. . . . . Our meeting was held in one of the large boarding-houses; a more convenient place we did not want."

From Cedarville he writes:—

"Thee has no idea, my dear sister, of the prejudice that has been instilled into the minds of many people by some of the high professors, to discountenance the doctrines of Elias Hicks. Some time since, a camp-meeting was held near Tuckahoe, where the presiding elder of the Methodists, after he had summed up, as he thought, the doctrines of Elias Hicks, and set them forth in 'orthodox style,' wound up by saying: 'And now, brethren, what shall we do with such a man? He is not fit to live in a Christian land; he ought to be sent to hell.' At another time he said: 'Hell

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is a too good place for him!' This kind of language was rather more than his congregation could bear, and from that time he was forbidden to say anything about Elias Hicks; and the zeal of this people has become so much tempered with charity, that they offered their meeting-house for Priscilla to hold a meeting in! There are many others whose sentiments are liberal, and whose hearts and houses are open to receive all such as declare themselves to be the friends of the Gospel. It has been our lot to meet with many such in these parts, where no 'Friends' reside.

"On first-day afternoon, we had a large meeting in a Baptist meeting-house. Priscilla rose with this language: 'Behold mine elect whom I have chosen; behold the body of Christ. But where, my friends, is this body of Christ, seeing that Jesus's outward body is now no more?' She then set forth, in a very plain manner, what the body of Christ was; that it was composed of living and sanctified members, who alone could constitute a church that will reign triumphant in heaven. She spoke one hour and a half; and I thought, if I had never before had the evidence of her being a Gospel minister, I had sufficient then; and if ever any woman was gifted to supplicate, surely she was on that interesting occasion.

"We were very kindly entertained that night in the village, and on second day we had a pleasant ride to Newport, and held a large meeting in a school-house in the afternoon, and the word was preached with power. Priscilla commenced with the language of Paul: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' . . . . . 'I find,' she says, 'as I travel up and down in the land, among the various professors of Christianity, living members of the true Church of Christ, who are sincerely desiring the welfare and happiness of all the rational family; and these are they who compose that Church that hath celestial wings, and which alone can waft its members into the bright regions of eternal day.'

"The people in these parts are unacquainted with Friends'

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manner of worship; and some are very unwilling to believe that our friends speak from immediate impressions, but rather that they have studied all these things, and prepared them beforehand; and many of them look upon our manner of worship as a dead form. But it is to be hoped that the day will come when He who has promised to teach his people himself, will unfold, to the understandings of them who believe not, the mysteries of that kind of worship which is not performed on any mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth.

"Priscilla tells the people she does not wish to proselyte them to any one society of people, but her mission is to call them away from all sectarian prejudices and traditions of men, to 'the WORD that is nigh unto them, in their heart, and in their mouth,' that they may be no longer scattered abroad, as sheep without a shepherd, on the barren mountains of an empty profession.

"At Bridgton, we made application to a Presbyterian for a house to hold a meeting in. He hesitated; was afraid we were Hicksites. I told him we were not ashamed to acknowledge that we held the doctrines advocated by Elias Hicks, though we did not call ourselves by that name. He told us, if we held those views, he could not give his consent. We told him we could have the court-house, and invited him to lay down his prejudices, and come and hear for himself. We accordingly put the court-house in order, and had a meeting that evening, and as many people attended as it would conveniently accommodate. . . . . .

"Priscilla's views are not confined within the limits of sectarianism; but to her all denominations of people are equally near and dear, being aware that a true follower of the Lamb must have that mark of discipleship by which alone they can ever be designated, namely, Love one to another."

These extracts must serve to designate the spirit of the young disciple, when it was most vexed by the sectarian op-

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position which had just sprung up within the bosom of the Friends' Society. It was the adequate germ of the full-blown flower of saintly charity and enlightened intelligence.

That the visitation of Priscilla Cadwallader was eminently successful at this time, and that the multitude received her ministry of charity and faith gladly, was evinced by the full houses of Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians who listened to her, and often followed to other towns. The "Gospel" she preached was, that the Holy Ghost manifests itself in reproof and guidance within every earnest and prayerful soul, will it only trust and believe in a Divine Father.

E. P. P.

DEATH.

A SERMON BY REV. EDMUND H. SEARS.

Amos v. 8: — "Seek him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

I HAVE very often spoken of death, but I suppose in such a way that my younger hearers may not understand what I mean. I shall therefore address this sermon to them, as well as to older people. Perhaps you will think I have chosen a very gloomy subject. Perhaps you would rather hear of something else, — of life, flowers, health, and happiness. But it is not a subject of *my* choosing, — God chose it for me. It is a fact which he brings often to our attention, whether we wish it or not, — for we have the fact of death before us almost every day. Besides, I want very much that young persons should think rightly upon this subject; for I remember how much I suffered when a child from false notions about it, — how often, indeed, my cheerful day was turned into dismal night by thinking about it. It was one of my earliest sorrows, and one which will probably be remembered as long as any other, when a little girl that

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went to school with us died suddenly, and we stood sobbing around her coffin, not knowing what it meant. And I have often thought since, that, if some one had explained to us what it meant, the lesson would have aided very much in making us good and happy. For these reasons I am moved to speak of this subject to the children, having recently spoken of it to elder people. And yet I do not know but we may disregard this distinction altogether; for before the solemn teachings of God, we are all children.

I shall divide my sermon into three parts, that we may better remember it, — for what is the use of preaching sermons unless we remember them and carry them home with us?

I shall first speak of false notions about death, which children as well as grown persons are very apt to get. Then, in the second place, I shall try to explain what the true idea is about it; and lastly, I shall point out some practical lessons which come to us from our view of the subject. In short, what we should not believe about it, what we should believe, and then what we ought to do about it.

1. There are a great many false ideas about death which have been handed down to us from an unenlightened past; but I do not intend to go over them all. It was once thought by many, and children are apt to get the notion now, that death is an actual person that comes and carries people away, — some dreadful being that might be seen and felt. You often hear the expression yet, that about such a time a person was "*struck with death.*" This phrase originated in the idea that some being or person actually came with some kind of weapon and touched or struck the sick man, and from that moment there was a change, and he began to die. People now will sometimes tell the very moment when they supposed some such thing happened to one about to die. Now I want you to understand that this is all a superstition and a delusion, and that no clear mind thinks or believes any such thing. There is no such person

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as death. You hear death spoken of as such, both in poetry and common speech; and when a boy, I read a long dialogue in poetry between Christ, Youth, the Devil, and Death, and I supposed it all real, and that Death could talk and make speeches; and this is a notion that sometimes, I suppose, makes the idea of death so hideous to children. There is no such person as Death, — any more than there is such a person as Grief, or Darkness, or Weariness; and there is no time when a person is struck with death, — no time indeed when any mysterious change begins to take place, unless it be when we begin to be sick.

There is another false notion about death which we are apt to get. It is this: that death is a gloomy passage-way through which we must pass in going from this world to another. We get this notion perhaps from some figurative expressions in the Bible, where it is called the valley of the shadow of death; hence, the dark valley. Hence, again, the river of death, as if there were some dark waters to be rowed over. This was the idea which the heathen had, and it is just about as absurd as the one respecting the dark valley. Now we shall see, when we come to explain what death is, that, so far from passing over a dark river, or through a dark valley, when we die, we really shall not pass anywhere or go anywhere, because death is not a change from place to place, — not a motion through any space whatsoever.

There is still another notion about death: that it introduces people into the open and awful presence of God, — that people are actually brought by it into his personal presence, so that the faculties will be overawed and terrified. Now we have none of us been in the spiritual world; but we know pretty well now what spiritual laws are, and we know something from what the Bible says, that this is not so. The only way to see God is by becoming more pure and holy. We approach him by becoming more and more like him; we become conscious of his nearer presence by Christian

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progress and regeneration. Hence the Bible says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall *see* God." By merely dying, then, we shall not see God, or be conscious any more of his presence, unless after death we may advance more rapidly in holiness, which may be true. Seeing God *there*, then, and being brought into his nearer presence, will not shock us and overwhelm us, but make us glad and joyous and happy, like seeing the sun. And the very punishment of the wicked will be that they will not see him; but, as the Bible says, be away "from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." It is the absence of God from us that we have to dread, — not being brought nearer to him. Hence the hymn,

"If on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

There is yet another notion about death which is false, I think, and which children will be very liable to get, — that it destroys the most real and substantial part of us. You see a body laid in the grave; you think that body was the most important part of that person, therefore perhaps you only think of him afterwards as a dim shadow. You think that body must be raised again, and the spirit come back into it, else the person could not be the real and bright being he was before. Hence you sometimes see it written on tombstones, that the dust will be raised again. I should be very sorry to think so. I should be sorry to believe that, after I had worn out my body and done with it, I must come back into it again, especially as most of our bodies are not very good ones, and cause us a good deal of pain and suffering. No, these bodies are not the most real and substantial part of us; they rather conceal that which is;

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and we shall be more real and living forms after death than before. You know Christ after his resurrection, as seen by John, was a more bright and glorious person than when in the flesh, and he needed not to come back into the body that hung upon the cross and lay in the tomb, to make him appear so bright. These then are the notions of death which I want you to avoid: that it is a person who comes and strikes people; that it is some dark passage through which we are to travel; that it introduces us into the sudden and awful presence of God, so as to shock and overcome us; or that it will take away the most real and substantial part of us, and turn us into ghosts and shadows. Avoid such notions, which only lead you away from the truth.

2. I now come to the second part of my sermon, in which I am to show what death really is. And perhaps you would like to ask me, if you could get up here and speak your thoughts, how I know anything about death, since I have never died myself, and since no one that did ever came back to tell us what it is. If any one should say this to me, I should answer by denying its truth. We die every day, — partially, I mean. Our bodies are changing all the while, and we get to know pretty well what death is by observation and experience. Indeed, I presume we may know now what death is in itself, as well as we ever shall. The scenes that follow that event we only know by revelation. But death itself pertains to the body; and we know what it is while in the body, rather than out of it. A great many people have passed through all the conscious changes of death, and then come back into consciousness again. But if they never had come back or woke into life again, they would have known no more that pertains to this world or this body. So you perceive that we do know, from experience and revelation combined, about all there is to know of this event of death. What then is it? Perhaps I could not describe it any better than by saying that it is *waking up out of sleep.* I suppose you experience something very

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much like death every morning. During the night, your senses are locked fast in sleep. You see things in your dreams, but you see them dimly. You dream that you play, and go to school, and do a great many things; but in your sleep all these things are unreal and shadowy. There is a whole world around you which for the time you do not see. Perhaps the morning sun rises and shines through your window, and finds you sleeping still, — living in your world of dreams and shadows. There is a bright sky over you, and the green earth all around you, and the morning air is broken into whirls and eddies of song by a thousand birds; but you see and hear nothing of all this; you are locked fast in sleep, and living only in a dim world of dreams. But by and by your senses unclose, the world of dreams all passes away, and then this other world of sky and earth and air and woods and waters is all given to your sight. You come out of that world of dreams into this world of beauty and song, — not by travelling off somewhere, but simply by *waking up*. You open your eyes, and a new world lies about you. But you are to understand that you have not yet waked up into the highest world that there is. There is a higher and a brighter one yet. What you saw in your sleep compared with what you saw when you awoke, is as this whole world we now look upon compared with one we shall look upon when death wakes us up to it. Hence you find in good books that this world is called one of dreams and shadows. I remember two lines of an old hymn:

> "Death, like an overflowing stream,
> Sweeps us away, — *our life 's a dream.*"

And another:

> "This world is but a fleeting show,
> For man's illusion given."

They do not mean that our internal spiritual life is a dream, but they mean that our outward life, with all its shows, is

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dreamy and dim compared with the one which we are to awake into at the touch of death. The fashion of this world passeth away, says the Apostle. We shut our eyes upon it at death, and wake up in another, — just as we wake out of our dreams into the midst of bright realities every morning. So you see that persons when they die do not travel off into space somewhere to find the spiritual world; they have a sense within which simply wakes up to what before was all about and within them, though invisible. And I do not know that death is the last waking up that we shall have. I do not know but we have deeper and deeper faculties yet, that will keep waking up, stage after stage, to deeper and deeper realities, and brighter and brighter worlds of being, for ever and for ever, — opening inward and inward away towards God, the central Life of all. At any rate put it down as a first truth, Death is not a sleep, but a waking up. *This* is our sleep, — our dull life in these sluggish bodies. Death wakes us out of it, and then it is morning.

These truths the best and clearest minds have always seen. You have met I presume with those sweet lines which describe the death of a good woman:

> "Ere the morn came, dim and sad,
> And wet with early showers,
> Her gentle eyelids closed, — she had
> Another morn than ours."

I have read about the death of some good men, whose countenances after they had died — that is, the face of the body which they had just left — looked as if they had just waked up to something glorious. This was the case with Cowper, who wrote some of our best hymns. He was a pious, good man, but he did not know the fact himself, and so he died in gloom and despair. But after he died, the expression of his face altered. From an expression of gloom, it changed into one of "holy surprise," — as if the spirit had said, when waking up to immortality, "How different from

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what I expected! I thought I should wake up in a world of horrors; but I have waked up in the midst of angels." And this holy surprise left its expression on the cold clay which the spirit left behind.

3. I think now I have explained sufficiently to you what death is. Perhaps you may not all of you understand it fully; perhaps you do not all care sufficiently about it. But I know, if these truths had dawned clearly upon me in my boyhood, they would have been to me like a rainbow in the sky. But I had to find the way as well as I could out of the dark and false notions which came down to me from a dark past, and which I hope will not trouble you.

It is sad to miss those we have loved and played with, — who have been with us in the Sunday school and the family. You feel sad that you shall not see them here any more; for I do not know of anything so sweet as infant love. It is so clear and pure, that God's love shines through it like the sun through crystals. But they only waked up sooner than we to the morning, — to them a morning without any clouds. And in coming to the third and last part of my sermon, which was to inquire, What are we to do about death? I have only to say, Do good and be good, — so that, when you wake up in the spiritual world, you will wake up happy and in the midst of joyous and pleasant things, in the midst of God's blessed angels; — as Christ says, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of condemnation. You read in the Bible of saints and angels. What a pleasant thought it is, that we may not merely read about them, but live with them, as we live with our parents, brothers, and sisters here! Yes, that we may wake up some day among them, as we wake out of a dream in the morning and find ourselves among the family. But to do this, we must be like them. As I said, we must do good and be good; and if you would ask more definitely what it is to do good, I answer, it is to make others happy. That is the whole of

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it. Study to make others happy. The employments of heaven consist in making others happy. The study and the employments of angels consist in making each other happy. Heaven consists in this, and nothing else. If everybody did this, it would make heaven here. You very soon find out what makes others happy, by knowing what makes you happy yourselves. You may know, then, that if it is the work and the study of your life every day to make everybody happy that you can, you are living for heaven; and that when you die you will — not *go* to heaven, — for heaven is not a place that you can travel into, — but you will wake up *in* heaven and among good angels, since in your mind and heart you will have been with them already, and need only to wake up in order to see them. In this way you are to seek Him who turneth the shadow of death into the morning.

HYMN TO THE ASCENDED.

My beautiful, my angel!
I watched thy slumbers sweet,
When in thine infant innocence,
Soft cradled at my feet,
Thy gentle breathing soothed me;
Thy beauty undefiled
Awaked my heart to blissful hope,
My own, my first-born child!

My beautiful, my angel!
I saw the reaper, Death,
With overshadowing wing descend,
And draw away thy breath;
I saw the snowy mantle
Enwrap thy little form:
I bowed in silence, for I knew
Who sent the gathering storm.

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My beautiful, my angel!
I laid thee in the dust;
But ever, 'mid the thin, white clouds,
Did He, in whom I trust,
Make me to feel thy presence,
The beauty of thy face,
Looking upon my daily path,
A comfort and a grace.

My beautiful, my angel!
Another precious one
From loving arms did pass away,
My bright, my first-born son.
The joy of life was on his brow,
His movement like a bird;
And where the sports were merriest,
His voice was ever heard.

My beautiful, my angel!
How weary were the nights,
When on the couch of suffering
Thy spirit, in its flights
Of wild and restless wandering,
Lay bound beneath a spell!
And as the hours were passing by
We knew, alas! too well,

My beautiful, my angel!
That thy fair head must lie
With thy sweet angel sister's form,
Beneath the turf hard by.
We bore thee from our dwelling,
We laid thee 'neath the snow;
O, as it were but yesterday,
Comes up that "long ago"!

My beautiful, my angel!
When thy sweet spirit fled,
How many cherished flowers of hope
Faded, since thou wast dead!

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But Heaven beamed more fully;
And earth more holy grew;
And hopes more pure were nurtured there,
But not by earthly dew.

I sat me down contented,
For spirits everywhere
Sang through my lowly dwelling-place,
And waved their wings of air.
I listened to their whispers;
I felt their peerless gaze:
I knew in full communion now
They pondered o'er my ways.

My beautiful, my angel!
And couldst *thou* leave me too?
That arm on which I rested, love,
That heart, so nobly true?
The reaper came and lingered
Above that gentle head;
And made the room a heaven of peace,
Whence that last breath had fled.

My beautiful, my angel!
O, *grief* I shunned so long, —
So poignant, so resistless, — ay,
So deathless, deep, and strong;
I met it, I received it;
And on my aching breast
Bore from the loving Father's hand
The wound his wisdom pressed.

My beautiful, my angel!
God took thee from my side:
He lent, but claimed his own again:
His will be glorified!
O earth, thou home of spirits!
Yea, how they gather round,
To raise us, to sustain us still,
To consecrate the ground!

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My beautiful, my angel!
Once more the silent air
Is trembling with a presence sent
His message sad to bear.
So meekly lay the sufferer,
As, drooping day by day,
She, long so loved and reverenced,
Faded from life away.

My beautiful, my angel!
Though now thy last embrace
Meets not my throbbing, yearning heart,
Thy kisses leave no trace,
Yet in the hour of worship,
In the tried hour of care,
In the full heart's clear sunshine, lo!
Thy love enfolds me there.

My beautiful, my angels!
How rich, how hallowed glow
The fresh, bright hours of lifetime, while
We linger here below!
While round us ye are hovering,
While onward ye will lead,
And upward, bearing lightly now
The hearts that else would bleed.

O spirits of our loved ones,
Bright messengers of God!
With what fond love ye aid the soul
In seeking His abode.
We would not ye should suffer
With those who linger here,
But we would rise, all purified,
To your serener sphere.

Ye beautiful, sweet angels!
Gather about us still,
Enkindling in our yielding hearts
The flame of that strong will,

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Which makes us ever ready
The cross of grief to bear;
With high resolve, and loving heart,
To live the life of prayer;—

To live as holy angels,
While treading through the vale;
With light, and love, and promise true,
Chasing the shadows pale:
Till, at the joyful summons,
We wake in that sweet home,
Where sorrow never entereth,
And Christ says, *Hither come!*

L.

"CHARITY AND TRUTH."*

The reader will learn from the foot-note the occasion which called forth the discourse of which the above is the subject. Of this occasion we have no wish to write a word: too many words have been written with reference to it, on one side or the other, already. Our business is with the Sermon, and we are glad to express our heart-felt gratitude to the author for the admirable temper which he has manifested in the treatment of a very delicate subject, as well as for his breadth of view and resolute purpose to be just to those whose conceptions of the Gospel he is unable to accept. It is unspeakably refreshing to deal with one who is as manly in understanding as childlike in malice, one who can admit that those who seem to be his antagonists, even in matters essential, may be as honest as himself in their desire to find and to hold Christian truth, and who has something besides shrieks and denunciations, and bits

* *Charity and Truth.* A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, in St. Paul's Church, Boston, April 14, 1859. By John Cotton Smith, Assistant Minister of Trinity Church on the Greene Foundation.

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of Scripture interpreted in his own way, wherewith to entertain all who cannot walk with him. Here is one, we say, with whom we could have an hour's talk upon this great subject of the divisions amongst Protestants with great contentment, even though the one and the other should still move on his own way. We wish that the author had not felt obliged to withhold a fuller treatment of some of his points; we should be glad to know, for example, what "concessions" he "might be willing to make to bring about any practical union amongst Christians." Especially as he assures us that "for [his] part [he] should consider any concession for such a purpose as a small sacrifice, unless it stood very near the truth as it is in Jesus." It seems to us that the Church for which he pleads in so catholic a way might make a good many concessions, and that by so doing she would express far more exactly than she now expresses the transcendent and mysterious truths and facts of the Gospel, and the Christian faith of some of her noblest sons, whilst she would open the way to her sanctuary for multitudes who must now remain without.

We cannot attempt in these brief paragraphs to set down more than a few hints of what, as we judge, is required to this end.

The preacher calls attention to the advantage enjoyed by the layman in comparison with the clergyman amongst those who are supposed to be seeking for a religious home. The clergyman must subscribe the Articles, — the layman is not asked to subscribe. Is this quite fair to the clergyman? And if fair, is it practically of any use? Does subscription answer the purpose which it was intended to answer? The Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church offer to the believer, besides the essentials of the Gospel, a multitude of details which equally Evangelical Christians would present, and do present, in forms of thought and speech that can hardly be made to square with the words of these symbols. We could subscribe them, if we were willing to subscribe

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any but purely Scriptural language, could we interpret them as they are interpreted by many subscribers; but this interpretation does not seem to us honest. Why not concede the Thirty-nine Articles and take them out of the way, as well as allow them to be subscribed in a "non-natural sense," or accept them simply as "Articles of Peace"? Why ask the Arminian to express assent to Calvinism? Certainly, even if those can do this who have grown up in the Episcopal fellowship, and take much for granted without very close scrutiny, it can hardly be expected of any who have enjoyed the freedom of the Gospel and believe themselves to be in the liberty which was the blessed privilege of the Church when belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of man was sufficient. The Episcopal Church must be at least as liberal to the clergy as it is to the laity, or its invitations cannot be widely heeded.

She need not fear for her doctrinal purity. In the long run, those who remain within the pale of the Gospel will hold the Gospel in a positive, earnest way. Those who no longer feel the need of Christ, and believe in him no longer, will not in the second or third generation ask to be called Christians. Their worship will pass into lecturing, for churches they will have halls of science and literature, and their gods will be orators, poets, and naturalists. Forms of sound words would only cover up the poverty for a time. Truth is nothing to us until it becomes experience. We believe with honest Adam Bede, that "religion is something else beside doctrines and notions. I look at it as if the doctrines was like finding names for your feelings, so as you can talk of 'em when you've never known 'em, just as a man may talk of tools when he knows their names, though he's never so much as seen 'em, much less handled 'em."

But further, the laity ought not, as it seems to us, to be content with the measure which is meted out to them. Why should I be asked to assent even to the so-called

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Apostles' Creed? Why should I be compelled to say that I believe in the resurrection of *the* body, when I believe only in the resurrection of *a* body, and am persuaded, with St. Paul, "that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God"? Moreover, is it fair to ask the layman who, satisfied neither with Socinus nor with Arius, accepts the mysteries of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and of the Holy Spirit dwelling through the mediation of Christ in the Church and in each true believer, to express these persuasions in any save Scripture phrases? Because he is ready and eager to worship the Father by the Son and in the Holy Spirit, to confess a deep mystery in the Being of God which is the ground of creation and redemption, shall he therefore be asked to say, "O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, — three persons and one God?" Instead of the Scriptural phrase, God the Word, must he say, God the Son? Instead of praying, Father of the Christ, hear us; must he say, "O Christ, hear us"? "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the *Father in my name*," said the Lord. The mind and heart of the Christian Church need no better words in which to utter themselves, than those which are provided in the Christian Scriptures. With this mind and heart we believe that we are at one, though we cannot conform to any existing sect, orthodox or heterodox. These are deep matters, about which we steadily refuse to dogmatize, whether as Unitarians or as Trinitarians. We are satisfied, after not a little reflection upon the subject, that all who are walking with the Father by the Son in the Holy Spirit, are practically at one here, whether known as Unitarians or Trinitarians; we know that many who use the English Liturgy believe just what we believe touching the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; but it is equally clear, that just so far as they depart from Scripture in expressing this belief, they cause misapprehension and degrade divine mysteries into human dogmas, and bar others who love their old forms of worship from their fellowship. We sympathize with those who undertook the

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alteration of the English Liturgy for the King's Chapel in this city, though we should have retained some things which they omitted.

We have space only for a single word more as to the matter of external order. Here, too, the measure meted out is hard for the clergyman. If we were looking about for a Church, which we are not, inasmuch as the *whole Gospel* is open for us just where we are providentially placed, the demand of a re-ordination would be a most formidable barrier to our entrance into the Episcopal brotherhood. We have read what the preacher urges upon this point: but it does not satisfy us. If episcopal ordination be, as he claims, "an *indispensable* means to the most important end," then it ought to be so revealed beyond all reasonable question amongst fair-minded persons, and those who so hold ought not to admit, as the preacher claims that the Church does admit, "the validity of the official acts of ministers of the Gospel not episcopally ordained," and every clergyman passing from another denomination into the Episcopal fold should be treated as a layman until he has been ordained, — we cannot say, re-ordained. Now it is plain that equally honest, earnest, and learned Christians have arrived, some at episcopal, and others at non-episcopal views of Church government, — it is notorious that revelation is not explicit upon the point, — if the question ever could have been settled, it would have been settled: it is asserted that the Episcopal Church does admit the validity of the official acts of the clergymen of other denominations, which it can consistently do only by admitting the validity of their ordination, and it follows irresistibly, as it seems to us, that in transferring from the ranks of the clergy of other sects one and another to her own ministry, she should accept them to the *status* which they occupied in their own denomination with a word of welcome, unaccompanied by any fresh laying on of hands. Either we have been ordained or we have not been ordained. If we have not been, we are no

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ministers; if we have been, it is a mere form, besides being a virtual slight upon the original ordination, and upon all that has been done under its sanction, to be ordained again. We could have no part in it, — no, we have been unwilling so much as to look upon the ceremony. In another place the preacher speaks of the form as "very important." So much might be sufficiently witnessed for by the manner of ordination which the Episcopal Church provides for her own children, those born into her fold.

We must stop with this very slight indication of what, as it seems to us, the preacher might have done for truth to the greater promotion of charity. But he spoke for himself, not for us, and we wish that we could always be sure to speak as wisely and kindly. We have heard nothing from the Episcopal Church this side of the water to compare with it for scope and temper. Especially do we most heartily assent to what the preacher says of the limitations of religious thought. We believe, with him, that the understanding cannot find out God or Immortality. These are revealed to us by the Spirit. We should not confine the operations of the Spirit to the instrumentality of the written Word; we do not understand that the preacher so confines them; for doubtless he accepts in its fair and full interpretation the saying of the Evangelist, — "This is the true Light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." The soul must see the truth, growing up under God, to a vision of it, — arguments, whether drawn from metaphysics or from history, will not give faith.

E.

"THERE is one everlasting melody in heaven, which Christ, the Word of God, makes for ever, when he does all things perfectly and wisely, and righteously and gloriously, full of grace and truth; and from that all melody comes, and is a dim pattern thereof here; and is beautiful only because it is a dim pattern thereof."

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RANDOM READINGS.

MYSTERIES OF MEMORY.

SARTOR describes two kinds of hats which he thinks highly desirable, — one to give the wearer the freedom of space, the other the freedom of time. Put on the space-annihilating hat, and you are anywhere. Put on the time-annihilating hat, and you are anywhen. But more convenient than these, and more to be desired, would be the freedom of memory. If I could only forget what I please, and remember what I please, I would give more than I would for Sartor's hat or for the chloroform discovery. The misery is, that we forget what we want to remember, and remember what we want to forget, and the science of mnemonics thus far does not help us. Many a wretch is haunted and turned haggard by a remorseless past, and many another wretch has lost his years of toil, because the past has become blurred and swims in mist and darkness.

We verily believe that the art of printing has worked mischief with the human memory. There are no such memories extant as those we read of, and the reason is, that we read everlastingly in easy-chairs, between asleep and awake, and never lay anything up in the mind in an orderly way. What once was a scholar's memory, is now his library. Once a scholar's library was within him; his knowledge was laid away carefully in his mind, parcelled and labelled, and he could lay his hand on it at any moment. Now it is outside of him, in alcoves and on shelves, and when he wants a reference, instead of calling up a fact from his memory, he thumbs his catalogue, and takes a book down from his shelves. And, as Pope says,

> "Index learning turns no student pale,
> Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

The literature of the North was for ages unwritten, and only existed in the memories of the bards and the Saga-men. They would enliven the long winter nights with songs and histories, while the grim warriors were listening round. The contents of whole libraries were thus handed down by memory alone. So Homer was preserved by the rhapsodists of Greece; and they would recite the twenty-

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four books of the Iliad without tripping upon a single line. Now a boy at school has to cudgel his brain only to get into it Jupiter's speech to the gods, to be mouthed on examination-day. Themistocles could tell the name of each of the twenty thousand people of Athens. Now a man must fumble the Directory to get the name of his nearest neighbor, unless he happens to find it on the door. Carneades would repeat when required any book he had previously read, as readily as if the book were before him. Klopstock, while a boy at school, could repeat the entire works of Homer. Dr. Leyden could repeat correctly a long act of Parliament, or any similar document, after having read it once.

Complaint is made, that in the schools the memory is too exclusively cultivated, and educators say that the children learn mechanically or by rote. Let them take comfort. The young innocents are in no danger of a mnemonic plethora. Our opinion is, that the cultivation of this faculty is sadly neglected, instead of being overdone, and that this is one reason of our feeble and defective scholarship. Leibnitz and Euler, according to Sir William Hamilton, could both repeat the whole of the Æneid; and Muratori, when he had occasion to quote passages from other authors, took down the books in which they were to be found, read the passages once, put the books in their places again, and wrote the words out from memory. More remarkable still is the case which the same author quotes from Muretus, author of a celebrated work, — the *Variæ Lectiones*. Muretus quotes a passage from Seneca, in which the latter complains of the inroads of age from the fact that his memory was failing; for once he could repeat two thousand names on once hearing them read to him, and repeat them in the order they were given him. Muretus thought this statement incredible, till he met with a more remarkable case himself. He met a Corsican at Padua, and, having heard of his remarkable memory, asked him to give a specimen of his power. To this he agreed, and having "adjourned, with a considerable party of distinguished auditors, into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjoined and connected, until he wearied himself, the man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season, and then, having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the same words in the same order in which they had

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been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first. Then again he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on, and then in any order he was asked, and without the slightest error." He could recite in this manner, thirty-six thousand words, and after a year's interval he could still repeat them without trouble.* And he could teach others so as to impart to them the same remarkable power.

Such feats of the mind as we have described, give us a fearful insight into its possibilities. All that enters it is probably laid up there. According to Swedenborg, it can be reproduced at any time, as it were objectively, and man in another life can be made to see, as in a stereoscopic picture, all that he has done, and all the scenery amid which he did it. This philosophy makes clean work in demolishing the doctrine of the false theologies that substitute something else for character. God's book of fate is within, — the book of Life out of which all men will be judged. Sometimes we have glimpses of this in the present state. A young man who died not long since, just before his death, as we were told by his parents, had his whole life pass before him as in a panoramic view.

There is a vulgar notion, that a great memory draws its pabulum from the other faculties, and leaves them feeble. Sir William Hamilton effectually refutes the notion. Memory — or rather *reproduction*, which is the power of drawing from the memory, out of which nothing is ever lost that once enters — depends in part on self-energy and intellectual and spiritual life; and men of the first reasoning powers have had it in remarkable fulness. The experience of any one will verify, who watches the processes of his own mind, that when the feelings are aglow, and the intellect nimble and strong, the memory more readily yields up its treasures. Then its whole province becomes alive and astir, and facts and images throng up out of it without being called, — showing that the very opposite of the common notion is true, and that memory, intellect, and spiritual life rise together into quickness and energy, or sink together into torpor and death, — showing, too, how the spirit of God might rush through us and make all the sealed pages of the book within to open and burn like fire! S.

* Sir William Hamilton's Lectures, p. 421.

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EXTRACT OF WORDS.

THE following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear.

The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel-loads. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch, "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were double distilled, and a selection was made, sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was treble distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm-leaf: —

"This is the sum of all science: — Perhaps.

"This is the sum of all morality: — Love what is good, and practise it.

"This is the sum of all creeds: — Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."

S.

THE SAVOY STATUARY.

WE have seen or read of none more beautiful. Two little Savoyards, on the the road to Dijon, were overtaken by a snow-storm and frozen to death. There they were found just as death, sculptor-like, had turned them into marble. One of them was kneeling, with hands clasped, and in the attitude of prayer. Suppose death at one moment were to come upon the world, and fix all its teeming life into statuary, what groups should we have presented for the inspection of the race that were to succeed us, or of the angels that look down! And yet this is just what is taking place all the while. In every scene where we have acted, the attitudes are preserved as truly as if death at the moment had fixed them in stone; and the Lord might lift the veil of memory and show all the groupings, — one tableau beyond another, — from the cradle-scene to the death-scene; and this he will do when he brings our life into judgment and shows us to ourselves. Mrs. Norton commemorates the incident alluded to: —

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"Innocent and pious heart!
By that act revealing
What had been thy last good thought
And thy dying feeling,
When the numbing death and cold
Through thy veins was creeping,
And the sense of danger woke
Sense of holy keeping."

S.

OLD AND YOUNG GRIMES AT CHURCH.

It was delightful to see old Grimes and his family at church, — with his hair done up in a queue, with the buckles upon his shoes, and with his coat "all buttoned down before." They read from the prayer-book, and all responded together, — old Grimes with a voice as dignified and solemn as that of the bishop, and always leading the congregation. Since "old Grimes is dead," young Grimes has gone up into the choir. During the sermon and the prayers, he sometimes reads novels, sometimes eats chestnuts, sometimes scrawls in the hymn-books, sometimes makes arrangements for the next cotillon, and generally sits with his feet higher than his head, as if he considered that the most respectable part of him, — which very likely is the case.

S.

EDITORS OF RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE: —

You printed in your May number a translation, as anonymous, from Julius Sturm. It happens to be one of a dozen or two I made, two or three years ago, from a German book, called "In der Stille." I send you another, which is anonymous in the German.

SONG OF A FAMILY.

O make our house Thy sanctuary!
Come in to us, a friendly guest,
And in our circle ever tarry;
Then shall we be for ever blest,
And Thou, a house-mate, shalt these walls
Transfigure into royal halls.

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Joy dwells, O Lord! where'er Thou stayest;
There blooms a heavenly blessedness;
In silk Thy poorest Thou arrayest,
Though men see but a ragged dress.
The purest high delight is there,
And even in want is wealth, to spare.

Thou every morning us awakest,
And graciously to prayer dost call.
The household cares Thou undertakest;
Thou knowest what is best in all.
And Care, though 't were a leaden load,
Is but a feather's weight with God.

One tender bond all hearts embraces,
A heavenly bond, Thy hand hath wove:
The rooms are turned to temple-spaces,
Illumined with God's peace and love.
Grace is the sunshine of our home,
And there God's angels go and come.

C. T. B.*

"A COMPANY of ladies in Washington have presented an elegantly bound Bible to the Rev. Mr. Haley, as a token of appreciation for his services in behalf of Mr. Sickles."

As Mr. Sickles, unlike the wretched Key, has had the benefit of clergy thus far, we hope that he will continue to experience it, and that our good brother Haley will call his attention to such passages in the "elegantly bound" book as the following: — "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil!" "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "Recompense to no man evil for evil." "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." "Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou

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* We are glad to reclaim "I Hold Still" from its wanderings, and credit the translation to our friend at Newport. Our readers will not regret that we did not know to whom it belonged, if our ignorance was the means of bringing out the present effusion, not less sweet and tender than the other. — EDS.

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shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Now that the sacred tribunal of justice has decided that those who have been injured, or who think that they have been injured, may take into their own hands the punishment of the offender, or supposed offender; now that a jury has declared juries to be unnecessary, and the processes of the law too slow for the impatience of human passion and indignation; now that it has been settled that a man smarting under a wrong is the very person of all others to decide upon the penalty which ought to be inflicted upon the wrong-doer, and the best possible executioner of the sentence, — that judge, jury, advocate, and hangman may properly be united in one and the same man, and he the plaintiff; now that we have returned to the first principles of civilization or of barbarism, and Mr. Sickles is at liberty to look back (we cannot say calmly) upon all that has passed, — we hope that his devoted friend Haley will still cleave to him, and try to point out the difference between public justice, divine and human and private revenge. It is indeed a beneficent providential arrangement that evil shall destroy itself, that men who dig pits fall into them, that the wicked are arrayed against the wicked, and keep one another in check, and we cannot say that we have the least pity for Key. He deserved to be hanged, with all the shameful accompaniments of a public execution, as indeed is true of too many others who are wallowing in the same mire, and he was favored on the whole in meeting death in a way by which it has come to many a noble and innocent fellow. He died as the fool dieth, — why not? he had lived as the fool liveth. But woe unto him by whom that death came, when the hour of reflection shall come in the presence of the God upon whose mercy he must rely or perish! Sickles must shoot Key because there was not room enough on the same planet for the two, — so he said. What if the Perfect One should apply that principle to us? Did it never occur to this indignant man, that we must all of us be anything but pleasing to Him whose pure eyes cannot look upon sin save with displeasure, and before whom even the bright heavens are not clean? He bears with us, O how patiently! He does not resort to swift justice. His infinite love mediates and intercedes. His Son does not come to nail us to crosses, — on the contrary, he comes to be himself nailed to a cross. There must be suffering, and he will take just as much of it as he can. Without shedding of blood there can

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be no remission of sins; the blood shed shall be his, not ours. Has the doctrine of Atonement been preached in thousands of pulpits, and have we not yet learned the very alphabet of it? Do we not yet understand that only the Lamb of God can take away the sins of the world? The way to punish the sinner as he needs to be punished, is to speak the truth to him in love, to restrain him if he is dangerous and troublesome, to discipline him as you would a foolish child, and if at last it becomes clear that the world should be well rid of him, to leave the disagreeable tasks of jailer and executioner to those who are authorized to perform them. He is a pitiably weak man, to say the least, who can bring an offender to his senses only by shooting out his brains. The transgressor who deserves such a punishment must receive it from some one else, we could not think of doing any one that service. It is too vulgar a business, to say the best of it. A wise and good man has other and better ways of bringing sinners to penitence and shame. Some of the *religious* papers, we see, have commended the course of Sickles. Do they believe in praying for those who have injured us? Should the praying have gone before the shooting? or do they believe in prayers for the dead? Shall the offender be forgiven before he has been shot, or after?

One question more. Will those who have defended the course of Sickles put pistols into the hands of the women and wives too? Why not? Are there no injured wives as well as injured husbands, — none who are going to their graves heart-broken because those who promised to be true have proved faithless? Can the wrong done to a man be washed out only with blood, and does not the wrong done to woman demand any expiation?

E.

"THE MORALS OF TRADE."

We wish that some one of our readers who is familiar with the details of trade would read the article with the above caption, in the April number of the Westminster Review. We should be glad to know how far what is affirmed of morality in the warehouse and shop in England is true of this country as well, and whether, if these things are true in any measure, our merchants are willing to rest in them. The writer paints a very dark picture; but dark as it is, we are inclined to regard it as faithfully sketched, because the de-

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lineation does not seem to have been made in the interest of any new scheme of civilization, any plan of reorganizing society. He speaks of cheating beyond belief, and yet scarcely anybody is a gainer by it, though all trying to be gainers! This is the testimony! It would appear, indeed, that there has been some improvement in these last days; at all events, "the great and direct frauds" have diminished, though the smaller and indirect ones have increased. The shopkeepers no longer keep bags of bad coin in their shops to be palmed off upon unwary customers, and it shows an advance in morality when we cannot look directly at the sin which we propose to commit, but must cover it up a little. "Christmas boxes," and discounts made to servants who pay their masters' bills, are unknown amongst us, — we pay our own bills. Short measure and short weight, and wood when we ought to have sugar, and false labels, — these we fear are not unknown! Who will give the exact truth in the case? not sweeping charges, not vague generalities, but the facts? Let us have some heroes of commerce, if there is a demand for them! Above all, let us ask not only how much is the man worth, but how did he acquire his wealth? then we shall know how much.

E.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

THEY are in full progress as we go to press. A friend at our side — we do not like to call him "aged," for although he has more than filled out the fourscore years, they have not proved in his case labor and sorrow, and he is practically younger than we are — asks, "Have you provided yourself with salmon? The ministers always had salmon on their tables in anniversary week, and the shopkeepers always made a point of having an extra stock of black cloth and of black-silk stockings for their clerical customers." Those were days when one could walk from the Old South to the "fortification" on the Neck without meeting more than half a dozen vehicles, — days when sidewalks were as unknown as they are impassable now by one who is in a hurry, when the fish just named was brought in boats to the foot of Long Wharf, and the first man who made a purchase advertised the welcome arrival as he passed up State Street. Some old-time things we miss, but certainly there has been no falling off in the vitality of the world which believes in "going to meetings." If black-silk stockings have gone out, or if the wearing thereof would be looked upon as an unwarranted attempt to force the season, carpet-bags, made no longer of carpeting to be sure, but just as useful as ever, have come in, and the churches for the most part have been filled to overflowing. Every one whom it has been our good fortune to hear has expressed himself in a singularly earnest and Christian tone, with less of boastfulness than has sometimes been the case. Only let the still, small voice follow the whirlwind and the fire, and all will be well. E.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Trinitarian Sermons preached to a Unitarian Congregation, with an Introduction on the Unitarian Failure. By Rev. William L. Gage. John P. Jewett & Co. — Most unfortunately for this book, it has been heralded by a sort of clap-trap, which will tend to put sensible people in an attitude against it. But we will endeavor to judge the book from its own contents alone. It contains eight sermons, which exhibit the struggles of a conscientious mind after a more positive faith, and a more profound experience and realization of Christianity. Mr. Gage, as we judge, had been a sceptic, and then a rationalist, and has passed through inward trials and conflicts till he finds rest and peace, as he thinks, in Evangelical Trinitarianism. We have a deep respect and sympathy for any honest mind thus finding its way through doubts and difficulties to higher views of truth. When we have said this, we have said everything which candor will allow. The argument in the sermons for the Trinity and a vicarious atonement seems to us to be exceedingly weak and cloudy, and to evade the great issue which has been made with Tritheism. What difference does it make whether the words "three persons" are used or not, if in a scheme of theology they have such offices assigned them as inevitably beget that conception in the believer's mind? The lips may say "one God" for ever, but if the mind conceives of three individualities, call them what you please, worship is divided, and the mind and heart are cloven. Logic has made itself weary, but has never yet found a resting-place between Tritheism and some form of Unitarianism, and the New Church view of the Lord, or something approximating towards it, is the only one that harmonizes to human apprehension the Supreme Divinity of Christ and the proper unity of God.

Mr. Gage manifests a spirit in his Introduction which we think he will regret. When denominational lines are so wavy as at present, it is nothing very marvellous for a man to pass from one sect to another. But if he has really found the true Christ, he will not turn round and shoot Parthian arrows into the communion which he leaves, but rather he will have the grace and generosity to thank them at least

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for the privilege and culture he has had with them as a preparation for going up higher. Mr. Gage turns upon the denomination whose Christian fellowship he has enjoyed, and charges them with "sneering at rigid purity, as if there was danger of men's being fastidiously righteous," — of "ridiculing the thought that what is first to be cared for is the naked and squalid souls of those who live in dark alleys and narrow streets." Rather sweeping charges to be made against a denomination who, whatever their theological deficiencies, have notoriously preached and practised purity of life, and were among the first to establish the ministry to the poor. Mr. Gage ought to have considered that, in such wholesale accusations, he was poorly recommending the new faith he has embraced. He will yet find, we apprehend, that Unitarianism is a failure precisely in the sense that Orthodoxy is a failure, and that all the sects are failures, being, each of them, partial and fragmentary, — provisional religions, to lead on the humble believer to the glorious catholicity of the Gospel, to meet Christ as he comes in his fulness. And Mr. Gage will need to go up higher yet, we fear, ere he has found the Christ that transcends the limits of party, and imparts to the believer the charity that thinketh no evil, — the charity that seeks for good in all the followers of the Lamb, and shrinks from usurping the awful prerogatives of the judgment-seat. He will find that there are important problems which Calvinism has never yet solved, and, *as such*, never can, — problems which press sharply on the mind of the age, pertaining to God and man, redemption and regeneration, the spiritual world and the natural and the relations between them, and man's rise from one into the other, and above all, and as it were including all the others, the sacred Scriptures and the law of their interpretation. The old theologies do not answer these questions, and yet the Church is dividing and losing its hold upon the age, because they are not answered. A thirsting and progressive mind will be pretty slow to put itself into the grave-clothes of a dead past; for when the tombs burst and the day is dawning, it is not *sect* that will give the command, "Loose him and let him go!" S.

Lectures on Metaphysics. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This is the first portion of the biennial course of lectures delivered by their lamented author while occupying the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edin-

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burgh. The present is a large octavo volume of over seven hundred pages, comprising forty-six lectures, with an Appendix containing much solid matter related to the subject of the lectures. We are informed, in the Preface, that each lecture was usually written on the evening and night preceding its delivery. But the style is clear and compact, and contains as much of solid reasoning as it can well hold. The author's learning was immense. He draws largely upon it in the lectures, and the extracts from the best authors, ancient and modern, are alone of exceeding value. The influence of these lectures over the minds of those who heard them is said to have been unsurpassed, and to have kindled them into a fervid love of the highest studies that can engage the human intellect. They will have measurably the same influence over the minds of those who read them.

S.

Memoir of Theophilus Parsons, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By his Son, THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Ticknor and Fields. — Chief Justice Parsons lived through the period during which the Constitution of Massachusetts and the Constitution of the United States were formed and adopted. His influence as a statesman, a magistrate, and a man were very great, and intimately connected with the most important events in the history of the State. Professor Parsons describes him as a statesman, a lawyer, a judge, a scholar, and a man in domestic and social life, giving anecdotes of him and his contemporaries illustrative of personal character and social life and manners. The delicate task of the biographer is admirably accomplished, and the book is very interesting. S.

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sanctify the soul of man; somehow man is the arbiter of his own destiny, as well as the child plastic to the Father's influence. Nevertheless the course of thought so forcibly developed will be of great service to the reverent and thoughtful student of this great problem of our life, and cannot fail to have a practical value. E.

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EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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INDEX TO VOL. XXII.

A Gathered Lily, 100.
Athanasius, a Sketch, 155.
A Visit to the Ancient City of Chester, 379.
Charles Wesley, 217.
David Tappan Stoddard, 126.
Duties of Young Men and Women of Leisure, 24.
Horace Mann, 201.
Independence, False and True, 89.
Letter to a Young Friend, 104.
Man, the Image of God, 73.
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend, 29, 92, 193, 338.
Notices of Books, 67, 141, 216, 282, 357, 421.
Obituaries, 108, 347.
Peter, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, 168.
Quiet from God, 248.
Readings for the Sunday School, 37, 117, 263.
Spiritual Warfare, 41.
Stray Leaves, 269.
The Early Apologists for Christianity, 345.
The Ever-Present Christ, 386.
The First Thanksgiving Day, 372.
The Hunger of the Churches, 145.
The New Catholic Church, 361.
"The Night also is Thine," 254.
The Old Testament in the Sunday School, 289.
"The Sound of a Shaken Leaf," 306.
The Uses of the Sabbath, 122.
Thoughts concerning the Gospel according to John, 185.

SERMONS.

A Searching Religion, 177.
Divinity, Revealed and Unrevealed, 234.
Divine Rewards, 394.
Sermon after the Death of Rev. George W. Burnap, D. D., 313.
The Key of the Kingdom, 1.
The Voice to the World, 81.

POETRY.

A Christmas Hymn, 411.
A Summer Carol at Noonday, 184.
Charity, 167.
Each Day is God's, 261.
"God and my Country," 337.
Hampton Beach, 252.
Into Stillness, 103.
"Put Money in thy Purse," 393.
She is not Motherless, 350.
Song of the Morning, 99.
The Changing and the True, 377.
The Heart-Song of the Mother, 36.
The Hopeful, Patient, and Trusting, 115.
The Offering, 22.
The Poet, 412.
The Wanderer and the Genius, 80.
Water of Life, 176.

Digitized by Google

RANDOM READINGS.

Anæsthesia, 280.
An Old Hymn, 281.
Ascent of Mount Lafayette, 60.
How to make Christians, 133.
Indifference to Fame, 273.
Last Days and Last Words, 420.
Man-Hunting, 353.
Men and Women, 416.
My Aunt Nettleton, 274.
"Old John Brown," 417.
Obeying God in Hell: — Theology gone mad, 272.
Poisoned Arrows a Barbarism, 271.
Preaching too well, 64.
Song from the Inner Life, 354.
Songs in the Night, 353.
Squirrels and Laughter, 351.
Sunset on Mount Washington, 138.
Swallow your Disgusts, 272.
The Brooklyn Pulpit, 413.
The Children of the Day, 271.
The City and the Summer Vacation, 55.
The Church Question, 208.
The Frozen Tear, 414.
The May Queen, 65.
The Skaters, 415.
The Weaver, 355.
Traits of John Wesley, 278.
Transmitted Life, 215.
Wait and See, 418.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
The Key of the Kingdom. An Address before the Ministerial Conference in Bedford Street, Boston, by C. A. Bartol	1
The Offering	22
Duties of Young Men and Women of Leisure, by E. V. S. .	24
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. VII. By E. P. P.	29
The Heart-Song of the Mother	36
Readings for the Sunday School: The Early Christian Church. No. II. By H. M. . .	37
Spiritual Warfare, by Rev. W. M. Fernald	41
Editors' Random Readings.	
The City and the Summer Vacation, by R. E.	55
Ascent of Mount Lafayette, by E. H. S.	60
Preaching too Well, by E. H. S. .	64
The May-Queen, by E. H. S. . .	65
Notices of Books.	
The Great Concern	67
Tyler's Lectures on Theology . .	68
Pamphlets	71

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THE KEY OF THE KINGDOM.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE IN BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON, BY C. A. BARTOL.

Brethren, — It is remarkable, that, while we, clergy and laity, think so well of ourselves as to be scornfully careless of any undertaking of others to overset or refute us, we yet show our utter freedom from any distinctly corporate superciliousness in the fact that our great question now is whether we really have a name to live and be known by. An individual, born into the world without will of his own, has a right to *assume* a purpose in his existence; but a voluntary association must furnish an excuse for being. What business has it here? Why on God's earth should it continue? In regard to an ecclesiastical communion, nominally proposing the highest object conceivable, namely, how to make mankind religious together, the demand must be practically met, which unsympathizing and hostile people, with murder in their eyes, are ever ready to put, why it should not give up the ghost. Even so informal and unorganized a body as ours, that can scatter or join like the flying-artillery, whose surprising evolutions are the marvel of yonder Common, can justify its being only by its *influ-*

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ence, its redeeming strength beyond itself. What have we to say to God's sentinel of progress, as he paces the walls of time, and shouts to us, *Who goes there?* Does somebody go that can answer as a friend, with a defender's and deliverer's true password and signal? Are we a power for God and man?

Truly, I wonder not that Jesus himself, forming the first missionary band for the world's conversion, should have specified this very test, when to Peter, and afterwards to the other disciples, he signified the work to be done under that conspicuous symbol of power, the key to the kingdom of Heaven. Skilfully as deceptively has the Romish Church, loving images, seized on this so striking one. In apologue, engraving, or picture, who has not seen her favorite Apostle stand at the gate deciding who should go in or must stay out? What a part the figure with the keys, ecclesiastically propagated, and never without some apology for a descendant, has played in her scheme, and in poor copies of it in other pseudo-papacies! We believe in no such design of the Master to appoint official and arbitrary guards for his Church. We hold as illegitimate that splendid proxy for the poor fisherman, who has so long given his absolute sentence or casting-vote among the seven hills to decide the empire of the world.

But the old type of power nevertheless bespeaks its true interpretation, nay, entreats its omnipotent use at our hands. Indeed, it may be questioned whether poetry or parable is equal to producing another emblem of our office so just and comprehensive as *the key*. Whatever commands ingress or exit anywhere, in the world of matter or of mind, is *a key*. Thus there is the key of a country, harbor, instrument, military position, policy, language, science. There is a key to everything, and everything opens to him that has the key. We account our own soul a chamber deep, wide, and inaccessible, save to whosoever we choose to suffer to come in. But if any one has an experience like and deeper

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than ours, if he has thought and felt, known and suffered, in the same directions, with a force and vividness that put our vitality to shame, he has the *key* to our bosom; all our secrets are at his mercy; he has only, as in the familiar story, with the password of "Open sesame!" to touch the spring, and all the folding-doors of our breast, tight as we have shut them, expand under his finger, like city-gates to a triumphal conqueror. What, then, is that key to the kingdom of Heaven, by our possession and effectual wielding of which alone we can vindicate our place and connection? This is the question I propose,—a question for us of life or death, of longer flourishing, or, without any crime in this sort of suicide, self-extinction. I propose it because we as much as Rome are in danger of mistaking the key for this particular gate of the heavenly realm, and it is well to note the mistakes we have made, or of which we should beware.

First, Criticism is not the key. The ability to show or put other believers or denominations in the wrong, will never lift up for them or us those everlasting doors to let the King of glory in. I preach no disallowing of criticism. It is indispensable. It has a province of no despicable importance. To detect and eliminate error, to assay in the hotter than chemist's furnace the strange mixture that would pass for truth and separate the most fine gold, to watch at our post against the intrusion of real heresy (for there is such a thing), and own and honor falsely stigmatized heretics as perhaps the best believers, to clear away the rubbish of ages from the avenue, and mark the pilgrim's path, may be the worthy function of criticism; but it is not to open or occupy the very kingdom of Heaven. We—if that majestic plural, applied by editors, politicians, and preachers to ten thousand things, defines anything as here by me pronounced—we are regarded and charged as being, by way of excess, if not of excellence, the critical sect. Of course the whole body of dissenters are critics of the old establishment. Such as we, who are here assembled, the

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comers-out from Protestantism and cream of Independency, have had to do a peculiar critical work, not yet finished; and our manifold trenchant strokes have hardly, I fear, according to our name or nickname, been always considered *Liberal.* I shall not abnegate or despise our rational origin and lineage. I will not affront the dead whose spirits live. We began with a sort of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" in theology. We have done a noble and needful work thus. There has never been a finer criticism than we have supplied.

But criticism, necessary as it may be, and great as are the themes for its handling, — documents of the faith, authorships, periods, tongues, translations, history of the Church, creeds of Christendom, and enlightenings or sophistications of philosophy, — *criticism* altogether is but the preliminary and lowest properly religious exercise of our nature. In our pulpits, periodicals, debates, conversation, have we not now relatively too much of it? Everything can be criticised, even God himself. Reasoning has been defined as stating that, the opposite of which can be stated equally well. We suspect not our own inclinations. Nobody is so surprised as a censor to be told he is censorious. But it is a bad mind, whose chief attitude or instinctive tendency is to find fault, pick flaws, and throw stones. Pardon me, if I illustrate personally the criticism I condemn! It may be lawful to use its edge on ourselves.

But let us not own or keep criticism as a predominant characteristic. So it were a fatal criticism to ourselves indeed! We shall not gain the ear of the world or the heart of man by it. Criticism is the action mainly of the negative understanding. The understanding of man alone can never attain unto faith. The understanding separately, and in its own virtue alone, is not a believer. The negative may be a necessary brace for the positive; but the purely negative understanding is an infidel. Goethe, who has painted the most real devil any artist has given us, with what profound discernment makes his devil to be a denying spirit! What but this critical and over-particular, vitriolic

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spirit, in private life, generates a thousand questions about little affairs, quarrels with others' manner of doing everything or with what they do, and insists on having everything its own way, complains that the door or the curtain, a book or a table-cloth, is not at just such a place or poise or angle, indeed is the chief bane of social and domestic joy, and has destroyed more happiness than the thunder-cloud of war muttering again over Europe! The Psalmist warns us not to fret ourselves even because of the wicked; and to dispute and wrangle all the time, even against error and errorists, is an unfruitful bestowment of the noble powers of man.

In the lower creation the noisy, irritable, objecting tribes, or specimens of a tribe, have the meanest rank in our esteem; and we value even a beast according to its positive character, shown in substantial perceptions and warm attachments. In passing a country estate one may observe — as I speak from experience — it is commonly the little dogs that run barking at his heels, and will not endure any foreign and unfamiliar life in sight; while the large ones of loftier breed, as with such grave demeanor they slowly perambulate the premises, seem very well to understand and decline to molest his peaceable purpose, and courteously accord a decent and well-behaved stranger's honest right to the road. Would that intellectual creatures had always grace and magnanimity enough at least not to contest with each other the simple right of way! We have, however, known men who rarely opened their mouths but to assail, to argue against, and, in the phrase I remember for thirty years to this day, from the mouth of a fellow-student, to doubt extensively any proposition. Criticism may be a club, a pruning-knife, an axe to clear the forest and fell trees that are in the way, or a fire to burn the baser growth and underbrush; but it is not the key. The mere mention of some names would at once reveal the gulf between the critic and the believer; for example, a modern and an ancient one, Strauss and Paul.

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In the instructive anecdotes by Edward Jesse, we are told of a poodle, whom its master taught and disciplined to distinguish false notes in music, either of an instrument or a voice, till the creature became so thoroughly acquainted with and attentive to discords and other musical barbarisms, as to signalize their occurring, slight as was ever the mistake, in any performance, by a most expressive and emphatic yell. At concert or opera in the town of Darmstadt, in Germany, the notes of prima donna, or of violin, clarionet, hautbois, or bugle, must be in perfect tune, or this new sort of critic would sound forth her remonstrance outright on the spot, till she became a terror to all middling composers, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. But we are not informed that the faculty of the little brute went any further. It did not get beyond the department of the negative understanding. We do not learn that she could create or take part in the execution of a symphony. She could make no harmony, but only fire out with anger at such as violated it. She was no key to the great masters, Beethoven and Mozart, but only a sort of live tuning-fork to set or correct the pitch for any piece. The curious circumstance — an undoubted fact — may teach us that fault-finding is no high, sufficient, and saving motion of the human mind. It may suggest the possibility of our spending ourselves as *cynics* in condemning what comes short or is exceptionable in those whose actual merits and achievements for God's glory and his children's welfare far outstrip our own. It may convince some, whose utterance in the ear of the community is one prolonged or repeated, however powerful objurgation, that it is no panacea for our temper or others' cure to devote ourselves altogether or chiefly to what is evil and sinful and out of joint. It should persuade us all, that, while we seek and would direct to the kingdom of Heaven, criticism is not the key.

But there are finer keys, which yet cannot pierce the

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wondrous lock, or make the door of the kingdom give way. Criticism is not wholly negative. When it affirms, it rises. The yea of criticism is science. Its affirmation of divine things is theology. But I need not say of this noblest of sciences, whose matchless benefit is to tell God's truth toward us, how little it possesses, and how the dissensions of its professors have disgusted the mind of the age. Not theological, but natural science interests the young and stirring intelligence of our own land. Not a few minds, that belong to or would naturally fall within our domain, seem trying to substitute science for religion. But it cannot be; and I deem it of consequence to say, natural science is not the key of the kingdom of Heaven. It *is* the key to the kingdom of Nature; but the kingdom of Nature and the kingdom of Heaven, however doubtless potentially coincident in the mind of God, are not, to any ordinary human apprehension, the same. Admitting no theory which opposes them to each other, declaring their real inseparableness and mutual pervasion, I must also aver that, in no common conception yet formed of them do they unite. The human soul, according to the powers it puts forth, has the choice to be in one or the other. In the possible, but rare ecstasy, that lifts and melts clearly together all its manifold capabilities, an individual mind may be in both at once. But with the vast majority, a million to one, the practical limits of human faculty or voluntary attention make science only the outer court of the temple; and how grossly plain it is, that many prefer to inhabit the vestibule, and not proceed into the sanctuary! Well, now, as of old, might we speak of philosophy as a *porch*, each school having its own entry or anteroom where it lives, caring not to sit in the inner chamber, or stand with bare head and worship under the glorious dome of the building! See what large part, not only of the general crowd of students and neophytes in learning, but of the most eminent names in various departments, are incurious of the great — yea, that greatest —

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problem of our relation to the Infinite, and even protest against the introducing of any religious considerations, as an incongruity, nay, as apostasy from science, and would rule them out from their tribunal! A man of unsurpassed eminence in original research, whose name has been in all our mouths and ears, himself a noble exception to this remark, speaking of those able physical philosophers abroad, whose censure he was momentarily expecting for having presumed to find in the forms of nature the thoughts of God, made for them this apology, — that he did not think they after all meant to resist the notion of a Deity, but that they were so absorbed as to drop down exhausted each in his own furrow, and so were indisposed to pursue any track of investigation to its end in homage and faith to the Most High.

But, thank God! no sharply drawn line of any speciality of science is prerequisite to this end! No minute abstrusity of microscopic examination commands the goal. Every stalk that grows in the field, every straw that lies on the threshing-floor, the wing of every bird that flies in heaven, and every fin that oars the deep, furthers us just as well! The creeping, chirping, gliding, flashing myriad life I see in my walk answers, and is enough. It may be queried whether the author himself of the Essay on Classification owes his religious pen so much to any logic the sole, inalienable property of his own research, as he does to the loftier instinct of his generous and disinterested and religiously constituted soul, still acting when reasoning is weary and not suffering him to be weary, though the links sometimes drop, before he arrives at his Source, where all may be at rest; for we simple and ignorant people, as well as the wise and learned, want to get into the kingdom too!

But, with weariness from intellectual effort, and disuse of the surpassing energies, natural science is manifestly no key to the kingdom of Heaven. Indeed, there is a way of looking clearly, and, after a fashion, thoroughly, at the facts of

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nature, without ever so much as touching the borders of that kingdom. It is to view those facts, as the senses show them, superficially related to each other, and, as calculation may disclose them, adapted to certain successive appearances and results, with a plea of ignorance that they have any beginning, purpose, or spiritual bond, — nay, branding as sheer presumption any pretence to a knowledge of their cause. This is that so-called *positive science*, to which the French Comte has given a name, but which has many professors and very many practitioners who would not care openly to take his lead. The real principle, the idol of so many, it is truly the weakest and most unnatural of all the superstitions of these times. It is a far worse superstition than the spiritualism you may despise. Key to the kingdom of Heaven indeed! There *is* no kingdom of Heaven on this ground at all. What need of a *key* without a *door?* O, what bitterness in sorrow, hopelessness of the future, worldliness in the present, and utter absence from God with thousands of men, — it may be our fellow-citizens, — arise thus!

But the facts of outward nature need not be — nay, it is not according to the nature of the soul that they should be — contemplated in this isolated and mechanical way. A man who should attempt a perfect exploration of the human frame by a survey purely of its cutaneous and muscular surfaces, having first carefully cut the nerves that conduct to the battery, and convey the wonderful, incomprehensible spiritual electricity of the brain, would succeed as well as do such disowners of all creation's commencing and design. There is, however, another reason beside this partial perception, why mere natural science is no key to the kingdom of Heaven; namely, that the kingdom of Heaven is not a kingdom of the perceptions only, high or low, but of sentiments, resolutions, actions also. It is not simply admiring the will, — O the perfect, the beautiful will of God, as he goes forth in his chariot to give and execute his own general orders through the universe! It is, moreover, conform-

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ing ourselves, our heart and will and life, in all moral diligence and patience, to his most particular pleasure concerning us, — you and me, — in our whole sphere and destiny; and this is a sanctity of aspiration, a sublimity of endeavor, a worth of attainment, that no science whatsoever can reach, but which must bring heart, soul, and spirit, as they verge on supernatural forces, into play.

Instances of wisdom and goodness, to suggest an originating mind, and to be fuel for worship or material for a house of prayer, are plenty on every hand all around. Science multiplies them and discovers in them unsuspected abundance and startling novelty. But science, furnishing timber, is not the architect of the temple. The revering heart must build the shrine in which it worships; and the facts without the feeling are not that shrine, more than the cloth and colors are the flag, until Patriotism, even now it may be in Italy, with her hand weaves it, or silver in the mine or vault is a vessel on your communion-table, or gold of Peru is the ring no prince could buy from my finger.

Science is the positive understanding, a most precious gift, an indispensable ability, in its place no wise to be disparaged, to be well honored with all instruments, costly furnishings, ample conservatories, collegiate chairs, — to be cordially thanked for its abundant contributions to enrich our language, illustrate our ideas, and, if not to create or awaken, yet to subserve with multifarious hints and satisfactions the supreme feelings of the soul. But, though it reach the pole and pierce the centre, it is not the key for which we search. If we apply it, the lock will not yield.

Mistrust not that professional envy of a different calling moves me. I disparage not, I am glad to honor, the great names of science, such as that of the patriarch who, in a foreign land, has just gone to his grave, with tears of sorrow falling from eyes of admiration in every part of the world over ashes so nobly alive for near ninety years. But will even the German Humboldt touch the human soul as long

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and deep as the German Luther? No, because not with science is the key of the kingdom! Such a man as La Place thought he exhausted the virtues of science. Yet that which believers in a spiritual world pointed at, was to him no more than a painted door. It happens naturally enough to a thousand scientific men! "An undevout astronomer is mad." Why is he more mad than the commonplace, if he be an impious observer? I do not know why he is. Do we not see enough in every street to see God? Science has now her day. She celebrates her trophies; she is our pride. Let us award her own meed of honor. But, nevertheless, while Science is the cry, the catchword, the enthusiasm of the sceptical, and a fashion even with the unspiritual-minded and shallow-hearted, we must say, hers is not the key. It is delightful to hear her claiming to preach. But not she preaches. The soul of man preaches through her as a handsome mouthpiece. Deeper words than she can penetrate, defend the safe that holds our chief treasure. At best, at the underpinning, not the portal, is her place.

Well, then, is not Genius this missing master-key? As the positive understanding is certainly a step above the negative, so Genius does not so much tread as soar beyond all understanding. But she is no hierarch. She is not the chief butler of the vessels that minister to a more than mortal hunger and thirst. She carries not the keys of the heavenly kingdom at her belt or under her wings. Genius has a kingdom, and a royal rule in the imagination of man. Like the scribe Jesus talked with in Jerusalem, she is not far from the kingdom of God. She is the natural, potent ally of religion. She is shorn of her lustre, and can hardly be recognized for genius of any sort, when she acts as the foe of goodness, purity, celestial beauty, and immortal truth. Yet, let us fairly confess, many a witching way she can turn her wondrously plastic hand to, without warmly arousing or distinctly befriending those grandest emotions and aims in whose exercise consists the supremacy of the God-

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head in the human breast. She may show delicacy like that of the little barrel that winds up your watch; or wit and humor to draw forth the keen or gay response, like the tiny teeth of steel that ring out a sharp or merry tune; or grandeur of composition to represent, as with day-of-judgment music from some wondrous, well-set orchestra, the tragic course of the stormy passions of the human mind; yet not, after all, disclose the celestial empire in the soul.

It goes hard with me to confine her scope or nature; nor will I, save where she confines it herself. But I suppose we shall not differ or doubt that she can do something, nay, no small part of her function, and very marvellously too, with merely terrestrial elements. She can, on a sudden, transfigure around us what is of the earth, earthy, and fetch down to us her bright overshadowing cloud, so that we shall wish for tabernacles to abide in under it, though neither Moses nor Elias nor Christ is there, — not as if she were repelling, yet not recognizing and receiving the supernal majesty. The man of transcendent imagination may leave religion, God, and heaven out. Shakespeare, another name for an imagination so peerless and under his control, that he could make of it light or lightning by turns and just as he pleased, has by a foremost modern admirer been accused of this very neglect of divinity, and turning the world to mere sport as of fireworks. A recent writer has said there is no genius without the *morale*. There may be a sense in the writer's mind in which this is true. But Byron was a man of genius. Say what we will in just detraction, what a river is his verse of passion and pictorial beauty shaming his detractors' lines, and to run for ages through the earth! Burns was a man of genius, Goethe was a man of genius; and the very stumbling-block, the bitter reproach, the lie given to all untempered eulogy, such as bestowed on them, is the least challenge any fool may fling out, to show how religion or morality was displayed or

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promoted by them in any proportion to the magnificent energies with which they were endowed.

I do not mean to say, therefore, a life of sheer inutility or unmitigated injury was that they led. The merciful God — indeed so much more merciful than any man that preaches his mercy! — does not annihilate his creatures; he does not lift up his hand and swear they are not fit to live, because they have not yet got the key of his kingdom. Even religion is not the whole of man. Our follies and sins subtracted, forgiven, or revenged, the residue of innocence and right God will graciously somehow accept and use, whether his creatures in doing it have at the time had *Him* directly in front and in the eye of their mind or not. There is more than one clef in the great scale of creation's genuine music. God's house, above and below, has many mansions, each opening to its own key. But genius must be more than genius, before it can move the bolt that bars from all profane intrusion what we call the kingdom of heaven. In Homer, in Dante, in Milton, in Wordsworth, more than genius there was:

"Up to the hills they lift their eyes!"

In height, if not in breadth, they exceed their brethren, as they ascend the Olympus, the Zion, they survey, where the threshold and citadel of the empire stand.

Not irrelevant to our case are these hints. Is it immodest to say that genius has nowhere a higher mark than in many with whom we sympathize, and not a few whom we reckon in our ranks? It is for us to consider how far genius is still divorced from devotion, how far the chambers of our imagery, spacious and handsome as they may be, are occupied with forms undivine, to what extent any of our finest word-artists, in their splendid pages disallowing religion, leave out what is greater than anything they put in, — and whether the so awkwardly styled Transcendental movement therefore in any measure fails, in religion, of the fruit it ought to produce. Certainly, if we rely on any merely literary superi-

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ority, or boast as the peerless first of men for our imitation the most brilliant thinkers, who are without the unction of the Holy Ghost, the kingdom will be closed to us. The dazzling butterfly floats in sunshine, and sees but a few inches; and, keen and successful as we may be elsewhere, we shall only, with our short-sighted gayety, fumble at the door. I may then be forgiven the interrogation, whether many of us are not endeavoring to make that general literature, which is the great product of genius, our permit and introduction into the kingdom of Heaven. It will never carry us in!

As, from this bunch of keys hanging at the girdle of the soul, we try one after another in vain on the mysterious door, if some warm-hearted persons now exclaim, O surely that labelled *humanity* is the particular one we must select to undo the fastenings! the answer is, No, not even humanity by itself and born of itself alone. Man must be accosted and led in a higher name than his own, before he can command the seat for which he was made. Human beings, recognizing only themselves and their fellows in their common existence and rights, considering God, in the language of one of these man-worshipping philosophers, *but one of their ideas*, may enter a sort of earthly kingdom, but not a heavenly. They may propose to build a sensual paradise, no better than the poor old preliminary one in Asia, which theologians regret and make such moan over, and we are so well rid of! They may excite a far worthier zeal for reform and freedom, still conjuring only in their own high and mighty name. But their love, if merely human, will by opposition be inflamed and cankered with malignity; not owning the Father in all his children, they will not hesitate to wrong some in righting others; and their appeal to any higher authority, if they condescend to this as a minor and infrequent appendage in their argument, will be less to the merciful precepts of the Gospel, than to all the wrathful denunciations they can pour out from the Old Testament as vials on the head of their foes.

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To all the humanity we have, certainly let us cling! It is our hope of deliverance from bondage. It is the romance of real life in a money-loving age and land. Imperfect as are its temper and instruments, it is the vision of better things, without which the people would morally perish. Yet let us implore it not to deny its own nature and become inhumanity. Terrible indeed is the provocation of general iniquity and private unconcern to the benevolent heart. But the benevolent heart, beating in its own strength alone, when resisted becomes ruthless. The flesh seems turned to stone. The very soul of tenderness and mercy has become like the storm-beaten crags, pitiless as the teeth of battle raging across the sea, and unrelenting as the grave. Then it tolerates no difference of opinion. It condemns all thoughts and plans but its own as sins. Every however honest dissenter must have his character stained. Hark! what sounds fall from the platform orator's tongue!

"At every word a reputation dies!"

I know the holy motive the reformer pleads. But may it not be queried whether an unscrupulous public personality is a righteous instrument, especially when it is known the objects of bitter charges or sheer vituperation will never be indecent enough likewise to retort on those who seem, like blind Polyphemus in his cave, seeking fresh subjects for an all-devouring mouth? Blessed be the Lord, there is abundant proof that humanity is destined to vanquish this fanaticism, which appeals to the low love of scandal and coarse common enjoyment of personal abuse! Philanthropy, is the glory of our day. I greet it with all my heart. Is it as yet, however, a Christian, or only a Hebrew philanthropy, which mostly prevails? Humanity will be the last, sweetest fruit on the tree of life; but from the root of divinity it must grow. Science is higher than criticism, genius is higher than science, and humanity is higher than them all; but as the independent, all-sufficient working-force it is too frequently made, it is not the key, — it breaks in

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the hand that would twist and drive it home to the opening of the kingdom of Heaven.

Once more, Self-culture is not the key. We have talked of it as for a human creature the all-inclusive sufficient and saving thing. There may be for it a place subordinate to higher aims. But as a primary motive it can never answer to the dignity of our nature or the end of our life. To be mainly occupied with self in any way in unfolding our abilities, or even in cherishing our virtues and putting away our sins, is for us to be selfish men. Self is not the true point of departure to reach the destiny of an immortal being, point as it may to the pride and pleasure and power of such as desire to be high in this world. Self-culture the most refined may be a key to success, to social honor, to the fashion, the senate, or the club, but not to the kingdom of Heaven. Like executive officers, of whom we read in royal stories, we must receive the key of the kingdom on our knees. Even dumb animals, dimly aware of the authority of their leaders, kneel to receive their charge and burden; and the waiting, receptive, obedient posture alone supremely becomes the human soul. If anything is clear on the page of Scripture, or in the eye of reason, it is that what we let God do with us, and not what we do for ourselves alone, can naturalize us as citizens in his realm. Not to hinder, but simply to open the way for his Holy Spirit, is our highest wisdom.

The key is that sublimest of all experiences and realities, — *the consciousness of God in the human soul*, arising from a capacity in our constitution as real and legitimate as understanding, imagination, or social affection, while in its function above their range. Whoever has this in himself, and can speak to it in others, holds the key. Pope, cardinal, priest, technical father in God, or congregational minister, has no exclusive installation or stewardship. Ours, if we will, is *the office of the key*. Is it discharged? I speak now of our ministerial brotherhood in the relation of each

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member to his parochial charge, and in our common concern for the salvation of mankind. By no abstract or accidental method have I forged my discourse. Rather I trust you have observed, that a steady look at the character of our constituency has been my guide. We, lay and cleric, *are a critical, scientific, imaginative, humane, and cultivated,* — are we also a strongly *religious* body? Not less but more religious should we be for our other acquirements and gifts, as a presiding officer must have discretion proportioned to the might and multitude he is to control. I have not reasoned upon our doctrinal peculiarities; they may be discussed enough on other occasions; and the question of strength and prevalence, for one or another among the sects, is not which carries its logical point here or there, but which is most profoundly, and to the heart of the world persuasively, sensible of feeling after and finding God. This sensibility, in some form, explains the power of every living and victorious church. Not opposition to the sale of indulgences, but justification by faith reared at first the Protestants; the demand for holiness inspired the Methodists; and from a vision of the inner light, the Quakers in their rapture, while it lasted, threw a trance on the world. The race we belong to is loyal, and will hear, if *we* have aught to say.

One may scorn the errors and coarse conceptions of the divine nature in the mass of men; yet if he speak from no vantage-ground of superior piety in himself, but is without God in the world, all his intellect and wit, polished manner, and good society, are lighter than vanity in the scale against the rudest simplicity of prayer. We shall never prove our cause by getting the laugh on our opponents, or by ridiculing them from our own self-conceit. God will not open heaven to us for having turned everything on earth into a joke. *A religion in earnest* was the praise of a particular order of disciples. There is no other religion!

In holding forth a religious consciousness for the key of

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the kingdom, I take the broadest ground on which thinkers the widest apart, theoretic and concrete, can meet. But have not some of us erred, in supposing that most of this religious consciousness of course and necessarily exists in those interested least in the written records, standing monuments, and actual services of our faith? To whom did Christ assign this key of the divine consciousness, but to those who saw in him the Son of God? Doubtless they, and not the unbelievers in Judæa, had the strongest internal sense of deity! So it may be doubted whether such now as care least for the Bible, in a discriminating use of its books, — for the Church, as a fellowship of faith and love, — for the Sabbath, as an opportunity, — for ordinances and exercises of worship, — are those in whom a consciousness of the Almighty is deepest and most alive. No, the key is grasped and used by those who in all ways of joint fellowship, as well as private faithfulness, show themselves organs of the holiest feeling, unconscious and lowly shekinahs of Him who says, I AM, — their ministry bright as Moses from Sinai with the presence of the Lord, when he wist not that his face shone. Brethren, are we not too scattered and manifold in our activity? We would not be partial and fanatical. But should our universality be a meddling with all things in their separate earthly qualities, or a spreading through all of the celestial temper of which we are in trust? Should not the trumpet, blown for us, be a *recheat* from our false scent of vague generalization, — perhaps after some that confound good with evil, — from the speculative optimism that counts all for the best, — O, all is for the best! — ending in the indifference of a bootless chase and the quietism of an objectless life?

In a fancy of some golden futurity to roll in on fatal wheels, or in a conceit of our ability, it is easy to say, "Off, you lendings!" to all the bonds of what we brand as a dead past. But the past is not dead. We should not be alive if it were! It is present. I sit at evening by my hearth-

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stone yonder, while the rough organist under the window grinds out of his wooden box, with its soiled green cover, some mechanical tune: and, lo! the tune is not made in the street there! I hear it come singing or wailing like the wind from far-off ages and lands. It takes me up, on its more than eagle's pinions, and bears me away from the pavement to scenes of suffering and heroic triumph, where those whose blood I inherit, and feel running now in my veins, conquered or fell, lay in the dungeon or bled under the axe; and I am touched with inspiration from old continents and departed yet imperishable centuries in the life of God and man. These spiritual melodies, too, these wondrous, sweet, many-voiced harmonies from the great organ indeed of God's Word, find an ear in the heart. They quicken that consciousness of an eternal Author, which, fainter or clearer, we share with all our kind, and whose vigorous pulse and stroke *will* open the kingdom of Heaven.

Yes, the consciousness of God is the key. I shall not attempt to prove my conviction that the soul can have this immediate consciousness. I would as soon try to prove the sunrise! I only affirm it as the great fact known unto man. I rejoice in a platform so large, back of the dogmatic statements that distinguish particular bodies, and which, unlike sectarian or political platforms, can never be quite deserted or torn down. I maintain, however, that this consciousness of absolute religion depends for being quickened, unfolded, and reinforced on special appearings of the Deity without as well as within. From that honest and dear brother of ours, now seeking health in far-off lands and seas, who proclaimed absolute religion as purer and stronger apart from the supernatural demonstrations of the Gospel, I affectionately differ. His toil will be a success, his scheme a failure. There is room for miracle and intuition too, — not for one thing alone, but for several things, — in the chamber of Heaven's working in the world and the

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human breast. History and direct inspiration have both their place. There is a stint still for doctrine as well as sentiment to do, as doctrine becomes comprehensive without ceasing to be clear. Let us earnestly from the Rock of Ages hew out and set forth our belief, remembering that no mere criticism of others' belief was ever a key either to heart of man or the kingdom of God. No, beneath all statements, the consciousness of God everywhere burning into steady transparent flame is the key to a greater paradise than that from which, as we read in Genesis, the fiery waving sword shut Adam and Eve.

We have talked much of our wings, left and right, — I hope we have them to soar by! — of the centre and the extremes. Can we not unite in what I poorly try to state? You will at least endure from me the utterance of this conviction, that in a deeper reach and a higher transport of the religious sentiment is our only hope. Other men may stand for other things, the general interests of society, commerce, education, art, politics; we stand for that. The watchman will see that the peace of the city is not assailed. The dog in his master's cart will guard the property confided to him from every plundering hand, though but a jacket or box of strawberries be the small treasure, at his jealous defence of which, on my mention of it, you smile. We say to every foe of the Gospel, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!" Let us not be seduced into variety and multiplicity of cares and avocations, till we become nothing by melting into everything, and lose characteristics, boundaries, and the very features out of our countenance. Unite thus I believe we can! In regard to the Lord Jesus Christ, about whom we hastily suppose our views irreconcilably differ, we accord in accepting him as having, beyond any other, shown God, — that is, awakened the consciousness of God in the human mind. Where does that wonderful person most effectually live but in our consciousness, less as an individualized figure than an idealized

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perfection in the centre of the heart? That is the great fact. Let the metaphysics of it sleep. Let us recognize it as transcending the comprehension of all science, even as we can give no science of God, cannot go all about him and take his dimensions, as the scientific man does those of the earth or sun; and all our religion were exploded to atoms if we could. With no vicarious theory, we too can exclaim: —

"Thou art the best philosophy, thou bleeding Lamb of God!"

We seem to be divided on the question of more or less form in our service. Let us have such form as we can animate, and no more than the divine consciousness will animate through the worshipping body, but not make ceremony our key. It was not ceremony that Jesus meant was the key. Common consciousness of God is the only key to the kingdom.

Brethren, let us justify our existence by showing and using the key. Not Hercules, with his knotty stick in the lairs of monsters to destroy, but Apollo at the gates of morning with opening light, be our representative fable. Let us offer the tests and signs of our consciousness of God in our value, not as slaves to the letter, for the great Bible and all good words, worshipful days and holy rites, till all speech become love, all expression aspiration, and life a sacrament. Let the sense of Deity in us so appear and grow, as to lift and sanctify into endless sacrifices of joy all other exercises of our nature, critical, scientific, imaginative, self-regarding, or humane, till latent holy longing become universal fact. Through the swarm of angels a cloud-compelling spiritualism would raise, let us see the Parent-mind uneclipsed; while the incidents of the life of Christ display the Most High, as the tints and shades in the stereoscope show so perfectly the magnificent proportions of temples of purity and towers of strength. Light banterers in sacred matters, ballooning rhetorical aeronauts, or "careful and troubled about many things," let us not be; but serious,

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yet smiling devotees of our work. Then we shall bear the key, entering and leading others into the kingdom, which no one can approach alone without helping up his fellows, — into the reality, if not the profession or always the name, of what is meant by discipleship of Jesus and being children of God; and the great problem which agitates us, how we shall be *religious together*, will be solved.

If, in fine, any one say that in this discourse I have made the key itself to be the kingdom, I will allow, the key is as near to the kingdom as any key is to the space it opens. I will answer, that the kingdom itself is but a figure of that undescribed and indefinable blessed reality, which yet the New Testament names, and I would set forth. I will cite the variety of figures in Scripture applied to the same thing, — Christ himself being called the way and the door, the shepherd and the lamb. Rather let me dissolve all symbolism in a prayer that its deepest meaning may be realized and fulfilled in ourselves. Nevertheless, to such as would fondly reduce everything to man as the measure of the universe, I must maintain the fundamental proposition taught by true philosophy, as well as Christianity and common sense, that man can be truly conscious not of himself only, but of the world, of his fellow-creatures, and — O privilege of our nature! — of the Infinite Being, God; and that his consciousness with others of God, made predominant, is his only title to heaven.

THE OFFERING.

THE proud man says, I nothing offer,
And naught from others do I take;
I slight all gifts that any proffer,
I 'd rather have an empty coffer
Than wealth by begging rake:
I my own fortune make.

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Blind folly his and senseless bragging;
There is no self-dependent man,
Though many a one has had hard dragging,
Behind frank, mutual helpers lagging,
A foolish, boastful man,
Since this old world began.

Unaided toil is only seeming;
All men are made to help each other,
And he in vanity is dreaming,
Who tries by ineffectual scheming
To live without his brother,
And human feeling smother.

An ostentatious offering making
All to release from debt to him,
He the false liberty is taking
Of all his debts to all forsaking;
His miserable whim
Makes reason's light grow dim.

His offering men will not receive,—
They could not do it if they would:
Such words as his none can believe,
And oh! it makes the world's heart grieve,
That his heart 's in the mood
To make such words seem good.

The offering dear to truthful men
Is honest help to one another;
And we all make this offering when,
In life that 's plain to common ken,
We prove each man our brother,
And God's dear Church our mother.*

* Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, iv. 26.

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DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF LEISURE.

To the mass of people, business men, heads of families, both men and women, and the youth engaged in study or labor, each day brings its full occupation, so that comparatively little time can be devoted to other than the duties growing directly out of these relations. But there is another class, possessing all the opportunities of extensive usefulness, to whom have not yet been assigned specific duties, and who too often fail to discover for themselves what God or their fellow-men demand of them. We mean the young men and the young women of the land, who have finished their school training, and, with means sufficient to command their own time and pursuits, have yet no definite object in life, and have scarcely thought it a duty to select any.

If we can believe the great Persian story-teller, it was customary with the princes of the East, before ascending the throne, to spend some years in travel, not only seeking information, but often in the pursuit of valuable rarities or presents, worthy of the acceptance of the beautiful princess upon whom they had bestowed their hearts. The custom was a wise one, nor is there any reason why our own young men and women should not adopt something like it; only, instead of spending months or years in search of enormous diamonds, enchanted tapestry, and talismans of mystic value, ought not their energies and hearts to be enlisted in the pursuit of objects which would not only insure a constant self-culture, but would culminate in permanent benefit to others?

The misapplication of time, often its total waste, with young people of leisure, arises not so much, we believe, from unwillingness to be useful, as for want of seeing clearly how and when and where to begin. They do not know what to *do*. And yet this is not so difficult for each one

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to ascertain for himself or herself, if they will but thoughtfully and honestly consider two or three things: —

First. What is their *natural* bent of mind, what talent or faculty have they which it gives them pleasure to use; — for what it pleases us to do, we are generally best fitted to excel in. Is there any educational acquisition which they have made which can be applied for the benefit of others, instead of being buried in their own consciousness? Or do they need most of all, and first, a course of *self*-culture to enable them to be of use to anybody?

Secondly. Having discovered what they are capable of, the next practical question to ask is, "Can I do this myself, or do I need the co-operation of others?"

Thirdly. Is this thing *needed*? will it be a benefit if accomplished? It is better not to ask if it is feasible, if the former questions can be truly answered in the affirmative, because so much looks impossible in this world to those who sit down to count over difficulties at the outset, that no great work or good work will ever find laborers, if all obstacles are to be first cleared away; and we may also be certain, that for what is needed and beneficial God himself will make a way in due time; and the "due time" for *us* is whenever we perceive a necessity for it.

In regard to private effort or organization, that depends entirely on the object selected. Some people can best work alone, others in company. Some work must from its nature be personal, and other objects are best accomplished by organization. He who feels himself called, like our departed Prescott, to the production of a pure literature, or who, like Greenough, must shape his thoughts in the enduring marble, or leave his lessons on the canvas, like Allston, can scarcely share their labors. But all have not their natural gifts for such life-work as this; and there is much to be done in the world which needs no such talent, but which yet enlarges the intellect, keeps alive the moral sense, and is eminently humanitarian in its purposes. And of these things we will

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name a few which offer opportunities of an eminently useful career to those who have the necessary leisure to pursue them.

For instance, there is a large class in this community, as in most others, who never come upon the public for assistance in any shape, who are self-supporting, industrious, honest, and well-intentioned people, who yet, from their limited means, and the necessity of employing their children in profitable labor, have withdrawn them, at an early age, from our public schools. These people live in small and crowded apartments, where there is barely room for the family to eat, drink, and sleep; their dwellings contain no sufficient facilities for the maintenance of delicacy in their habits, — often, not for personal cleanliness, — certainly none for retirement or study. The young people in these families, if they have ever so great a desire for improvement, have no means within their reach. How many thousands of such young people there are in this city, and still more in other cities of the Union! Now what is wanted to make this class of youth more intelligent, moral, and capable members of society? Some friendly hand stretched out to them, saying, "See, I have provided a comfortable, quiet room, where you can read or study; if you do not know wherein you are most deficient, I am here to aid you. Here are the books, the pen and ink, the pencils, the maps; and here, too, you can come once or twice a week and bathe. Whatever you want to know about your employment which will make you more skilful and your labor more profitable, I will put you in the way of ascertaining and learning." Select one family, or one individual, or a dozen or a hundred such, give them these facilities for a few years, and what different individuals they will be at the end of that time from what they would have been if left, without aid or encouragement, to muddle through life, without any refining or elevating influence to meet and hold them up!

Then, again, there are a great many people in the world

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that are perfectly willing to do for themselves, but have no tact in selection, do not know what the place which nature intended them to occupy really is. Especially are these liable to be misled in placing their children in life employments. How much any individual might do in his lifetime, if he would select successive families, make the disposition and capacities of the children a study, and *get them in their right places!* Perhaps there is no more common cause of unhappiness in the world, than misplaced talent, or misplaced mediocrity or stupidity. Try with a single family first, not officiously, but kindly and considerately, and see what can be done with them.

To those who have the nerve, a wide field is opened in the pursuit of medical science and its application to suffering humanity. Let any young man or young woman who does not at present know what he is living for determine to take up some specialty of surgery or therapeutics, with the intent, eventually, of applying it for the amelioration of those unable to pay for the best medical aid, and what a new world this would be to him! Life would no more seem a playhouse in which to disport ourselves for a few days or years, and then go out into the dark vestibule of the future, unnoticed and unregretted; or a round of frivolities and selfish pleasures, ending in disappointment or *ennui;* but it would seem a glorious thing to live, when, by a *living* effort and purpose, thousands might yet rise up to call us blessed.

Another means of determining what there is for you to do, is to examine thoroughly the humanitarian, sanitary, physiological, intellectual, or purely moral organizations which exist, note wherein *they* fail, or what else is needed to make them effective, and endeavor to supply it. We believe it is a fact, that there is not a single place where the girls of poor families can learn to *mend* their own clothes. That may seem a matter of little consequence to those who have never seen the vast amount of discomfort and actual desti-

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tution which comes of it. But to those familiar with the poor, their ways and necessities, it is a great thing. Here is a girl who has never learned to sew or mend properly (and *mending* is a peculiar art): she marries, gets a flock of little children about her, but from sheer inability to keep her own, her husband's and children's clothes in repair, the family sink into neglectful habits, avoid the school-house, the church, and even the Sunday school; sinking, from this single fact, several degrees in the social scale below the position they might otherwise have maintained. We have seen more than one family utterly ruined for want of this simple qualification in the mother. Any young lady can teach a little girl to sew and mend neatly, and, in a lifetime, teach hundreds; nor would it be easy to estimate the amount of good which might thus be done. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" would have been a scene of rags and confusion, had not that "gude auld wife" possessed the art of "making auld claes look a'maist as gude as new."

But if the way to use their leisure does not seem clear to any, let them do this much: try and enlist the conscience of some half-dozen or more of their companions to the simple fact, that they ought to be doing *something*. Let them agree to meet once a week or once a month, to consult as to what needs doing, and what they individually or collectively can do. During the interim, their observation will be awake, their consciences on the alert, — they will have gathered information; nor will it be long before they will find something to *do*, and know *how to do it*.

E. V. S.

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MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. VII.

PUBLIC MINISTRY.

ALL Friends feel themselves to be called to the ministry of the Word, more or less. But they have a different view of this vocation from most other sects. This is very clearly set forth in the work that John Jackson published just before his death, called "A Dissertation on the Christian Ministry."* And here it is enough merely to advert to the fact, that they do not make this vocation their means of earthly livelihood, nor believe that the qualification for it is a specially scientific or literary preparation. While they will not deny that scientific and literary cultivation is laudable, and that those who have it may illustrate truth in books and lectures with more clearness, or at least more attractively to hearers, they think that the unlearned in natural science, being as near to God spiritually as the learned, may be as powerful dispensers of the truth that the secret of life is not in finite nature, but God reserves it, to communicate it to each soul himself, in answer to prayer. Though Butler has shown to the mind, in his "Analogy," that nature prefigures and symbolizes the filial union of the soul to the Father, as well as the processes of its redemption from the consequences of idleness and transgression, every one feels, when the time comes, that God speaks to us individually, — which he never does till we realize the necessity of personal help, by seeing that, in our particular case, we need a wisdom beyond any that our education or experience has given us, or we shall *sink* below our own ideal; then we feel that the symbol is "the hearing of the ear," compared with the spiritual experience of "Now I SEE Thee!" which must be *individual.*

* This work is to be had in Boston at Crosby, Nichols, & Co.'s, or at James Munroe & Co.'s.

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John Jackson, like every earnest soul, however well educated by spiritual-minded friends, came to this conscious crisis, by seeing those variances among the Friends of which we spoke in the last number. It was an acute pain to him, loving as he did the organization which had grown up in the heroic times of martyrdom, to realize that it was not able to insure those bred up to it in the unity of the principle for whose expression the organization existed. That principle was a bond of love. He asked, Had love operated fully in their disowning of Elias Hicks, when even a majority accepted his word? Did it operate when the minority took possession in Philadelphia of all the property which had been owned by the Society as a whole? For this was actually done! In later periods of his life, he sometimes referred to this season as one when he examined the principle of the intrinsic authority and power of the inward teacher, speculating to the borders of infidelity, and proving all the dangers as well as privileges of spiritual freedom. He then saw that the organization was made for the principle, not the principle for the organization, and put the soul and body of Quakerism into their true relations. To the end of his days, he said the organization — as he understood it — gave him all the liberty he wanted; and his eclipse of faith in the principle lasted only long enough to make him livingly realize how lost is the soul which abandons the guidance that speaks within; and then he sprang back into the Father's bosom, to quit it no more for ever!

He could not smother in his own heart the convictions which resulted from the deep, personal exercises of mind and soul to which his doubts had led him. At the funeral of his venerated father, whose death came upon him very suddenly, before he had named to him his consciousness of vocation, he commenced his public ministry with a prayer. Some extracts from his letters at this time will best show the evidence he felt in himself of his qualification for the

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office. To a friend who, on returning home from the funeral, had written to him sympathizingly, he said: —

"It was far from an intrusion to express thy unity with me in the deep trials and exercise through which I have had to pass; for I have felt cast down, discouraged, and sad, like the two disciples who, as they journeyed from Jerusalem to Emmaus, conversed with each other about the things that had been done, and mourned because of the friend that had been taken from them.

"But I too have been permitted to experience a degree of the joy they felt, when the Divine Master manifested himself unto them at the breaking of bread. In the *opening visions of heavenly light* my mind has been made to rejoice even in tribulation, when all the powers of the soul have been, as it were, prostrate before the throne of Immaculate Purity and Love, there to ask for a livelier faith, for strength to renew my feeble energies, and to acquiesce in the will of Him to know whom is eternal life, and to serve whose will is the highway to heaven; then the oil of joy has been given for mourning, ... and I have been enabled to see that the path of self-denial and the Cross would lead to holy faith, and to that spiritual obedience whereby the fruits of godliness would be brought forth. . . . . And when my mind has been clothed with the unspeakable joys of Divine love, by which the deep things of God are manifested in the clearness, and the visions of heavenly light burst forth upon my soul, how I have desired that my faith might be firm and steadfast, till I might come to a further knowledge and obedience of the cross of Christ! and, while I acknowledge myself too unworthy an instrument to advocate the cause of a dear Redeemer's kingdom, I have this blessed assurance, that the grace of God is still sufficient for *all* the purposes of his glory, as well as for the sanctification of the soul."

To the uninitiated reader it may be necessary to say, that all this is meant to inform his correspondent that he feels called upon to express by the preached word that which he

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has learnt, or the "visions of heavenly light," and his humility and tender conscience hardly allow him to *say so* in plain words. For the Quakers always speak of *preaching* as a felt crucifixion of their natural pride and vanity; they think they have best evidence of its being God's word rather than their own, when they are conscious of self-denial in uttering it. He goes on: "The office of this unspeakable gift, for which we ought to return thanks unto God, is the same now as ever it was, — to turn from darkness to light, or to bring from under the power and dominion of transgression into glorious light and liberty the children of God; and it is sufficient now to effect the same powerful change that was produced in the case of Paul, who, from being one of the most zealous persecutors of his day, became an advocate of the religion of Jesus, and was himself instrumental in converting sinners unto God, by the preaching of the cross of Christ, which will ever prove effectual to change the benighted condition of man, and multiply converts, like the drops of the morning. All that seems requisite on our part is, to 'give up to the heavenly vision,' and suffer Him who has the undoubted right to the government of our spirits to 'work in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure.'"

In another letter to the same friend, in which he speaks a great deal of the necessity for inner sanctification of spirit, by a close conversation and walk with God in works of love, as the only qualification, and the indispensable qualification, for the ministry of faith and righteousness, he says: —

"And is there not need of the still greater abounding of this holy feeling within the pale of our own religious society, at the present time? Are we a people as we ought to be 'fearing God, and zealous of good works'? I believe that the time calls loudly for all whose minds are measurably enlightened by Divine grace, to stand faithful at their posts, and maintain the blessed testimonies of truth, in the dignity and simplicity of the cross of Christ, that the beauty and

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excellence of believers may more and more become the adornments of those who profess to be led and guided by the unerring spirit of truth. But, unhappily for the interests of Zion, too many have fallen into an indifferent and lukewarm state, while some are carried away on the wings of enthusiasm, mistaking the fire of wild imagination for the sparks of divine knowledge; and thus, instead of advancing, they have retarded the great work which has for its object the advancing of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"Such as these not only retard the work which, in the Divine appointment, is intended to bring the Church out of the wilderness, but by false zeal stand as stumbling-blocks in the way of honest inquirers, in whose hearts is often found this language: 'Who shall show us any good?' O that all might come to experience the 'one baptism, one faith,' and know that the Lord worketh in all 'to will and to do of his own good pleasure'! Thus there would be a gathering round the standard of primitive Christianity, and the true sublimity thereof would be exalted in the eyes of the people; professing Christians would conform more to the example, imbibe more of the spirit, of their Master; and the Church would, in every respect, possess a loftier character, be worthier the name of Christ. May we not, then, encourage one another to love and good works, — whereby the feeble hands that are ofttimes ready to hang down may be strengthened, and all the family be animated to follow the leadings of the Heavenly Shepherd, wheresoever he is pleased to lead them?"

These letters give the tone and spirit of hundreds of others addressed to various friends, through a long period of years, — sometimes to accredited preachers, sometimes to persons whose spiritual attainments led him to think that perhaps they had inward drawings to the ministry, which he wished them to encourage; and these letters were marked with the same modesty of expression, — a sort of delicate muffling of the sense, lest it should seem too irreverent to take it out of its old Scriptural drapery. All these letters,

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also, show that the spirit of self-dedication and consecration was not a transient mood, but a never-slackening fire of the inward life, recognizing such fires burning in other souls.

The Gospel ministry, in his view, had for its end the perpetual remanding of the soul to the Principle of its everlasting life, that it might obtain for itself light and guidance in the work of life, whether in the external or internal sphere of activity. It did not, in his view, consist so much in the analysis of duties, virtues, and graces, as in surrendering the tongue to the inspirations of the Spirit in calling others to that First Principle, which has as many forms of duty, virtue, and grace as there are individuals. But, as his friend Lucretia Mott has said, "he was eminently a practical preacher, calling his hearers to active efforts for peace and human freedom, often dwelling on antislavery duty; that none should sit with folded hands to their eleventh hour, with the indolent plea, 'No man hath hired us.'" Thus he thought the Christian ministry did not involve scientific theology, or intellectual philosophy, among its legitimate objects, any more than it did instruction in botany, mineralogy, astronomy, or the fine arts. And it is obvious that, thus defining the Christian ministry, the only necessary preparation and qualification for it was and is interior dedication to the principle of duty, and enjoyment of the spiritual quickening that comes from unceasing works of love to man, and a prayerful mind; graces that have nothing to do with scholastic training. This word of the Spirit is not sold, for it costs neither silver nor gold. Hence the absurdity in his eyes of a "hired ministry." And it must be admitted, by all who really believe in the idea expressed by Jesus's saying to Peter, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven," that, over and above all the riches of Christian literature and science which have flowed through the pulpits of Christendom, there is needed in the world the ministry which the Quakers maintain to be the Christian ministry *par excellence;* namely, a purely spiritual one, a witnessing of one soul to

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another of having been with Jesus, in the experience of sonship, — an experience often "hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes."

And may it not be a great comfort to many a minister, in many a pulpit, who has gone on St. Paul's declaration, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," in accepting a living from a congregation to whom he entirely devotes himself, that, if he is unable to give them great intellectual excitements, he can, if he is spiritually faithful to himself, have to dispense the everlasting bread by "opening the current of unity," to use the Quaker phrase, between his own interior spirit and the interior spirits of his hearers? We are not mere creatures of sense, not merely the denizens of a world of matter. We are not merely members of a social world whose affections are limited by family relations, patriotic relations, and relations of choice among finite and limited beings. There is within us the *angel which beholds the face of the Father, — an holy one which God will not suffer to see corruption.* This is the sphere of the Christian ministry as John Jackson understood it. This is the temple where are to be gathered occasionally the two or three which are to constitute a church of Christ. It is this life, which is in the depths of all our souls where love has its home, and which is nurtured and enlightened by God and his Lamb, that is the *kingdom of Heaven* which Christ came to reveal, and still manifests himself to reveal. John Jackson was far from supposing that the Quakers alone knew of this kingdom, though he doubtless did believe that their method was the most efficacious to keep it *visible.* He was well aware that the knowledge of it died out of Quaker meetings sometimes; and his clear perception of this saved him from making an idol even of the Quaker discipline and organization. He probably owed this freedom, as we have already said, to having lived at the time of the controversy between the self-styled Orthodox and the so-called Hicksites. Thus do all things work together for good to those who love the Lord; and thus he maketh the wrath of man to praise him.

E. P. P.

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THE HEART-SONG OF THE MOTHER.

No artist am I, but the mother's heart sings;
And its simplest cadence from deep love springs.
While o'er the full chords comes a magic spell:
The little ones know it, full well, full well!

No genius am I, but my pen I dip
In an element pure as the dew on the lip
Of the rose-bud fair, with its chalice white,
That dwells in the charm of the early light.

No critic am I, but my heart doth tell
When my child feeleth nobly or doeth well;
And over my sheet steals a holy ray,
And bright, happy thoughts all around me play.

No teacher am I, but my boy doth learn
From the flower and the bird, and the tiny fern;
From the breeze on the hill, from the sunset hue,
From the moon and the stars, in their watch so true.

No schemer am I, for the angels wait
Around these dear heads from their high estate.
Sweet Nature loves them, and so let her be
The arbiter true of their destiny.

With the good God above, and brothers around,
And the sunlight to bless them, and flowers on the ground,
I trust, oh! I trust them, and suffer no fear:
Where the "reed is not broken," ill cometh not near.

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READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

II.

Officers, and their Duties.

The presbyters or bishops — as during the earliest years of the Gospel faith we may call the same functionaries — had the general superintendence of the affairs of the Church; but the office of teaching was not confined to them exclusively, for all Christians had a right to speak in the public assemblies, provided they observed the laws of order and decorum. It was soon found, however, that some possessed peculiar qualities for this work of instruction; and where not only the ignorant were to be enlightened, but where those skilled in all the learning of the ancients, the wisdom of the philosophers, or the cunning arts of the sophists, came to learn of the Divine truth manifested in Christ, special gifts seemed needed in order to refute the arguments of the unbeliever, and to show that in Christianity there dwelt a power greater than in the reasonings of Stoic or philosopher. We find, therefore, that a class soon arose, created by the wants of the churches, to whom this special office of teaching was assigned; and though originally it was not included among the duties of the bishop or presbyter, it soon became closely connected with the same. Thus, in the First Epistle to Timothy (v. 17), those of the presbyters who to the talent for government could unite also that of teaching, are counted worthy of double honor; an incidental proof that the two were not necessarily and always united.

Besides these, we find only one other office in the Apostolic age, — that of deacons, to whom were committed especially the care of the poor and sick, and the distribution of alms. Deaconesses were also appointed to aid in these

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duties, and, as women were excluded from the offices of public teaching and church government, in this way their peculiar qualifications were called into exercise for the good of the whole community, and the Gospel was often introduced into Pagan families through their self-sacrificing offices of kindness.

As regards the election to these church offices in the Apostolic times we have no distinct information, and it probably varied in different places. As, in the choice of deacons, the Apostles left the decision to the churches themselves, and as the same was the case in the choice of deputies to attend the Apostles (1 Cor. viii. 19), it may have been the course pursued in most instances; while in some cases the Apostles conferred the important office of presbyter, or of teacher, upon such individuals as in their own judgment, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, appeared to be best qualified for the work.

The following rule relative to the appointment of church offices is cited by Clement of Rome as one which had been handed down from the Apostles, — "that they should be filled according to the judgment of approved men, with the consent of the whole Christian community."

After the age of the Apostles, gradually, important changes took place in the constitution of the Christian Church, the chief of which was the distinction which early became established between the bishops and presbyters. As the presbyters constituted a deliberative assembly, it soon became the practice for one of their number to preside over the rest, to whom the title of Bishop was at length exclusively applied.* At first he was not allowed to act without the consent of the body of the presbyters, but gradually

* These terms we find used interchangeably until far into the second century. Irenæus uses them synonymously, while Tertullian calls the presiding officers of the Christian communities by the common name of "Seniores," including under this title both bishops and presbyters, though elsewhere he makes a decided difference in the use of these terms.

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more extended powers were conceded to him; and as in every large community bishops were thus elected, they often formed a union among themselves to forward their own designs, in opposition to the judgment of the presbyters, thus creating schisms that disturbed the peace of the Church, and often threatened the dissolution of its only true bond of spiritual union. On the other hand, many presbyters made a capricious use of their power, deleterious to the good of the communities where they resided; and out of the divisions which thus arose, the authority of the bishops usually came off victorious.

Thus a new order, as it were, grew up in the very bosom of the Church, differing widely from the simple faith and practice of the earlier Christians. Then, all who consecrated themselves to the service of Christ were regarded as "kings and priests unto God"; but by degrees the idea of a peculiar sanctity attached itself to those who devoted themselves to proclaiming and expounding the truths of the Gospel; and as the office of teaching came at length to be confined chiefly to the presbyters, and as the bishops, if their duties were rightly discharged, possessed little leisure for the transaction of mere worldly business, it became an established regulation for them to be supported by the churches to whom they ministered. Of the common fund which was raised from the voluntary contributions of each member of the Christian community at each Lord's day, or, as in the North-African Church, on the first Sunday of each month, a part was appropriated for the maintenance of the clergy; and in the third century we find that they were strictly forbidden to undertake any secular business. However necessary such arrangements may have been, it is evident that they had no little influence in strengthening the feeling, always extant where religion is more of a form than a spirit, of a separation between the ordinary business of life, and an active, working, vital faith, as applied to the daily life and conduct.

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In the third century it was a prevailing custom for the bishops of a province, in connection with the presbyters or clergy, to fill any vacant office in the Church, the bishops conceding to the community the right of rejecting any unworthy candidates. This right was not a mere formality. Sometimes it happened, that, before the usual arrangements for an election could be made, a bishop was proclaimed by the voice of the community. Thus there often occurred differences between the will of the community and the bishops or the majority of the clergy, — a fruitful source of divisions. As the number of churches increased, we find that new offices were created, and the simplicity of the Apostolic age was no longer retained.

After the deacons came the sub-deacons, who aided in administering the outward concerns of the Church. Then followed the Lectores, or readers, who read the Scriptures in public, and had also the care of the Biblical manuscripts used on these occasions; — a duty at first performed by the presbyters or deacons; as, in later times, the reading of the Scriptures, particularly the Gospels, still continued to be left to the deacons in many churches. Then came the Acolytes, who waited on the bishops while discharging their official functions; an office which probably had its origin in the hierarchical assumptions of the Roman Church, but did not find its way into the Greek Church. Next, the Exorcists, who prayed over those supposed to be possessed of evil spirits; and, lastly, the Ostiarii, whose duty it was to attend to the opening and closing of the places of public worship, to keeping good order in the assemblies, lighting the churches, and offices of a like nature.

H. M.

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SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

THE work of the regenerating life is everywhere represented as a work of strife and combat. The natural mind is full of evils, and the work of routing and removing them is sometimes very painful. In nothing, perhaps, does man feel his duality of being, that is, his natural and spiritual minds, so powerfully. For, unless he had two minds, as distinct in their desires and cravings almost as two persons, could it be that there would exist this warfare and division in him? The natural or external mind is, in all its characteristics, an image of the natural world, and finds its delight in the things of the natural world; the spiritual or interior mind is an image of the spiritual world, and loves the things of that world, or heaven. The spiritual, indeed, loves also the things of the natural world, but only as a master loves a servant, by whose means he performs uses; the natural world, by such an one, is held in subordination; it is not suffered to become uppermost, or chief. And when the natural is so regarded, then the natural mind *itself* becomes spiritual, or *spiritual-natural;* it suffers the spiritual to act through it and by it; it is thus at one and in harmony with the spiritual. But this is the effect of regeneration. Before this, it is not so. And indeed, all through this life in the world, both with the regenerate and the unregenerate, these two minds are so distinct, that man does not know what is performing with himself in his superior mind; for with that mind he is in the spiritual world with angels, and with the other, in the natural world with men; and even when he becomes a spirit, which is immediately after death, he does not, according to Swedenborg, know what is performing in his inferior mind.

It was these two minds, so distinct and separate, that furnished the ground of the Apostle's warfare, and also the ground of every warfare experienced in the heart of the

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Christian. And it may be safely concluded, that until a person has begun to experience this warfare, that is, an unrest, a dissatisfaction with himself, and a conflict more or less painful with the predominant desires of the heart, he has not even *begun* the regenerate life.

This matter is so interesting, — it covers so large a field of human life and of the Divine Providence, — that we are moved to look at it still more analytically. And here may be contemplated a certain description of character which is common enough to be met with, and which frequently, perhaps, excites almost our envy, or at least our desire, that we could be of such a disposition. We refer to certain persons of a mild and even temperament, who never appear to be troubled much with anything. Or at least, if troubles come they are soon over; they are met with a momentary shock and passed by lightly; and there is such a natural buoyancy and equanimity of spirit prevailing with them, and so much easiness, that it seems quite out of the power of this world's fortunes to produce any great or deep disturbance in them. And they frequently have, too, a certain amiability about them, — a quiet, contented, good-natured disposition, that seems to mark them out as made and fitted for enjoyment. In short, they seem to be what many truly religious people are, all but the religion. For it is not their religion which confers this enjoyment, for they have none. It is a contentedness which springs not from any resignation to the Divine Will; it is a cheerfulness not at all referable to faith or reconciliation, except a reconcilement with the frivolities of every-day life; it is what many would call an easy, constitutional happiness. And it frequently manifests itself in all the attracting amiabilities of good companionship and unburdensome life.

Now, there are two ways in which to account for this, before we come to the real and deepest secret of such a phenomenon.

First, it may be partially accounted for by mere shallow-

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ness. There is not depth enough for much disturbance. It is not proper, perhaps, to speak thus of that deficiency which is a mere withholding of the gifts of God; but of that shallowness which is the result of indifference, it *is* proper to speak. And perhaps we may say it is a general truth, that never a truly noble and susceptible mind existed, without a larger proportion of trials than is permitted to inferior and thoughtless persons. We frequently at least see such persons, who pass their time quietly and tranquilly, with scarcely a ripple on their shallow lake; having no thought for the past, and no care for the future, living and enjoying the present, not as religionists do, but as animals do, from mere thoughtlessness. It is the great and deep ocean that is lashed into tremendous waves and surging billows. It is only a noble and sensitive mind that can be similarly disturbed. When the ocean *is* calm, and such a mind too, then what a splendid calm it is! And yet there are those who frequently give way to folly, and deem it almost a refreshment to meet with a person of the above description, who is not particularly interested about anything, there is such a happiness! How little they know of the true elements of a happy life!

But again, the life in question may be partially accounted for from a nobler view of it; namely, from certain hereditary qualities which are really good in themselves, and which confer upon the person a truly equitable and harmonious character. By nature he may not be disposed to much mental disturbance. He may have the gift of peace ingrafted in him from birth. And if it is *real* peace, that is, such as comes from an ancestry of virtue, and has been handed down to an offspring of fair and even proportions, and thus freed from a multitude of carking cares that otherwise would have disturbed and embittered the whole life, then indeed it can be said that there is so much hereditary *virtue* in the person. But it may be *only* hereditary; the person may not yet have made it his own by spiritually and

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deeply willing it; and if so, it is the merest natural, and may not abide the spiritual life. It may play within him beautifully, and pass from him felicitously, when in circumstances of ease and convenience, but a strong temptation may sweep it all away. For hereditary good, as well as hereditary evil, is not *truly* good until acted out from a more interior love of it, — from such a spiritual affection as cleaves to it in the midst of difficulties, and against strong self-interests. And in the spiritual world, where nothing abides but what is real, it may leave the man entirely destitute.

But there is still another and a truer way of accounting for that peculiar life which we have here set forth. And that is, to refer it all, or mainly, to the entire predominance of the natural man. The spiritual in such natures is not frequently waked up. It is asleep under all this covering of nature. The natural man is now enjoying, therefore, an undisturbed possession of its own proper domain. There is nothing to oppose it, nothing to trouble it. Hardly a twinge, perhaps, of genuine conscience, yet fully aroused in it. Being an image of the natural world, it enjoys the natural world. The things of heaven do not at all intrude themselves. The warfare has not yet commenced in such minds. Bating the other causes, this is the secret of all or most of their happiness. It is a happiness, a contentedness, such as the animals enjoy, only human instead of beastly. And it is capable of very much pleasure. There may be many a charm, and many a fascination, and even a ravishment with the things of this world; — why not, if the birds can sing so sweetly, and the animals hold such fetterless sport, and the whole brute creation ring with joy and resound with melody? Does not the lamb delight to skip and play, and the cow and the ox graze in luxurious comfort, and the shining snake, and every insect, enjoy to the full the measure of life which is allowed them? So does man, without one particle of the spiritual having as yet any

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exercise over him. And his natural has the advantage of being a *human* natural, with something of the *natural-rational* in it; upon a much higher plane than the beast's; why, then, should he not, in all the fulness of his unregenerate nature, find delight in the externals of his mind? This, indeed, is something of that poor enjoyment which is finally permitted to lost spirits, who have signified their preference for the very lowest life; — with much occasional restraint, indeed, and the terrible liabilities and discomfitures attendant upon such a nature. What *must* it be, when the highest is put for the lowest, and the lowest elevated to the supreme rule? So, also, it is in the world. And there may be very much apparent amiability and satisfaction with such a life; no thought for the past, no care nor anxiety for the future; an enjoyment, such as it is, and a life altogether in the present; passing their time as listlessly, so far as any real anxiety for their spiritual condition is concerned, as though this world were all, and the joys of sense the only reality. All their affections, except the hereditary good already named, are "of the earth, earthy." They know not what it is to be troubled with any other. These are they who are spoken of in the Scripture: "I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked; they are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." (Psalm lxxiii. 3, 5.) In short, the secret of such persons' happiness is, that there is as yet no warfare and division felt in their minds; the natural, perverted as it is, is not only in the ascendant, but has the field entirely to itself; the Devil reigns in undisputed and easy possession, and all the imps and emissaries of hell hold frequently high carnival in that man's mind. For a time, it may go comparatively well with him; especially if he avoids the grosser evils and more grievous crimes of the wicked. He knows no other life, he seeks no other. He is thoroughly alive to the life of nature, and thoroughly dead to all spiritual life. He has, therefore, that easy, contented,

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sometimes gentlemanly cast of mind, which so many enjoy who pass with the reputation of amiable and graceful characters; and if sickness comes not, and their outward affairs are tolerably prosperous, they are envied and honored by those who, like themselves, have no spiritual discernment.

Now, it is the object of Christ's mission to *break up* such a life. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." (Matt. x. 34–36.) This remarkable passage finds its explanation only in reference to the structure and condition of the human mind. And without going into needless particulars, it is sufficient to say that by the terms father, mother, son, daughter, daughter-in-law, mother-in-law, &c., whenever they occur in the Word, are spiritually signified such things as pertain to the heavenly marriage and progeny of good and truth in the mind. These may occur in their true order, or in their opposites; and when any strife is occasioned, it is by some truth in conflict with some evil, or some falsity with some good, so that "a man's foes are they of his own household," — that is, of his spiritual house or mind, which is frequently represented by a house with all its apartments. By a sword is signified truth combating. Hence it is said of the Lord, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, and in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness: and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things." (Psalm xlv. 3, 4.) Also in the Apocalypse, he that sat on the white horse, and was called the Word of God, "out of his mouth went a sharp sword." (Rev. xix. 15.) Now, by the truth which the Lord reveals in his Word, and the more abundant expositions of that truth which are unfolded in the latter ages, is this sword sent upon the earth. It is the sword of truth to the earth of the mind. And when it

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enters the mind for the first time, which was before dead in trespasses and sins, then it is that a spiritual warfare has commenced, which puts to flight all the peace and tranquillity of the merely natural man. It is a warfare such as none know who have not commenced in good earnest the regenerate life. It is this which is set forth so graphically, in the correspondential style, by all the wars of the Israelites, and it is this which our Lord himself first engaged in for the glorification of his natural humanity. It is not possible, as a general thing, to attain to the heavenly state, without much affliction, and much tribulation and conflict of spirit. It is different, indeed, with different individuals; the hereditary evils are lesser and greater with some; but in all, before regeneration, they are thoroughly spread through the whole natural man, and if we feel them not, it is just because the sleep of death is still upon us, and we are pleasing ourselves with the flattering testimonies of the heart of nature, and with a thousand amiabilities which have no depth and no root in anything but hereditary good, or, worse yet, in a secret and disguised selfishness which calls forth a thousand virtues to the eye, but leaves not one in the heart. Such truth, I know, is exceedingly hard to receive, for there is nothing which the natural mind is so averse to as the very truths which are levelled against it. But it is truth, and it should be understood. It is needed especially in this age of rationalizing, naturalizing, miscalled Christianity. The truth is, we have broken away in alienation from God. We have not known God, nor the Lord Jesus Christ. And in the pride of our fallen nature, we have dared to set up our own feeble and conceited intellects, and to trust to our own natural and hereditary goodness, mixed with selfishness as it all is, and which can no more abide the day of the Lord's appearing, than the stubble that the wind bloweth and the fire consumeth. The truth is, also, we cannot *know* our evils till we feel them in this internal strife and combat. Even the *literal* sense

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of the Lord's words suggests something of the nature of it. To think of a *family*, bound together by the cords of consanguinity and the ties of love, where affection, and sympathy, and the dear delights of kith and kin, should enter into all and spread through all, making the interests of such a household a unity and a peace, such as we might transfer in imagination to the very heavens, — to think of it as torn and rent with intestine commotion, — to see it in opposition and contention, — to hear the fierce wrangle of bitter words and contemptuous speeches, — to see the father against the mother, and the mother against the father; and the son, and the daughter, and the daughter-in-law, and the little child, in a tumult of wild and angry passion, or so thoroughly divided as to settle away into the scorn and hatred of a sullen and mutual silence which has more of hell in it than heaven, nay, which is the very picture of hell, in some of its outbreaks and unquelled disorders! If there is a sight on earth to make an angel weep, it is such a scene of family disturbance. For the very *marriage* principle — the highest and holiest of heaven's best — is thus outraged, and with it, all the dear connections and tender relationships which follow from it.

But it is the *spiritual* of that scene, and that, too, which dwells in each individual heart, which is referred to in the remarkable words before quoted. It is a warfare between good and evil, truth and falsity. And in a more tremendous sense than was ever seen by human eye in such a family, do the angels look in upon a man so situated, and behold the foes which are of his own household! But if nobly resisted, it is a warfare that they can witness with joy. Nay, they can take part in it. They do take part in it. These are *temptations* which the regenerating mind undergoes when it is thus subjected to this inward strife. So soon as a man *begins* to receive the truth, and apply it to the eradication of his own evils, so soon is there let in upon him such evil spirits as feel disturbed by the work he has

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engaged in, and who take up arms against him. And the angels, on the other hand, defend him. This is permitted in order that he may be more speedily and thoroughly convinced of the evils which are lurking within him, and also that those evils may be *stirred up* by the evil spirits who are attendant on the man, and thus that he may be aware of them and resist them. "Regeneration cannot possibly take place without such combat, for the life of the old man resists; nor can the life of the new man be at all implanted until that which resists is taken away." And not by one temptation, but by many, and of various kinds, according to the evils which are in the man. For these evils are inlaid in the very substances of the soul, and inhere pertinaciously, being rooted in the parentage of many generations, and confirmed by actual evils of the man himself. Thus, then, the combat must necessarily be firm, and, if at all thorough, many times grievous to be borne. And if a man has not felt it, let him beware of the peace which he so much prizeth. For he is in the very worst security, crying Peace! Peace! when there is no peace, but such as may lead him along in a winsome way to the very deeps of perdition. He should rejoice at the very first sign of disturbance. If it be on account of sin or evil, he should pray for the warfare to commence; and no matter if his soul sink almost within him, he must have these feelings; ah! did not our Lord himself have them in all their bitterness? — and what a cross was that which he bore through a long life of toil, temptation, and conflict! But because He triumphed, we may triumph. Yet never, till we have passed through this ordeal of dread and fiery trial.

We are not sufficiently aware of the nature of the conflict we are engaged in. We are not aware of the invisible hosts which constantly surround us. Jesus knew, and could see, the vast hell he fought against. He was "with the wild beasts" in the thickest of the battle; — in "the wilderness, and tempted of the Devil." (Matt. iv. 1 – 11; Mark i.

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13.) The meaning of which is, that He encountered the very worst of those evil affections signified by beasts, and the whole organized iniquity of the spiritual world. Nothing is plainer, indeed, from the Scriptures and from other sources, than that the great battle of our earthly life is no mere matter of earth alone, but a more serious struggle between the spirits of light and truth who would raise us up to goodness and heaven, and the spirits of evil who would drag us down to hell. Along the whole play-ground of humanity they stretch their lengthening files, and with this distracted globe hung, as it were, in the midst, they extend on the one hand to the glowing heights of heaven, and on the other, to the dismal abysses of the nether hell. Man is kept in this equilibrium. His destinies are wrought out in the midst of such an encounter. If it were all of earth, Christianity would be a fiction and a mockery. The Apostle very plainly recognizes this warfare, in the following passage from his letter to the Ephesians: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, [that is, against mere men in the body,] but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness [or wicked spirits] in high places." (vi. 12.) The principalities here spoken of are not of this world, but the same which are spoken of in Colossians, as those which Jesus triumphed over by his work of redemption: "And having spoiled principalities and powers [broken up all their confederacies in the world of spirits], he made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it." (ii. 15.) And throughout the whole course of our Saviour's life, how evident it is that he was engaged in a struggle with the powers of darkness! He cast out evil spirits, and gave the same power to the Apostles.

Concerning this warfare of the Lord while on earth, and in the infirm humanity, it is well remarked by Swedenborg, that "All temptation is made against the love in which a man is, and the degree of the temptation is according to the

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degree of the love. The life of the Lord was love towards the whole human race, which was so great, and of such a nature, as to be nothing but pure love. Against this, his life, were admitted continual temptations, from his earliest childhood to his last hour in the world. During all this time the Lord was assaulted by all the hells, which were continually overcome, subjugated, and conquered by him; and this solely out of love to the whole human race. And because this love was not human, but divine, and all temptation is great in proportion as the love is great, it may be seen how grievous were his combats, and how great the ferocity with which the hells assailed him." (A. C. 1690.) "These temptations are not described in the Word, except in a few words; nevertheless these few involve all."

And thus also it is with man. The great conflict of our life is more insidious and dangerous than it can ever appear to us, being connected and carried on with powers invisible and personal. And in nothing do the angelic guardians minister more effectually to our peace, than in resisting all the attacks of such an adversary, in delivering us from their wiles, and in leading us on through the difficult and upward path to heaven, while temptations and enmities flow in upon us like a flood. It is thus that they ministered to the infirm humanity of Jesus. After all his temptations, which were firmly resisted, "Then the Devil leaveth him," it is said; "and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." (Matt. iv. 11.) Thus it always is. If, by our faithfulness and resistance, we drive away these evil spirits, then, after the trial, angels come and minister unto us. They cannot come effectually till we do resist. This is the law of our spiritual life. It is then their delightful work to insinuate the good graces of heaven into those parts of the soul where obstructions have been removed, and where the fortresses of evil have been weakened by resistance.

In regard to the conflict which is thus experienced in the soul, and its intimate connection with the spiritual world, it

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is remarked by Swedenborg, that it is perceived by man very obscurely; indeed, "so obscurely, that he scarcely knows otherwise than that it is merely an anxiety; for man, especially he who believes nothing concerning influx, scarcely perceives a thousandth part of those things concerning which evil spirits and angels combat; nevertheless, man and his eternal salvation are then at stake, and the determination of the stake is from man; for the combat is carried on from those things which are with man, and concerning them. That this is the case, has been given me to know with the utmost certainty; I have heard the combat, I have perceived the influx, I have seen the spirits and angels, and at the time and afterwards I have conversed with them also upon the subject." (A. C. 5036.)

This, then, we take to be the truth of the matter. This is the warfare in which every man who comes into heaven must be engaged in some degree, in some part of his life. "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." It is not of course implied that the ultimate end of all this is not a greater peace than can possibly be described. For the Lord is the very "Prince of peace," his Gospel is the "Gospel of peace," and peace, "unfluctuating peace," is the end of every battle carried on with the weapons of heaven. Yet the great battle must be fought first. Those deeply intrenched hereditary evils, which stand to us as the authority and affection of a father, which we love so well, and obey so well; those equally settled and compacted falsities, the pride of self-derived intelligence, and errors of the natural mind, which stand to us as the influence and affection of a mother, which it is so hard to part with, and which have nourished us so long; and those other dear and affectionate relatives, the legitimate offspring of so honored a parentage, whether they be wife, children, brethren, sisters, or more distant connections; — this whole family of most affectionate relationship and strong union is altogether to be broken up! If a man forsake not the *whole* of it, and hate not father,

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mother, wife, children, brethren, sisters, yea, and his own life also [own natural life], he cannot be my disciple. (Luke xiv. 26.) The warfare is to be carried into the very heart of the family. A man's very greatest foes are to be they of his own household. The truth of all this now stands conspicuous. It is no mere figure of speech, but a correspondential representation of the evil loves and false affections which are a man's hereditary heirship, and constitute his spiritual family and house. And "when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up" (Psalm xxvii. 10): not till then, for the Lord cannot enter to dwell where such perverted natural affections make their abode and enjoy their life.

Let us, now, at the risk of being more practical and hortative than the naked disquisition demands, bring somewhat of this test to ourselves. Do these truths disturb us? Do they make us feel, in a degree, unhappy? Do they humble us under a sense of our own evils, and make us despise ourselves? Has this sword of truth entered into *our* minds, and do we feel it combating against some dear and cherished evil, or many of them? Then is the Divine Providence doing its legitimate work. For the good work is not begun in us till these effects are realized. There is no power at all in a merely natural Christianity, which does not recognize the thorough depravity of the natural mind, the root and element of which is selfishness in all its thousand forms, — no power at all, — especially where the Lord is not acknowledged in his true and essential Divinity, and the eternal distinctions between good and evil, — *no* power to purge thoroughly the diseased nature which so afflicts us, to probe to the quick, and to make a new man of us. It is a folly, a waste of time, and a delusion. It is not meant by this that the perverted Christianity around us is doing no good, for its broken and adulterated truths do serve with some power — many times with great force — against the corruptions of the natural mind. But they can do no *thorough* work. We must, eventually, either in this world

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or the next, be saved by the truth, before we can enter heaven. There is no entire salvation without it. When the light of eternity breaks in upon the sinful soul, if there are any remains of good in him that can be made effectual, if he has not experienced the conflict here, he will have to experience it there, — there in the world of spirits, where the processes of vastation he will have to go through with before he can enter heaven, are sometimes painful beyond expression. He had better do this work here. For as sure as the opening scenes of eternity, if he be only one of those easy, complacent, natural men, who enjoy, as it was said, but a constitutional quiet, and a buoyancy of spirit which may be the very fatal mischief of his life, he will find in that world, unrolled to him successively such inner deeps in his soul as he had never dreamt of, — and there, in those inner deeps, every vessel of his spiritual organism perverted and defiled with sin. Better, I say, make that exploration and discovery now. Be thoroughly convinced that there is nothing else worth living for, that the world and all it can offer is too small for the ambition of immortal spirits, but that there is an inheritance pure, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved for all who covet purity of life, and make that the one grand object of all their struggles and all their enterprise. O, it is worth a world of painstaking; and the victory once achieved, the battle never to be fought again, — never, never! Eternal peace, angelic peace, will have settled for ever in the mind, and increasing beatitudes for ever and ever.

W. M. F.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS. — "The hireling that steereth his course by his reward and punishment doeth well, I confess; but he doeth it with reluctance; he carrieth the Ark — God's image in his soul — safely home, but he loweth pitifully after his calves that he leaveth behind him among the Philistines." — *Sir Kenelm Digby.*

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE CITY AND THE SUMMER VACATION.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

THE city and the summer do not go well together, especially when the city is very compact and crowded with inhabitants. Our friends who live in the country have doubtless their own special perplexities, and are tempted from time to time to take the cars, once for all, and come into the immediate vicinity of shops, lecture-halls, and — markets, — for, though everything grows in the country, very little is to be bought in the country, and you must seek in the city the fruit and vegetables that were raised by your next-door neighbor. But one perplexity the villager has not. He is spared the perpetually recurring question, What shall we do with ourselves, what shall we do with our children, during these summer months, — at least during the long school vacation? It is surprising how many questions are opened by one question. This single inquiry, Where shall the family go? connects itself with the great matters of physical education, of instruction in *things* as compared with lessons about *words*, with the relation of manual to mental labor during the time of youth, with the disabilities and peculiar temptations of the children of the poorer classes in our cities, and with — we know not how many other matters.

In these few sentences we have of course no intention of discussing so many topics. We have mainly in view but a single point. We have one answer to propose to the question, Where shall we go? — an answer which, although it is partial and will not suit every case, will suit very many cases. *Go where the children will learn something and have a good time*, where they may supply some of the deficiencies of their school training, and lay in a large stock of health against the long winter confinement. Parents often object to the long vacations, which a regard for the health of the teachers at least seems to demand, and if these vacations must be passed in the city, their utility for the children is certainly very questionable; but whenever the change can be made, even though at considerable inconven-

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ience to the parents, the boys and girls should be carried beyond the rows of brick and granite walls to the sweet fields and shaded hill-sides. It is sad indeed to see a child, in midsummer, sitting upon a hot doorstep, in a street which is all ablaze with the sunlight, too much debilitated even to make a noise, — and when children are reduced to that, we may be sure that they are pretty weak; and if they must stay in the city, they are quite as well off in our school-houses, many of which are well situated, and divided into spacious and airy rooms. But whenever they can go into the country, the problem is delightfully solved; for some weeks at least of every year ought to be passed by our children on the sod, were it only to secure anything like completeness in their training.

And, as we say, the first point to be settled is, What will be good for the children?

It is a great deal to decide even upon so much. If parents go into the country for the sake of their children, they will find comparatively little difficulty in deciding as to the "where." It may be the sea-side, or it may be the hill-side, but it will hardly be the hotel, fashionable or unfashionable, where they will be brought into direct contact with so much frivolity and dissipation, and be subjected to all the restraints of nice clothes, and spoiled with luxurious living. The money expended in maintaining such a life would be infinitely better bestowed in compensating some respectable farmer for opening his unoccupied rooms, and spreading in one of them an extra table for your family. We are inclined to think that the perfection of living — if there is any such thing as perfection in this world — would be to remove into some quiet country house during the summer months, with a tutor or governess competent to instruct the young in natural science, and, for some twelve weeks at least, leave the school behind. We are not sure that during the remainder of the year as much book learning would not be acquired as is gained now; at all events, the culture of the young would be much broader than at present. Some of the ablest men now on the stage were once boys who went to school only during the winter, and worked on the farm in the summer. That settled the gymnastic question; and the young men were hoeing the corn and potatoes whilst they were getting up their muscles. But even if the lads should not go to college so early as they go now, and if the girls "came out" a little later, would any

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one suffer thereby except their foolishly impatient and ambitious parents? If there is no lack of boys and girls, there is an over supply of men and women, in this part of the world at least. If our merchants, physicians, lawyers, and ministers had been kept boys and young men a little longer, if they had entered college two or three years later, there would not be so many grown-up idlers as there are now. If the multitude of young ladies who go about in the forenoons with card-cases to ascertain that nobody is at home, or to pass five minutes at a reception in talking nothings, had remained at school a few years longer, they would be happier and more blooming; for late hours and midnight suppers, rather than studies, are destroying the young people. "Schooling" is greatly overdone, if by schooling is meant, as is the case for the most part, the study of dead vocables. The structure of a plant, God's wondrous handiwork to-day, is quite as important a matter for a child to master as the structure of a Greek verb, though of Greek verbs, as in duty bound, we would always speak respectfully.

So, we say, take the children into the country, not where you can make new acquaintances, or lose your relish for your old, simple ways; not where you will be compelled to herd with a multitude, and hear and tell gossip; but where you can give yourself to the reading of pleasant books, where you can indulge in long rambles, where the simplest dress will be the only appropriate dress, where the finest turn-out is a good, strong country wagon, or, for the more delicate, a superannuated carryall. Going into the country is not *per se* so very expensive a procedure; the outlay comes from the accompaniments. It is not the dress, it is the trimmings that deplete the purse. The truth is, that very many excellent persons and worthy citizens find the world beyond the city a very tedious world, and must have the excitements of the table and of society to help them through the fearfully long days and evenings. So, though they live quietly and rationally enough most of the year in their own hired houses, and make the best of tolerable fare, and take even Mondays in good part, in the summer they must flourish at hotels, and live daintily every day. Who that has ever so far forgotten himself as to have visited a watering-place in pursuit of enjoyment, has not been struck with the frantic eagerness with which the poor prisoners watch for the stage that brings new-comers, and the forced smiles with which they take

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leave of those whose time is up. "They are glad to get home." They ought not to be so very glad, especially when they carried home with them; and we think that they would not be, if they started with the purpose of having a quiet and improving time, with special reference to the young people, perhaps beginning with them courses of study almost as new to the parents as to the children, and in pursuing which the elders would have the advantage only of their mental maturity. There are difficulties to be met and overcome or endured, even when we are content with quiet things; — the head of the family, for example, if he is in active business, must be too much separated from his household, and we are satisfied that very serious mischiefs spring from this dwelling apart; many of the trusts that fall to the dweller in the cities, such as the care of the poor, the oversight of charitable institutions, and the like, are liable to be neglected; and too many persons, forgetting that permanency is essential to the prosperity of a religious congregation, become guests, rather than parishioners, in the city churches, and take pews for the winter, as they take boxes at the opera. Our community has hardly adapted itself yet to the modern habit of exchanging the pavement for the sod during so many weeks, and we are suffering the evils of a transition state. One almost wishes sometimes that we might all do our city work in nine months of the year, and seek the country in a body, carrying our hearthstones and our altars with us, at least finding their counterparts where we go; but this is more than one may look for until something has been discovered or invented which will really discharge men in a measure from work, for all the discoveries and inventions of modern intelligence thus far have only imposed the necessity of working harder than ever before.

We must hint at another advantage which would be realized from putting the claims of the children foremost in our summer excursions. Strangers from the city in a country town too often disturb the good habits of the villagers, bringing in sad examples of non-attendance upon church or of Sunday amusements. The Puritan Sabbath has softened into a quiet and cheerful holy day, sacred, and yet not too sacred for a pleasant walk, or for an informal household gathering, a reunion of children and grandchildren about the old hearthstone. There is time enough for all this, and for the worship as well, during the long summer days, especially in towns where the second service

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is held early in the afternoon, and many peaceful hours remain before the setting of the sun. What a pity that this pleasant day should be disturbed by guests, who must have a Sunday dinner which is a Sunday feast, and, as they are absent from home, and cannot hear the Rev. Dr. So-and-so, conclude to worship God in the fields! — which means, for the most, idling and trifling under some "green tree," in the spirit, if not according to the letter, of the old idolatry. We could hardly think of taking *children* from the Sunday school and the regular attendance upon church, and turning them into the fields for a series of Sundays; we should make the discovery that the walk or the drive to the house of worship on the Lord's day is one of the most agreeable of our amusements. During the winter months the village pastor must often preach to very small congregations. The summer-time is his harvest-time. Whilst here in the city we have almost as many pews as parishioners, he should have a well-filled church, a company, not of critics, ready to find and assert that a man without fame must needs be a man without gifts, but of worshippers. Let those who go into the country take the Family Service-Book with them, and some earnest, cheerful sermons, for the young as well as for the elders, if they can find them, not forgetting the hymn-books; then, though they should be remote from any human sanctuary, the temple which God is ever building up about us shall not lack its devout priests and its fair acolytes, and the household will return to the city, not jaded, soured, spoiled for the routine of life, but with a reinforcement of all that is loveliest and best.

But what of the poor children who have no parents able to give them pleasant vacations? It is not a pleasant matter to think about. If possible, the poor are worse off in their wretched quarters during the months of summer than during the winter season. The charitable supply them with coal when it is needed, and a bitter cold morning is almost sure to replenish the purse of the almoner; but we believe that as yet no philanthropist has been found to send about a supply of refrigerators and ice-carts during one of those fearfully hot weeks with which we are sometimes visited. The rooms of the poor, so far as we know anything about them, are generally over-heated, summer and winter. How to get fresh air into them, is the question. A comparison of the statistics of mortality in the different wards of the city of Boston during the summer months tells a sad tale of

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the household fortunes of the poor; and yet Boston is comparatively well drained and well aired, though in the poor's quarters it is overcrowded. What can be done? The relief is distant. Improved houses, tenements a little out of town, with cheap conveyances to and fro, public squares, tea and coffee gardens to take the places of poison saloons, — these we hope will come in time. Meanwhile, if you know of a Patrick in the city whose brother Dennis lives in the country, enable the said Patrick to send the young Michael and the young Bridget to spend the vacation with the said Dennis, and, our word for it, the boy and girl will return in the autumn as much improved in moral tone as in their physical condition, — in the color of the heart as in the color of the face, — with less of that fearful wildness of look and general savagery of bearing which so often mark the child who has spent his days and evenings on wharves and lumber-yards and noisy thoroughfares, with one eye on his booty and the other on the policeman. Let the charitable remember, too, that a picnic can hardly be called a luxury for the poor children of a mission school, and that a few dollars spent in providing entertainment of this kind for those who rarely see more than a patch of sky at once, may do as much as anything to keep them out of dance-halls and houses of correction when they come to be men and women. But the topics accumulate too rapidly, as we intimated at the outset would be very likely to be the case, and we must stop before we have quite compassed sea and land upon our very humble, yet, we hope, well-meant errand. E.

ASCENT OF MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

"Let him who is in Judæa flee to the mountains." There is a spiritual sense to these words. You begin to realize the verity of the New Church doctrine, that mountains represent the highest states of the soul, and the clearest and most delightful breathings of the Divine Love, when you get out of the noise and the dust, and one of the famous summits has sucked you up into its ethers.

Mount Lafayette, though not quite so famous as Mount Washington, deserves to be nevertheless, and has not a whit less of our homage than his great compeer. He is the king of the Franconia range,

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lifting his head over all the rest, and rising towards the stars only five hundred feet less than Mount Washington himself.

On a midsummer's day six people have started to climb to the summit of Lafayette. No matter how they got there, or what they have seen on the way, if the reader will only credit the fact that they *are* there in ascension robes, fully resolved on rising nearly six thousand feet towards the zenith, over cliff and scaur and precipice, and on horses without wings.

These six people deserve some introduction to the reader, especially if he is going all the four miles with them up that almost perpendicular stairway. There is "Brother Jim," who goes first. We cannot say who he is, or where he came from; only he is an adventurous gentleman of cosmopolitan manners, resolved on making the best of everything and putting everybody at ease. He cannot be a clergyman, for he is too nonchalant for that; does not look as if he ever had the "care of souls," not even of his own, but takes it for granted that the Lord sees to those things, and that is enough. We think he must be an educated man of leisure. Then there is his "Sister Kate," in the bloom and beauty of sixteen, who, like a sensible girl as she is, has put herself in Bloomer for climbing. Then there is an invalid lady who has been shut up six months in a sick-room, and another lady and her daughter, who are not invalids, and have not the least intention of becoming so. Last of all, there is a clergyman whose bronchial pipes are so out of tune that they will not pipe to any sort of theology except the mildest, and not much even of that.

It has rained through the night, but the clouds have at last broken away, and all the morning have been rolling off the Franconia ridge, till they have all gone except one, that clings to the summit of Lafayette. But the six pilgrims start in Indian file upon the ponies. The guide puts Brother Jim first and the clergyman last, and the four ladies between. The ladies are totally ignorant of horsewomanship, and the horses know it, and won't go, or go wrong, — wrong end first, or sidewise, or, what is worse, no way at all. The clergyman thinks the invalid lady ought to have stayed at the hotel, for she will fall off and break in pieces, and he secretly hopes she will get frightened and go back. But he knows it is of no use to argue the matter, for the invalid lady has breathed the Franconia exhilarating-

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gas, has "got high" upon it, and has no sense of danger. At length, after an hour of backing and siding and fussing, Brother Jim leads off in gallant style through the woods. The ascent is at first gradual. The bridle-path leads through a grand old forest, winding up, up, up, steeper and steeper. It grazes an immense verdant basin, down into which ravines have grooved themselves from the Franconia group; and you look into it down towards the nadir, and have a sense that you shall pitch over into it and be drowned in that abysmal ocean of verdure. The bridle-path comes to great stairs of rocks, steep as the old house-roofs. You wonder what is to be done, when the ponies lay down their noses upon the stair, grunt, and leap upward, and thus clear pitch after pitch, till you get to a breathing-place. You come to what may be called the broad stair of the Lafayette bridle-path. The path leads up over a shelving ledge to a little plateau, then makes a right angle and turns up another ledge out of sight. On the little plateau or broad stair, at the angle, you have just space enough to make the turn and fetch the other precipice above. The little plateau has no railing, though from two sides of it descends a steep too fearful for the eye to look over. How is the pony to get up those shelving stairs without slipping with his rider and rolling three times over to the foot again? Or suppose he clears them and gains the plateau, won't it be with an impetus that will make him topple over the broad stair and pitch off on the opposite side, when horse and rider will roll down the rocks out of sight? Or, if he does not topple over on the opposite side, won't he make a misstep and side down that other precipice on the left? But the horses grunt, and make the leap. There is a clattering of hoofs, and they have all gone up but the bronchial man, who pauses at the foot of the cliff, musing on the hills of Difficulty that obstruct this mortal career. Shall he risk his neck with the rest, or not? They are all out of sight, and the last glimmer of the scarf of the invalid lady has disappeared among the trees away up in Nature's seventh story, like a fire-bird in the woods, and the last tone of Brother Jim's cheery voice has died upon the ear. But the last man finally makes the plunge upward. There is a sense of being shaken apart, a clinging to the horse's neck, an impression of the instability of all mundane things and of a general dance and whirl of the creation, and through this conflux and circumflux of ideas you come out at last and find

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you have cleared the broad stair of the Lafayette bridle-path, — which broad stair, by the way, is a very narrow one, — and are rejoicing on the cliffs above. You come at length to the foot of the last cliff, and there woods and shrubs and all vegetation disappear, and the head of Lafayette rises bald and bleak, half veiled in blue. You have a sense of rising into the sky and parting with the world, for you can see the sky lying off below on the bluffs and the woods and the landscapes like cerulean robes, as if the sheddings of the giant mountain himself.

The Franconia group is generally reported as having more of beauty, but less of grandeur, than the White Mountain range. That depends upon the lights and shadows in which you see them. While the six pilgrims are standing on the summit of Lafayette, there is a view presented, or rather a succession of views, than which there is nothing more awfully grand. He has not doffed his cap of clouds; a thick mist lies upon his head, and hides it from the sun. But the cloud canopy keeps lifting up and shutting down alternately, and at the end of every five minutes there is a shifting of scene. Now the whole scene disappears, and the six pilgrims can only see each other shivering on the tip-top rocks, braced against the strong wind, before which the clouds drive scudding over the summit. Then the clouds lift up, and under them the Pemigewasset valley stretches away off, lying in sunshine and verdure, like an avenue made suddenly into fairy-land. Then again, off in another direction, the town of Bethlehem and its neighbor towns and hamlets spread out for hundreds of miles under a veil of blue lying in soft transparence on an endless robe of green. But look eastward, away over the White Mountain range, and the view is grand and awful. There is pile beyond pile, Mount Washington looming up over all the rest, thirty miles off; but they are only seen under the clouds and in shadow. Now the clouds shut down and blot out the whole; now they lift up and hang over the scene black or lurid, and the gloomy pile shows in the long opening under that dismal canopy like the world under the frowns of the Day of Doom. Five minutes more, and there is another picture. The mist goes drifting over the groundwork on the Franconia side, and flecks it with soft gray, or lies upon it with openings, making an immense ocean with islands of blue and emerald. Or — *presto!* — the scene changes again, — the cloud drifts above, with

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rents and fissures for the sun to come through, and over the Franconia slopes are great islands of shadow creeping one after another, with ever-changing shape, like vast dragons taking their pastime on the mountain-sides. All is life and motion, and life on a gigantic scale.

Five o'clock, P. M. — The six pilgrims are winding down the bridle-path drenched in the shower which Lafayette has condensed for the comfort of visitors, and for invalid ladies in particular. They get to the Flume House as the dark comes on. They have been watched with a spy-glass, and with paternal solicitude, by the landlord; * but you seem to thrive on duckings and drenchings in the mountain air, and float above all earthly troubles like a balloon. We take it that the scene from the summit of Mount Lafayette is not witnessed once in a century in such blending of terrible majesty with such tints of beauty; but seen under any circumstances, it must enrich the memory for a lifetime, and we have seen nothing in New England scenery to think of more gratefully. If you will let Lafayette draw you up into his glorious ethers, even over the perilous broad stair of the bridle-path, you shall leave care, trouble, bronchitis, rheumatism, and despondency behind, and exchange the blues which you have down here on the flats for those other blues which the great Painter spreads over the face of things, and which you may indulge in for ever, and without harm. S.

PREACHING TOO WELL.

Dr. Ware the elder used sometimes to relate amusingly his experience as a parish minister. One week he had made special preparation for the pulpit, bestowing almost all his care and thought upon the morning discourse; and the result was what he considered one of his very best sermons. Saturday evening came, and he must

* We consider it the moral duty of everybody who has been to the Flume House to tell everybody else, that to go where Mr. A. H. Dunton is landlord is like going home; that he is now at the head of the Pavilion Hotel, Wolfborough, on the Winnipiseogee Lake; and not the least inducement for visiting that lovely region would be the sphere of such humanities as pervaded the Flume House while under his charge. He who fills worthily a use on which so much of human comfort depends, we consider one of the benefactors of society.

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get up something for the afternoon service, which of course must be more hastily and carelessly done. It was probably some brief and simple exposition of Scripture. Monday morning, the Doctor walks out, and meets one of his parishioners, who greets him very cordially.

Parishioner. I must thank you, Doctor, for that sermon: it has edified me more than I can tell you.

Doctor. I bestowed much care upon it, and am glad that my labor was not lost.

Parishioner. I assure you it was not. It has cleared up my doubts and difficulties.

Doctor. I presume you refer to the morning discourse.

Parishioner. No, sir, — the afternoon. The morning discourse, — I — I don't particularly remember about that. S.

THE MAY-QUEEN.

THE last time we heard it sung was by one in the abounding life and beauty of girlhood. Not long after, we heard that the blight had fallen upon her, and that she was bidding farewell to this world of sunshine and flowers. She had been brought to experience the meaning of the verse which she sang with so much tenderness that it brought tears into the eyes of those who heard it, —

"I lie awake all night, mother, and fall asleep at morn."

It seemed to us that Tennyson had not completed the poem. As he leaves it, an impression of sadness lingers with the reader, as if he had shut us up in the darkness of the tomb. There must be a fourth part complementary to the three others, if only we could catch the jubilant strain and sing the triumph over death. Mr. Harris, of the Herald of Light, seems to have caught snatches of it, and it is very different from the poetry which the spheres are wont to send down upon us. We give a few extracts. S.

"O mother, stay those falling tears, and, Effie, hush thy sighs,
And give me up to God! till then my spirit cannot rise.
I'm breathing in a blessed trance, and soon I have to go:
The room was dark a moment since, but now 't is all aglow, —
Aglow with rosy light, wherein the blessed angels stand;
And I shall keep the May-day in their brighter, better land.

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"Hush! do not speak! One with a crown of myrtles on his brow
Is telling me of wondrous things, — break not the silence now.
Strange, mother! I have often heard through nights of anguish long,
As if to soothe my aching heart, a low, sweet bridal song.
More sweet it comes, — I 'm going home, — your forms I cannot see;
But plainer grow the Shining Ones, with whom I soon shall be.

"The May, the pleasant English May, will blossom far and near,
But in the land I 'm going to 't is springtide all the year;
And every day the flowerets grow more odorous and rare,
For gentle deeds and loving words change into blossoms there.
I 'm steeped in such delicious rest! — I cannot, cannot stay; —
On the first beam of morning light my soul will glide away.

"I thought to wake an airy thing, with phantoms pale and white,
Made up of vapors pure and fine, and beams of floating light;
But here I am with azure eyes and locks of golden curl,
And dimpled cheek and rounded arm, — an artless English girl.
And holy saints, I thought to see with scanty hair and gray,
Are golden youths and maidens fair, dressed for a marriage-day.

"I asked to see my grandsire old, — a youthful bridegroom came;
And grandmamma drew near, attired in robes of lilied flame;
A bridal dress it was, and she was here a tender spouse,
With virgin blushes on the cheek, and roses on the brows.
I gazed at her, and then my heart found happy words to say,
'Sure you are the Queen of the May, mother! sure you are the Queen of the May.'

"But now I see how kind it was in Him the angels love
To wean my heart from earthly things, for endless joy above.
I fall and worship at His feet, like her who knelt of old
And wiped the precious tears away with tresses all of gold.
I kneel and bless His holy name; — I should not here abide,
If Jesus for the love of me had suffered not and died."

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Great Concern; or, Man's Relation to God and a Future State. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. — Human life is a great mystery, which the Bible does not offer to resolve, save so far as we need light to guide our steps to God. This light it abundantly supplies in the great Word of Jesus, in the prophecies which heralded, and in the discourses that echoed this Word. There are perplexities in life, but they must not be allowed to color our whole view of life. There are obscure sentences in the Book, but they must not be allowed to control our general interpretation of the Book. When we consider our relation to God and eternity, we continually fall into silence. What this and the other mean, we do not know now, perhaps we shall know hereafter. This silence and suspense we can bear; but if we were obliged by any force of reasoning or exegesis to accept the views of man and Providence developed in this volume, we should be utterly wretched, we could take pleasure no longer in any of the joys of life; the sight of our children would fill us with the keenest distress.

We chanced to come to the reading of these sad pages from the perusal of a volume of Sermons by Kingsley, "The Good News of God," and the contrast was painful in the extreme. These papers were evidently dictated by an honest purpose, but we must frankly say that they seem to us to be wholly wanting in breadth of treatment, and in an enlightened estimate of the Scriptures, whilst the quietness with which the most appalling conclusions are announced is utterly inexplicable. Where, we asked, are the strong crying, and the page blistered with tears? And what is the use of talking about "*reasonableness*," when it is admitted, that, although spite of Adam we are *naturally* able to love goodness, we are *morally* unable, — that, although the Gospel is offered to all, it will be accepted only by those for whose sake God interposes to overcome this sinful reluctance, whilst the rest of the world, fatally damaged by the sin of their progenitor, being left to their *natural* ability and *moral* inability, perish everlastingly, live as fiends and wretches by millions eternally? But do you not see, it is asked, that some persons incline to God and

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goodness, whilst others do not? We do, and it is a deep mystery. But we find nothing, whether in Philosophy or in the Epistle to the Romans, which compels us to solve the mystery by saying that our God is a respecter of persons; and he is that if he interposes to save some from ruin, and not others.

We have expressed ourselves strongly, but we could do no other. Such books as this of which we write must be reckoned amongst the unavoidable mischiefs of Protestantism, as extreme and injurious in their way as the productions of the rationalist, which, indeed, they provoke. We fear that, if we had our will, we should be tempted, with the Lord Keeper Williams in the time of James I. of England, to suppress the writings both of the Calvinist and of the Rationalist, as he put a stop to the strife between Arminians and Calvinists. Happily for the freedom of the press, we have not our will! E.

Lectures on Theology, by Rev. Bennet Tyler, D. D., *late President and Professor of Theology in the Theological Institute of Connecticut. With a Memoir, by* Rev. Nahum Gale, D.D. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1859. — With a most prodigal expenditure of consistency, we must make an exception, spite of what we have said in the above notice, in favor of this Calvinistic publication. It would be very ungrateful to hint at a censorship of the press to be enforced against a book that was taken in hand only to be glanced at, but which was scarcely laid down until the whole had been read. The Memoir did not interest us much, — there seems to have been little material to work up into a biography; but the Lectures are an exceedingly clear, logical, fair, and kindly statement of genuine Calvinism, by a man of ability, honesty, and Christian feeling. Strongly as we dissent from some of his conclusions, we have not found such faith this many a day, and we can understand that the writer must have been a true master in Israel in discerning between a genuine and a spurious religious experience. We admire the frankness with which he meets the acknowledged difficulties of Calvinism and the entire absence of all attempts to smooth over hard matters by hair-splitting and skilful euphemisms. We cannot think with the writer, and yet we have been edified by him, and are sure we should have liked the man and his preaching. The eighteenth Lecture, on the Evidences of Regeneration, is full of most admirable lessons. E.

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An Essay on Intuitive Morals, being an Attempt to Popularize Ethical Science. Part I. *Theory of Morals.* First American Edition, with Additions and Corrections by the Author. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. — This Essay is animated by a pure moral spirit, and is the work of a clear and cultivated mind; but we cannot set so high a mark upon it as some of our contemporaries have been led to do. It resolves too many mysteries. Life is not so plain as this author finds it. The origin and the end of evil are not to be discerned so easily as this amiable thinker supposes. E.

Commentary on the Gospel of John. By Dr. Augustus Tholuck. Translated from the German by Chas. P. Krauth, D.D. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 1859. — The student of the Scriptures, within and outside of the Schools of Divinity, will be glad to have the commentary of so competent a scholar as Tholuck upon the Gospel of the beloved disciple in a good English translation. We used to be familiar with the smaller version, by Kaufman; but this is the rendering of a later and much fuller edition, with additions from the author's seventh and last revision. The Translator has also added to the work, and there are two Appendices by Professor T. F. Lehman. E.

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before him for the refulgent summer and autumn save the double walls of granite streets. It is pleasant to turn over such fair pages here, — how much pleasanter for those who sit under the elms and apple-trees of rural New England! May it help to elevate our young men of leisure into farmers. E.

The Pasha Papers. Epistles of Mohammed Pasha, Rear Admiral of the Turkish Navy, written from New York to his Friend, Abel Ben Hassan. Translated into the Anglo-American from the Original Manuscripts. To which are added sundry other Letters, critical and explanatory, laudatory and objurgatory, from gratified or injured Individuals in various parts of the Planet. New York: Chas. Scribner. 1859. — A sharp satire upon New York society, with a side stroke at our own quiet little town. It may be of service where more serious lessons would be unavailing. The papers are written with not a little ability. E.

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Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters. By MRS. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. — A charming little specimen of the blue and gold series; the very volume to carry in one's pocket upon a summer ramble, and bring out at the picnic when dulness is stealing over your neighbor or yourself. E.

Eschatology; or the Scripture Doctrine of the Coming of the Lord, the Judgment, and the Resurrection. By SAMUEL LEE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1859. — We have followed the writer's exposition with much interest, and welcome heartily every attempt to gain and set forth clearer views upon a subject which, as it is unfolded in too many discourses from the pulpit, seems to be given over to hopeless confusions and contradictions. We cannot go along with the author in his explanations of the Epistles to the Thessalonians: the text

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will hardly bear, in our judgment, the meaning which he puts upon it. But his book is earnest, honest, able, and reverent, and a long step in the right direction. E.

To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage. By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. — A very large circle of readers will give a hearty welcome to the author of "Two Years before the Mast," in this *excursus* from the domain of Law, and their expectations will be met by an exceedingly instructive, entertaining, and well-written book. E.

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Igdrasil; or, The Tree of Existence. By JAMES CHALLEN. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1859. — The best part of this book is the opening extract from Carlyle. Of the remainder we wish that we could say a kind word, but sincerity will not suffer us. The author seems to us to be far more abundantly endowed with the moral sentiment, than with any of the poetic faculties. The paper upon which the poems are printed is exceedingly luxurious. E.

Cranston House: a Novel. By HANNAH ANDERSON ROPES. Boston: Otis Clapp. — A touching story of suffering, struggle, and triumph over difficulties. Sallie and Peter, around whom the interest of the story gathers intensely as it proceeds, are two beautiful characters drawn with admirable skill. We are stronger and better for having known and loved "Aunt Mary," even in idea. The book has the rare merit of being a novel whose interest is unflagging from the opening chapter to the close, and of illustrating at the same time the highest spiritual truths, as shown in practical life. You may read it for recreation in a leisure hour, or for cheer and comfort in the path of duty, or for both together; and there are not many books of the class which will perform a more beneficent use. S.

Dissertations on the Regenerate Life, and Subjects connected therewith, in Harmony with the Writings of E. Swedenborg. By JAMES ARBOUIN, Esq. Savannah: E. J. Purse. Boston: Otis Clapp. — From the brief but interesting Memoir prefixed to the essays, we

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learn that the author was of French origin, but educated in England, where he spent his life. He was an early believer in the doctrines of the New Church as disclosed in Swedenborg's writings, under whose influence his character developed into the sweetest graces of the Christian. The "Dissertations" make a small volume of 172 pages. Among the topics are Regeneration, the Natural and Spiritual Mind, the Plights and Progress of Religion, the Necessity of acquiring a Mild and Gentle Spirit, Marriage in the Celestial and Spiritual Church, the Divine Humanity of the Lord. They breathe a humble and delightful spirit, are written in a style easy and attractive, and as perspicuous as the subjects will admit; and no person can read them in a truly religious mood without edification. S.

PAMPHLETS.

The Broad Church Pulpit. Vol. I. No. 1. *The Broad Altar.* By SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D. New York: Burt, Hutchinson, & Abbey. 1859. — Catholic, reverent, and earnest.

A Sermon for Midsummer Day. By REV. THEODORE PARKER. With Prefatory Letter from Mr. Parker at Santa Cruz. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. 1859. — The Prefatory Letter is very welcome. The Sermon itself seems to us utterly unworthy of a man of Mr. Parker's gifts and culture. We cannot understand how he could have suffered his friends to print it.

The Signal Work of the Holy Spirit in these United States: the Third Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts. By the Right Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese. Boston: Jas. B. Dow. 1859. — A plain, hearty discourse, thoroughly low-church, and, as the phrase is, "Evangelical" in its tone, and making no terms with the Sacramentarians of the Episcopal sect.

Views in New England Theology. By a Company of Ministers. No. 1. *The New England Theology contrasted with the New Arminianism.* Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1859. — *The Condition of the Congregational Board of Publication, set forth in a Protest against a Recent Vote of its Executive Committee.* By PARSONS COOKE. Second Edition. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1859. — These pamphlets are a sufficient refutation, if any were needed, of the common assertion, that the Calvinism from which the Liberal Christians seceded some half a century since is the Calvinism of the leading minds amongst New England Congregationalists to-day.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Man, the Image of God, by Rev. E. Robie	73
The Wanderer and the Genius, by Rev. C. T. Brooks	80
The Voice to the World. A Sermon by Rev. T. T. Stone	81
Independence, False and True, by M. W.	89
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. VIII. By E. P. P.	92
Song of the Morning	99
A Gathered Lily	100
Into Stillness, by Rev. C. T. Brooks	103
Letter to a Young Friend, by M. P.	104
Obituary of Mrs. S. F. Clapp, by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D.	108
The Hopeful, Patient, and Trusting, by D. E. J.	115
Readings for the Sunday School: The Early Christian Church. No. III. By H. M.	117
The Uses of the Sabbath	122
David Tappan Stoddard, the Christian Missionary, by Rev. S. W. Bush	126
Editors' Random Readings. How to make Christians, by R. E.	133
Sunset on Mount Washington, by E. H. S.	138
Notices of Books	141

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MAN, THE IMAGE OF GOD.

THERE are many expressions of Scripture which have a fulness of meaning more than can be exhausted by a single statement. They contain germs of truth capable of manifold expansion and application. They are like polished precious stones, which send out rays of light of various color from different sides. Of this kind is the expression *Image of God* as applied to man. This expression is sometimes applied to man as belonging to him by nature or original creation; sometimes as belonging to him by redemption. God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. The new man in Christ Jesus is renewed in knowledge and true holiness after the image of him that created him. From this twofold use of the expression, some have inferred that the image of God in which man was originally created was lost by sin. But there lies at the basis of such an inference an assumption that must first be proved, and which cannot be proved, for it is contrary to the whole tenor of the Scriptures; to wit, that the new creation of man by redemption in Christ Jesus, is nothing more than a restoration of the condition

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in which Adam was before his fall. The redeemed in Christ Jesus will attain to an incomparably higher position in holiness and happiness than the first Adam was ever in before his fall, or than Adam himself would have attained if he had never sinned, inasmuch as a *sanctified* soul — one who *has* sinned, but has become free from sin — has a much stronger holiness than the *innocent* soul that has never sinned. The conflict with temptation and sin, and the victory over the same through redeeming grace, will make a stronger and higher holiness than could be attained without such conflict and victory.

Besides, the Scriptures repeatedly teach that the image of God in man is an essential element of his constitution, and remains to him even in his sinful and fallen state. In Genesis ix. 6, the inviolability of human life is based upon the fact that man is made in the image of God, which evidently implies that he still bears this image as the seal of his right to life; for the reason of the law failing, the law itself would fail. In the Epistle of James we are forbidden to curse our fellow-men, because *they* are made after the similitude of God. The Apostle does not use the singular number, as though he would refer to Adam alone, but the plural, meaning the men then living, the entire race of man. Every son and daughter of Adam is created in the image of God.

Undoubtedly the divine image which is the result of redemption in Christ Jesus, stands in close and most essential relation to that divine image in which man is originally created. The one is the true realization and completion of the other. The image of God in man by creation is given him, that he may attain unto the other and higher image set before him in the Son of God; if not in the straight path of obedience to the Divine law, as no mortal man has ever done, then in the circuitous way of regeneration by redeeming grace. But the two images are not one and the same, though they have a common ground plan; the first

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is the dim outline of what man may be and ought to be, the second is the complete filling up of the picture.*

Little need be said to define what is to be understood by the image of God in man. It is that which constitutes a man; that by which man is specifically different from the brutes that perish, and exalted above them; that immortal spiritual nature by which he is capable of the ideas of moral truth, of God, of right, of justice, of immortality, infinity, and eternity, — capable of choice, and of acting according to choice, — conscious of obligation to moral law, and of a feeling of approbation or disapprobation according as in his life and conduct he regards or disregards the obligation. In consequence of this image of God in his soul, the outward objects of nature and the manifold events of life continually suggest to him the thought of God, and of his undying relation to a Supreme Lawgiver and Judge. And, without considering further or more directly the nature of the image of God in man, or the proofs of it, we propose to consider in this article two or three important consequences that result from the truth that man is made in the image of God.

The first we mention is, that it renders it possible for man to have some true knowledge of God. We can understand the thoughts and feelings of other minds only by having corresponding thoughts and feelings in our own minds. No one, for example, can know anything of the feeling of *love* from any description of it in words, who has not had some experience of it in his own heart. No description of love, joy, sorrow, hope, fear, anger, pleasure, or pain, could give us any idea of what was meant by these feelings, if we never had had any experience of them in ourselves. As the blind man knows nothing of colors, and the deaf man nothing of sounds, and as no description

* For this view the writer is indebted to Julius Müller, in his *Christian Doctrine of Sin*, Book IV. Chap. 3.

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can give the blind man any idea of color, or the deaf man any idea of music, so neither can any description of any feeling of our nature give any idea of it to one who has not at some time had the feeling within himself. So it is with regard to our ideas of God. We can have no idea of any attribute of the Divine nature unless there be something analogous to that attribute in our own nature. If there be any attribute in the Divine nature to which there is nothing analogous in our own nature, we can know no more about it than a blind man knows about colors, or a deaf man about music. But we are not thus in ignorance with regard to the character of God. From a knowledge of himself, each man may obtain some true knowledge of God. There is in man, for example, a feeling of love, benevolence, kindness, call it what you may, and from this feeling or consciousness of love in himself a man may form some faint, yet true idea of the infinite love, the infinite benevolence, there is in God. And the Scripture repeatedly calls upon us to draw from the analogy of human affection, as of a father for his son, a mother for her child, a brother for a sister, some idea of the infinite loving-kindness of the Lord our God. There is also in man a natural sentiment of justice, a feeling that cries out for punishment upon the doer of wrong; and from this feeling of justice in ourselves, we may have some faint yet true idea of the infinite justice there is in God. He that formed the eye, shall not he see? He that planted the ear, shall not he hear? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?

Doubtless our ideas of our Creator are altogether inadequate to the reality, but they are true ideas for all that. The pledge of their truth is in the fact, that man is made in the image of God. As you view some broad landscape, the image in your eye is exceedingly small in comparison with the magnificent prospect before you which it represents, still smaller in comparison with the wide expanse of the starry heavens over your head, yet after all is a true

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image of the broad landscape or the heavenly expanse ; so the idea of God in the human soul may be very small, yea, infinitesimally small, in comparison with the transcendent reality, and yet be a true idea. God is not an unknown God, for we are his offspring. No man who carefully attends to the lineaments of that divine image which the finger of God has inscribed on his own soul, is in any danger of being deceived with regard to the real character of his Creator and Sovereign Judge.

A second consequence resulting from the truth that man is made in the image of God, is the possibility of man's having communion with God. The free intelligent soul can have no communion, no sense of sympathy, with the powers of nature, nor the powers of nature with the free intelligent soul. We love nature, and in a sense may be said to commune with nature, but only as the revelation of the spiritual and divine. In order to communion, there must be on both sides intellect, affection, will, and moral sentiment, corresponding in kind, however different in degree. Communion with God implies that there is such a similarity of faculties and affections in God and man, that man, while he shall think of God as infinitely exalted above all human limitations, shall yet think of him as having the tenderest sympathy with his offspring on the earth ; as condescending to listen to their prayers, and freely imparting from his own infinite fulness a supply to all their need. In accordance with the dependent relation of the creature on the Creator, it implies also an entire submission of the human soul to the will of God in devoted, intelligent love. Now were God simply a boundless substance of vital power, filling the universe, yet without those personal qualities which win the affection of beings like ourselves, such communion would be impossible. We might give ourselves up in idle indifference to this universal, impersonal power, and call it religion ; we might let ourselves be carried along unresistingly for good or for evil, like a chip upon the river, and

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call it submission; but it would be neither religion nor submission in the Christian sense of the words. Communion implies sympathy of thought, affection, desire, and action; and this is possible only between persons. God made man in his own image; and as man is a person, so is God a person; as man can say *I will*, so can God say *I will;* and as a father giveth good gifts unto his children, so will God give good things to them that ask him. How warm, how glowing, are the expressions of love, confidence, and devoted affection, uttered by David and the prophets, in their hours of communion with God! Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth I desire beside thee. God to them was not an impersonal power of nature, or a distant abstraction, but a personal friend, ever present with them to comfort and guide them. No earthly friend can be so near as God is near to the soul that trusts in him. The High and Lofty One delights to dwell with the humble and contrite. A personal God presides over the universe. He has revealed his being, his thoughts, his purposes and plans, to those whom he has made in his own image. He is their omnipresent Illuminator and Guide; and when they choose him as the central object of their affection and thought, when they sympathize with him in holy love, and yield their hearts to his will, then they live in communion with him, and in this union of affection and will with the will of God consists their true life, their eternal joy.

A third consequence resulting from the truth that man is made in the image of God, is the possibility of the incarnation, or the manifestation of God in human nature, which was realized in the person of Jesus Christ. We have seen that all our ideas of God are formed from the analogy of our own nature, and that it cannot be otherwise, unless we fall a prey to misty, empty abstractions, of which we can know nothing, and which of course are of no practical effect. Hence, were God to manifest himself to the world of mankind, we cannot conceive it possible for him

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to reveal himself so as to give us an intelligible idea of him, except in a nature kindred to our own, — free, indeed, from every imperfection, and endowed with every moral excellence in absolute perfection. When, therefore, Scripture tells us that he has thus manifested himself to us in the person of Jesus Christ, the doctrine, so far from being self-contradictory or unreasonable, is what the human mind would naturally expect, is what indeed the whole world had ever been looking for, is what is absolutely necessary to a perfect and complete religion, a perfect and complete communion between God and man, and makes Christianity to be the highest possible, the all-perfect religion for man, and adapted to the wants of the whole world. The craving desire of the human heart for some definite idea of God, and which is the great cause of idolatry, is eternally satisfied in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Aside from the necessity of redemption, there is reason to believe that such a manifestation would have taken place. Our purest, our truest, our highest, our most spiritual idea of God, is not when we muse upon omnipresent power, or vital energy, filling all space, however useful such meditation may be, but when we think of the fulness of holiness, truth, and love that are embodied in our ascended and glorified Redeemer, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Christ is in an altogether peculiar and most especial sense the visible image of the invisible God; and it is by beholding his glory, that we are changed into the same image from one degree of brightness unto another. By looking unto Jesus, the godlike in man is quickened into life and action, and the new man renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him in righteousness and true holiness. By faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, the soul of man is born again, and no man can accomplish his true destination except by being born again in the image of God.

E. R.

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THE WANDERER AND THE GENIUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL BECK.

WANDERER.

O thou unsearchable Spirit! Thou lendest the thirsty brown meadows
Rains that refresh and make glad; dews that like balsam distil:
But the lone heart of humanity bleeds in perpetual conflict,
And its wild, withering glow —

GENIUS.

Cools in the shower of tears.

WANDERER.

Up to the cloudy pavilion the rocky-browed mountains, adoring,
Lift their majestical heads, giants upholding the world;
Man Thou hast gifted with will, but denied him the power of creation,
Father Eternal!

GENIUS.

To him intellect mighty I gave.

WANDERER.

Lo! how the gloom of the night with innumerable star-fires is blazing!
But in the gloom of the breast —

GENIUS.

Glorious presentiment dawns!

WANDERER.

Blooms with a sevenfold radiance the cloud-born and sun-begot rainbow:
Round the dark, desolate mind —

GENIUS.

Hovers a radiant dream.

WANDERER.

Lo! for a century yon Oak has baffled the force of the tempest;
But the lone, tottering old man —

GENIUS.

Leans on Futurity's staff.

WANDERER.

Gavest Thou all things to man, — then why such insatiable wishes?

GENIUS.

Had not the mortal a wish, — then would the mortal be God.

C. T. B.

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THE VOICE TO THE WORLD.

A SERMON BY REV T. T. STONE.

MATT. iii. 2; iv. 17: — "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

THE beginning of the speech both of John first, and of Jesus afterward. Nor has this word become obsolete. We may drop from the earlier utterances of it the conditions of the time and the place, and translate it into language as well befitting our age and the world now existing, as the generation and the nation to whom it first came. So near — near in universal and perpetual presence — is the Lord to us also, — his laws supreme, his sovereignty wise and just, imparting life through charity and obedience, and revealing the death which sin is; it is for us to recognize the great truth, and to enter into harmony with the celestial order. The voice is to the world; let the world hear. Let me add what some methods of thinking in our times seem to overlook. The voice is to the Church; let the Church hear.

The entrance into the heavenly state, that is, the true repentance, supposes reconsideration both of our views of God and of our ways of living; it involves correction of all discovered errors, whether inward or outward; it issues in genuine aspiration for the spirit of the Lord, and for growth toward perfection. If we cannot think of exhausting a subject so vast, we may yet approach it with humility, seeking the reality for our hearts beyond all words to the ear or the eye.

I. Let there be thorough reconsideration of what has been taken for true, what has been done either as right or in thoughtlessness of right and wrong. Some, we may fear, neglect religious reflection, if not altogether, yet so nearly altogether, that whether they acquiesce in traditional creeds or reject them, we could hardly pronounce them either believers or sceptics; they repeat assertions,

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they vociferate denials, according to the side they take; but they have not looked devoutly toward the truth; they have not thought earnestly; they have not reviewed their thoughts; they have not summoned all their faculties and applied them, through long days and watchful nights, to the search for wisdom and virtue. Even of those to whom life has been a more intense struggle, we may venture a doubt whether many have made of it the discipline they should. Religion, as presented in the circle within which they were born and trained, or as rendered more attractive by some sect which they meet in later days, is all which they seek: they wish nothing higher than their mothers or fathers taught, or their new association gives them. There is a counteraction. Disgusted with the falseness of sects, old or new, the gentler souls in sorrow, the sterner in contempt, repudiate them all, and sometimes pass off into a wilderness of doubt, perhaps of sheer unbelief.

Amidst such neglect of the highest things, such dead faith, such serious doubt or trifling unbelief, pervading society, not universal it is true, but general all will admit, let the ancient voice sound out anew; let men listen to it afresh, and really repent. Let them think, and let them renew and redouble their thinking. Let them reconsider what they have received; and if perchance they have received nothing as yet heartily, let them begin to consider.

1. Call back the thought to God. If he has been forgotten in the rush of business and the pressure of care, or in the occupation of the mind by pursuit of pleasure or power of science, or through any other circumstances whatever, let the forgetfulness be shaken off, and the great remembrance be renewed. If, on the other hand, he has been hitherto remembered, but remembered only according to the dogmas of sects ancient or modern, orthodox or heretical, let the remembrance come back in excitement to thorough and devout reconsideration. God is indeed unseen; his essence is unsolved mystery; the method of his operation

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is a hidden process. But as the soul in us, unseen, mysterious, living and moving we know not how, yet discovers itself for ever in life, in feeling, in thought, in wills, in living activity; so does God discover himself for ever through skies and earth and man, in beauty, movement, order, power, love, — invisible things clearly seen through things always done or doing. Looking into and within all things, and our own hearts, as at once containing him and perceiving him, we shall not be defrauded of the heavenly vision. Beholding the one unsullied image, through which God combines the grandeur of his unapproached and unbroken unity with the nearer and lovelier conceptions of a Divine nature in human forms, we come through the Son to know the Father. Receiving into our souls the Spirit, breathed evermore of God, filling and exalting his Son Jesus Christ, uniting us to the Lord, and living in us as power of a new life from the Father, we rise into growing consciousness of the Universal Presence. God is truly with us.

Surely, my friends, we should not be strangers to that which is so near to us; so near always in fact; so near in conscious feeling and thought, when once we have opened our hearts to the vision. Let us call out the deepest in the soul to seek and welcome the deepest in nature; let us ask the Power to reveal his own life and energy within us, by wakening our whole mind, every feeling, every thought, every activity, to seek after him and to find him; assured that he is not far from every one of us.

2. Recall the revelations of God. I do not mean barely, that we bring anew before us, blessed as these are, the monuments and records of ancient revelations; this we should indeed do, these monuments and records we should seek and study, and strive to interpret truly and thoroughly, but all that we may through them, as through every form and process of existence, discover those attributes of the First Being which are laws to us, and which, as we keep the commandments, penetrate into us as powers of an endless

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life. So finding the universality of those revelations, in other words finding God in all, we perceive the atmosphere of divineness encircling and quickening all: the world becomes a temple; time becomes a Sabbath; life an inspiration of God. Man is no longer creature or thrall of earth, but immortal child of the Lord; and all his doings, even to the lowliest services and relations, are raised from the level of secular degradation to the height of spiritual activities working out everlasting issues.

3. Within the lights of such Divine revelation, reconsider the methods of living which have been pursued. As these two worlds are ours, the heavenly and the earthly, so we may live from the one of them or from the other, to the one or to the other. As the Lord is for ever imparting to us the life which we call our own, so we may receive and use it as from him and to him, or, neglecting him, as from ourselves and to ourselves. In the one case we grow selfish and earthly; in the other, heavenly, and like the Being who knows no selfishness, and is pure Love. Let each person bring up before the mind whatever he can remember of his own course, and examine thoroughly within which of these spheres it has its source and its character; whether in any or every step he is going up toward the celestial height, or going down toward the infernal depth. And as each body calling itself church, each connection calling itself nation or state, nay, each number of persons united as family or otherwise, not only comprises so many individuals of certain qualities and conditions, but also vital relations of each to other and to the whole, of the whole to each and all, expressed in common deeds, laws, and institutions, — and as to these relations, in themselves and in all their agencies and effects, the Lord is just as near as to the person in his utmost privacy, — it becomes a solemn duty to bring them also within the compass of the same devout reconsideration. Is this church really verifying its claim to be portion of the body of the Lord? Does it live from the Lord or from the

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Self? Is its course heavenly or earthly? Is this state or nation making real in its deeds, in its laws, in its institutions, the elements of God's own being, and bodying them forth in the processes of history? So likewise in smaller communities, as the family, and in all associations, of whatever kind, or for whatever purpose. Let them be summoned to the inexorable religious criticism. The right will stand; the wrong ought to fall.

II. Let a careful correction of all our errors succeed the discovery. The thought of God which has been inert or false, let it be roused to constant activity, and made clearer and clearer by its action. The revelations of God, as in the Sacred Scriptures, or in nature and history, which have been overlooked or misinterpreted, let them be kept for ever open to the mind, and read with large and holy wisdom. What is thus found false in old opinions, let it be given up in behalf of the higher truth. What is thus found wrong in habitual action, let it be forthwith and resolutely put away for better doing. And whatever in those feelings, which at once color our opinions and vivify our actions, is detected as selfish, obstinate, proud, or in any way contrary to purity and kindness, let us strive to remove from us; and, although feeling as such is quicker than thought or purpose, and cannot be directly swayed by the will, yet let the laws of the soul, which are really the laws of God, be so faithfully kept, as to enable us to bring before the mind only pure and ennobling things, and to excite through chosen deeds only right and generous feelings. It matters not though the sins and errors thus discovered in us have found organization and establishment in the forms of society, by which we are surrounded, of which we form a living portion. Falsehood does not turn to truth, because councils and churches have decreed it to be doctrine of God; nor does truth pass into falsehood, because hoary dogmatisms declare it baseless and impious. Evil is not the less evil, injustice not the less injustice, because power in kingdoms

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or commonwealths has enacted them; nor is good less divine, justice less commanding and imperial, when the same power has forbidden them and imposed its heaviest penalties upon them. Nay, my friends, there is only one thing to do here. Before God throned in the conscience, we can never ask but one question; that question answered, our church, our country, our father's house, husband or wife, every personal interest, life itself, must give place to the oracle. The truth which is good to the soul, the good which is truth to the mind, must be obeyed as supreme, — our hearts ready to accept the divine reality at every hazard, against every prejudice, — our lives regulated into harmony with it, though we gain only this, and lose everything else.

For our age and country, for ourselves and our connections with men and society, it seems a stern and terrible law. It demands of each that he should think; and thought is fiery, flashing, explosive. Let in amidst the dried traditions of the past, and the withered beliefs or unbeliefs piled up in the privacies of the mind, and the selfish passions hallowed by false religion or combining with proud and sneering irreligion, it shows first how dark, how filthy, how deathlike, the cavernous abyss; it runs next through the whole, kindling a lurid flame, and does not stop but with burning up the chaotic mass. It is, so we dream, an unrelenting destroyer. It leaves, where its course has been, only fallen ruins. The earth is a wide waste. Why not? The thought inspired of God is itself the reality here, and must open a spot for its growth out of the Eternal into the temporary, — out of the Divine mystery into the human order of existence. Fear no truth; if it pierces, it is to heal; if it destroys, it is to renew; if it kills, it is to raise the dead; and if silently, yet surely and steadily, through the benignant process of repentance, it is all the time rearing up the living temple of the Lord. It is only for us to work with it and in it, sparing no error, giving indulgence to no sin; really willing to find out what is false and evil, really willing to give up the false and evil, once found out.

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Having so corrected the wrong, we have another principle to cherish and develop.

III. Let the genuine aspiration of the soul be accepted to its destined service. Through this entire process, from the first awakened thought directed to every revelation of God, discovering evil, and advancing to the correction of it, there is at the heart of it an inspiration from the Father, which continually becomes in us a growing aspiration for the highest virtue which can be reached. This aspiration, as it is effluence of the spirit, seeks evermore new consciousness of the spirit; and, as it is of kindred with the infinite good, spends itself in earnest effort for perfection.

1. Repentance, so far advanced as to open into consciousness of the Holy Spirit, is the need of our whole Christendom; the need, not as of a single want among others, but as the one great, all-absorbing need. Sin may fight against sin, falsehood against falsehood; nay, there have not been wanting suggestions for providing an equipoise of conflicting evils, of selfish interests balanced against each other, which might even secure the ends of good, and almost serve as substitutes for real charity. The final issue can, however, be no other than the supplanting of one evil by another, perhaps greater than that it succeeded, the production of new conflicts calling for another adjustment, more disturbing, it may be, than the old: so on, from bad to worse. Only the Spirit itself of good removes evils effectually and permanently; only when there comes into action the law which the primitive disciples recognized in proclaiming the Gospel and doing its miracles, can the individual, the society, the church, be saved and blessed. Policy here is fruitless, science insufficient, money worthless; but when once the voice is uttered and heard, Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk! — humanity rises from its impotence, and, though weak in itself, is strong in the Lord; though poor in itself, is rich in the heavenly gift;

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though sinful and ignorant in itself, grows into Divine wisdom and is purified by the Spirit of holiness. Let every soul strive and pray for the heavenly inspiration.

2. In which effort and prayer, let us be content only with the highest possible approach toward perfection. When once the character is amended and corrected through the tears and toils of repentance, then it is to be felt that the great life is just beginning. Then, summoning all the powers to their full activity; then, disenthralled from the captivity which binds the soul in sin; then, amidst the light descending from heaven to open the way thither, and enlarged by the feeling of freedom alive within us, — we are to rest only through the Sabbath-life springing up in the heart; we are to strive only with the gentleness of the love which unites us to the Lord; asking only that the fresh dawn may deepen continually into the perfect day.

I have spoken the word as I could. The word itself is not mine nor man's. It comes down still, as of old, from above. It sounds still, as of old, into a wilderness. It is the Lord speaking to the world which he loves. It is the Lord inviting and drawing the prodigal wanderer from a far country to his Father's house. It is the Father calling and blessing his child; might the child obey the call, and accept the blessing!

"In the silent midnight watches
List thy bosom door,
How it knocketh — knocketh — knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 't is thy pulse's beating,
'T is thy heart of sin;
'T is thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise and let me in."

A. C. Coxe.

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INDEPENDENCE, FALSE AND TRUE.

1. FALSE, as seen in "Young America." I hardly know whether to call it the more amusing or disagreeable, when a little urchin, old enough, however, to understand what good manners are, saunters round with the utmost nonchalance, whistling or humming a tune, in the presence of a stranger of three or four times his own age. "Young America" errs in declining to ask or accept advice from those whose larger experience of life renders them much more capable of judging on many subjects. Conventional rules, which, as they express the sense of the community on certain points, deserve a degree of regard, though obligations to high principle may at times require them to be set aside as things of no moment, are disregarded by "Young America." The young do not realize that, though mere fashions may be whimsical and transient, there are certain fixed laws in conduct, apart from morals, which, having their basis in the natural fitness of things, are to be violated only in obedience to a still higher law, and then in a tone of meekness, not of defiance. This perversion of the genuine idea of independence is commonly rectified, to some degree at least, by increasing age; for years have a wonderful efficacy in sobering and correcting exaggerated ideas of our own superiority in wisdom.

2. Commonly, but not always, young scorners mature into censorious dogmatizers, speaking unwelcome truths on all occasions, whether called for or not; and that with so much of what the French call *brusquerie* of manner, as to make their frankness a very different thing from what we may suppose the Apostle Paul to have had in view, when he commended "speaking the truth in love." There are those who never think it worth while to vary a hair's breadth in act or word from the course they had laid out for themselves, however much it may jar upon the feelings of others.

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They remind us of the man of whom it was once remarked, that he would not call a cat pussy, for the sake of conciliating, for all the world. "For myself," said the person so describing him, "I would not call a cat a dog on any account; but I should not object to calling her pussy if any one preferred that name." A great deal is often sacrificed through obstinate adherence to trifles.

3. The fierce denouncer is not truly independent. Words spoken in passion, however bold and true they may be, give no proof of a free spirit, though we may for a little while delude ourselves with the idea that we have spoken nobly. Further consideration must assure us that the fire which animated us was not the pure love of truth and duty, not the descent of the tongue of flame from heaven, but the outbursting of less holy fires from within.

Over against these counterfeits, place real independence, — an independence founded on moral courage, which in its turn has its basis in deep, immovable principle. It is necessary to our comfortable passage through life, to our self-respect, and to the security of our moral character. He who has not strength to stand against the world in defence of his own sense of right, is liable to become at once the tool and the prey of the unprincipled around him.

This, like other excellent qualities, is much more easy of attainment to some than to others. What many possess by natural temperament, others acquire only through self-mastery. The firm, undaunted stand of the man of a martyr's courage, against the seductions and the terrors of the world, how noble is it? But scarcely less heroic, perhaps, is that of the gentle spirit, overflowing with love and tender sympathies, which, rising above the fear of alienating and giving offence, nerves itself to probe the heart of an erring friend with words that "wound to heal." This virtue is not unfrequently found in its highest form in connection with a gentle nature and much humility. Those whose deportment is marked by mildness, and by readiness

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in yielding to the wishes of others on minor points, are often supposed to have no settled opinions; yet they often prove themselves to be as immovable as the most valiant champions in maintaining their own ideas of right. Lowliness of spirit, and a free yielding of points, where conscience is not concerned, to the wishes, or even the unreasonable weaknesses of others, is by no means incompatible with the truest independence. Where shall we find a more beautiful union of the Christian courage, that dares all things in the cause of truth, with the tenderest regard for the weaker brethren, than in the character and conduct of the great Apostle Paul? The man before whose heart-seaching appeal the Roman magistrate trembled, with what solemn pathos does he warn those who are strong in their clearer knowledge, lest through their example "the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died"! pronouncing such sin against the weak consciences of others "sin against Christ." In no respect does this devoted follower of Jesus more resemble his Lord and Master, than in that touching consideration for the souls of men which leads him to forego his own rights rather than offend their superstitious reverence, or lead them into any violation of their own sense of duty. Steadfastness to the last iota in adherence to principle, but conciliation and conformity in those things which, though trivial to his own mind, were weighty in the regard of some around him, this seems to have been the rule of his Christian life, and to have formed him to a character to be at once reverenced and loved.

This is true Christian independence, rooted, like the trees of a century, deeply and widely in the earth, its trunk unshaken by the rushing tempest, while its pliant branches wave lightly with every summer breeze. Happy were it for the world, if this union of stanch fidelity to truth with gentle forbearance toward weakness were more common! "Peace and righteousness" would then "kiss each other," and the "lame" would not "be turned out of the way, but rather healed."

M. W.

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MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. VIII.

It was about four years from the time when John Jackson had accompanied Priscilla Cadwallader in her visitation of love through the southern parts of New Jersey, to the beginning of his own ministry, in 1835. The interval had been passed in his father's family, at Darby, working on the land, and carrying the products of the farm to market in Philadelphia. He varied his employments on principle, because he believed in the intellectual value of variety of pursuit. He proposed to his father that he should learn surveying and conveyancing, and when the latter objected to it as a matter of business, he borrowed from him the money to purchase the instruments, and repaid him within a year by the fruits of his new employment. He subsequently prevented much litigation in the neighborhood, by the union of this skill with his wonderful personal influence.

In the spirit of liberal culture, he also took part, at this time of his life, in the organization of the Delaware County Institute for Science, of which, in 1834, he was made Director. This Institute, which held a meeting every month to discuss scientific subjects, and the application of science to the arts, has had a marked effect upon the intelligence of the county. At one of the last meetings which he attended, his wife read a discourse upon the value of the study of human physiology in early education, which he was pleased to have published, by request of the audience, in the Delaware County Republican.

A few extracts from a long letter to a friend, dated 9th month, 1834, will show the rational and æsthetic turn of mind of our Quaker minister.

"By some remarks thou madest last evening at M. C.'s, I understood thee to hold out the idea that scientific acquirements had not a tendency to increase our knowledge

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of the Divine Being; and that a mind highly cultivated by a judicious application of time and talents in the acquisition of knowledge, was *not* susceptible of greater religious enjoyments than one ignorant of the truths of philosophy, as illustrated by science; and also that the ambition which prompts men to the pursuit of knowledge was of the same kind as that which leads them to the acquisition of the sordid treasures of the world! I do not desire to be found in opposition with thee, but . . . . . I believe we are constituted with minds designed for endless progression in knowledge; and Infinite Wisdom has seen meet to spread before our view a wide field for contemplation and reflection; and these seem to me as essential to our happiness, as the exercise of the body to our health." Having enumerated the beauties and glories of the universe which science and taste explore, in a manner to evince his own sensibility, he adds: "When I contemplate the majesty and wisdom that have been exerted in producing all this harmony and order of the whole universe, I cannot believe myself brought hither to look with thoughtless eyes upon such grandeur and magnificence; but am led to believe that scientific knowledge not only enlarges our understanding, but magnifies our conception of the Creator's wisdom, and inspires gratitude and devotion. . . . . Then science has been one of the most powerful engines before which superstition — that grand enemy to benignant religion — has vanished, like the darkness of night before the splendor of the morning sun." Here, again, he runs over the objects of creation, as if to name them were to re-enjoy their beauty, and suggest their laws, and adds: "I do not wish, by any means, to inculcate the idea that we can, by scientific perception, penetrate into the spiritual recesses of Divine Revelation, or even that we can comprehend the nature of the Great Supreme, by entering into the intricate labyrinth of metaphysical reasoning. No, verily. . . . . But although the endowments of literature and the pursuit of scientific knowl-

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edge may not be required to advance us in the way of eternal life, yet, if thereby our views of the creation should be enlarged, and our hearts inspired to declare,

> 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good
> Almighty! — thine this universal frame
> Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then
> Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
> To us invisible or dimly seen
> In these thy lower works: yet these declare
> Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine,'—

ought the ambition that prompts us onward to be construed into a desire to acquire earthly fame? I own that all our pursuit after knowledge should be with a desire to know more of the ways and the works of the Deity.

> 'Philosophy, baptized
> In the pure fountain of Eternal Love,
> Has eyes indeed; viewing all she sees
> As meant to indicate a God to man,
> Gives Him this praise, and forfeits not her own.
> Learning has borne such fruit in other days
> On all her branches; Piety has found
> Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
> Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.'

I do not wish thee to understand me, then, as looking to these things as a primary source of happiness. My desire is to build upon a spiritual foundation, that cannot be shaken; and to be found in fellowship with those who feel the communion of the Holy Spirit and the love of God continually to abound in their hearts. . . . . Such precious opportunities as was the closing one last evening afford a degree of satisfaction that language cannot express; to feel the sensible presence of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, surrounding our spirits, and clothing our minds with a desire that his knowledge might cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, is a privilege that I highly appreciate. And when I think of the spiritual wants of many still professing the faith of Christ, and of the moral

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darkness that envelops the minds of those who know not God, my spirit desires earnestly that the great Lord of the harvest would send forth his dedicated children, and qualify them more and more to preach the Gospel, in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, that the borders of Zion may be enlarged.

"In thy labors to promote this great cause, thou hast the unity and sympathy of my feelings; and, knowing that thy advanced experience is capable of affording a helping hand, I would solicit its extension towards a brother, oftentimes laboring under discouragements, yet desirous to advance in knowledge of the truth, and the support of its testimonies. Of latter times my mind has been led to look at the beauty and sweet simplicity of those Christian testimonies professedly supported by the Society of Friends, and I have had to admire the faithfulness of those sons of the morning, who manifested so great an obedience to the opening visions of light as to support them in the midst of persecution; thus evincing to the world that they were not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Theirs was a religion that consisted in a practical conformity to the will of God, and, although it was unadorned with the embellishments of art and science, yet it shone as a light set upon a hill; the light thereof spread abroad among the nations, and many were gathered thereby, to come and partake of the salvation that was found within her gates. O that these testimonies could advance continually, until all that is opposed to the kingdom of Christ should be shaken to the very foundation, and the power of Eternal Truth should spread and prevail in the earth!"

That John Jackson also appreciated, as allies and handmaids to religion, the social affections, no less than all the intellectual powers, was seen in all the conduct of his life toward relations and friends. To make a friend happy by delicate attentions and personal self-denials in their behalf, and by devotion to them in ill-health, he felt was "showing

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piety at home," according to the suggestion of the Apostle; and so he did not restrain the impulse of his affections, in an uncalled for fear lest he should love too much the immortal beings around him! He believed that there was much more danger that selfishness would become immoderate in men, than affection for one's neighbors. This warmth of heart, which he had and cherished, exposed him of course to grief.

In a letter to Dr. George Truman and wife, during his father's last sickness, he says: "We seem to be so constituted, that when our minds are tried, and almost overcome, by a continued repetition of sorrows, the sympathies of those who are interested in our welfare offer a balm to our wounded spirits, and cause the dejected mind to support with dignity and fortitude a dependence upon its proper Centre. . . . . My beloved father has been more unwell to-day then usual. My time is chiefly occupied in the discharge of filial duties at the couch of sickness, and although it is attended with a multiplicity of cares, yet, when these are bestowed upon those whom we hold most dear in the outward relation, it gives us a feeling of satisfaction to know that we have it in our power to tender to them the evidences of affection. . . . . I often think, such is our proneness to indulgence in those things which lead from serious thoughts, that, were it not for the interposition of affliction and sorrow, our hearts would become too callous to admit of those more serious impressions that teach us our duty to God, our Creator; but the temperament of our mind is softened, and all its selfish hardness subdued, when we are brought to contemplate the infirmities of our nature, and feel destitute under the pressure of affliction. . . . . When we consider that the ulterior aim of our being is to enjoy eternal communion with the God of the spirits of all flesh, and that this holy condition is attainable only by a conformity of life to the Divine image, how important it is that we suffer 'neither heights nor depths, principalities nor

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powers, things present nor things to come, to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord'! O the superior excellence that is seen in the character of our blessed Example! who, although he was a 'man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,' yet triumphed over all the infirmities of humanity, and left this memorable testimony of consolation to descend to all succeeding time, and be realized in the experience of his followers: 'If ye believe in me, the things which I do ye shall do also'; and, 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne.'"

Having characterized the field of exertion before men as the garden of paradise, where is everything pleasant to the sight and good for food; and our spiritual opportunities as the tree of life in the midst of the garden, — of the fruit of which we may partake and live forever, — he continues: "This is in reality the constitution of our nature, ... but when we look abroad in the human family, what a melancholy picture is presented to our view! . . . . . I sometimes think the purity and spirituality of the religion of Jesus has been veiled, in consequence of our dependence upon the absurd speculative opinions of men; the simple religion of the cross of Christ is taught as a mystery that requires the aid of theological learning to expound; men are directed to that which is outward, and are taught to look for salvation to that which transpired long ago, as though the death and suffering of Jesus on Calvary was the atonement for our sins. They will not look beyond the shadow to the Eternal Substance which is *his life;* yet by living this *life* alone in ourselves, can we be saved. 'I will give my *life* a ransom for many.' Not his death, but his *life*, is the propitiation for our sins. We are not to understand him as meaning that he should be crucified to purchase salvation for us with the price of blood; but to take a loftier view of his heavenly mission, a view more in accordance with our ideas of the justice of God; we are to

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become the actual partakers of that life which is hid with him in God, and which is freely offered to reconcile us to the Father. If we are to be redeemed from anything, it must be from hatred, from cruelty, from pride, from injustice, and from all the fruits of the flesh; for these are the things that separate us from God, whose characteristic attributes are love, mercy, justice, meekness, and all the fruits of the spirit. Though opinions may be promulgated in the wisdom and pride of man, yet nothing will redeem us from hatred but love; nothing will overcome cruelty but mercy; nothing will lead from pride but meekness and humility; neither will anything produce justice while the mind is under the influence of injustice. But if we are willing to be Christians indeed, we shall suffer the fruits of the spirit to overcome the fruits of the flesh, and thereby bring us into the enjoyment of living in those heavenly virtues which constitute the life of Christ; or, in other words, which form the divine image within us."

He adds, in a note to this letter: "My beloved father is now no more. In the prospect of this separation, there have been many deep baptisms of my soul. I have known the heavens and the earth to be shaken, and every false dependence to be moved."

E. P. P.

"When on the fragrant sandal-tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
Even on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes and love to all.
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns,
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again!"

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SONG OF THE MORNING.

Solemn and beautiful cometh the light,
Stealing through valleys where slept the night,
Chasing the shadows from each purling stream,
Bounding so lightly to catch the first gleam; —

Glancing o'er hill-tops, waking the flowers,
Rousing the birds from their quiet bowers,
Lighting the sage and cheering the sad,
Blessing the weary, hailing the glad.

Glorious in majesty riseth the sun,
Forth like a conqueror, victory won;
Calling the herdsman forth to the flock,
Sending the traveller o'er hill and rock.

Man goeth forth to his work in the field,
Woman is ready her service to yield;
Children, come, breathe in the pure morning air,
Bathe in the fragrance that floats everywhere.

God of the beautiful, here let us kneel;
Sanctify wholly the raptures we feel;
Keep us from sorrow, keep us from sin;
Let not the Tempter gather us in.

Holy and pure, like this beautiful light,
Rest us, O Merciful, when cometh night;
Soft be our pillow, and calm our repose,
Watched by that Power which no weariness knows.

* *

God's Power. — There is no mortal arm can draw his bow, — God cannot thunder and lighten by proxy.

Pride. — It was the Devil's sin and the Devil's ruin, and has been ever since the Devil's stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.

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A GATHERED LILY.

"A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

Our little Lilian is dead. The unwelcome angel has for the first time darkened our door, quenched the light of a beautiful eye, and hushed the sweetest music we ever heard. The "harp of a thousand strings" is broken, and the voice of childhood is heard no more in our dwelling.

The loss of an only child, and that too after it has been with us nearly three years, — long enough to have woven itself into every interest of life, and to have become inestimably a fountain of motives and inspirations, — is a catastrophe not easily comprehended by those who have never experienced it. Yet to the Christian parent such an event is by no means a mere calamity. About the death of such a child there cluster holy and beautiful associations. True, we do not all of us draw our sole consolation from the immovable conviction, delightful as it is, of the little one's now unalloyed happiness. Confident as we are concerning this, yet inasmuch as we can get no knowledge of the quality of that happiness, of the character of the child's experience, of the influences that are modifying its nature, of the kind of culture to which it is subject, or of its present and future employments, we are left to indulge in speculations, which, delightful as they are, still leave us unsatisfied and full of painful desire.

The thought that a child is taken from "the evil to come," has its consoling influence. The great majority of children who are permitted to arrive at maturity find this world one of incalculable sorrows, and, spending their probation in making no preparation for the future, are found at

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its close to be castaways. Even of many children of professedly Christian parents, it is a most bitter truth, that, so far at least as this life is concerned, "it would have been better for them if they had never been born." We may rejoice in the thought of

> "Innocent souls, thus set so early free
> From sin and sorrow, and mortality";—

yet we are by no means, like some unguarded writers, so to construe this as if it were a misfortune for a child to live to maturity, or better for all to die in infancy. No; there is something nobler and better and grander in the thought of growing up in this world, overcoming its temptations, receiving discipline from its sorrows, becoming vigorous and generous under the educational influences which even here are abundant and available; and we ought always to remember that the parent's vocation is a sublime one,—the highest office to which God ever appoints any man or any woman in this world,—that of training a soul for eternity, and determining to a great extent the character of its immortality.

In the death of a child the memories of its life are made most precious. They are free from the moral blemishes which must attach themselves in a greater or less degree to those of adults. There are those who talk of the mystery of Providence in the removal of a little one, as though its creation had been in vain, or its mission in this world altogether a failure. Surely no Christian parent can for a single moment sympathize with such a view. Wonderful and incalculable is the influence of a little child's life, whether its stay be measured by weeks, or protracted a few short years. The mysteriously elevating experience of the new relation into which the parent has entered; the perpetual source of joy which has come into that house, enriching and hallowing all its associations; the strange and yet delicious light which characterizes the emotions excited in all the home circle by the new denizen,—a light which

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bathes all other earthly objects with its own peculiar hue, and even gives us a better medium through which to look at heavenly things; — all these, and many more elements and incidents in a child's life, render it certain that its mission is not unimportant, and that the infant of only a few months has lived not in vain. Every Christian parent may surrender up the gift with solemn thankfulness to the Giver of every good, for so long a loan of so precious a treasure. If "a vision of beauty is a joy forever," how much more must a child of beauty be an eternal beatitude to a parent rightly receiving it!

But important and interesting as the life of a child may be in its influence and its results, its death may be still greater. Such an event stamps more firmly the good effect of the little one's ministry on the minds of the sorrowing parents; and more than this, it so softens the heart as to render it permeable by blessed spiritual influences. The Christian knows that God is always present in all outward events, and when his little one has been taken from his embrace, he can look through all second causes, all natural laws, and see the overruling hand of Infinite Wisdom. He feels that this is no mere accident, no sole result of some violated physical law, but a proper and wholesome event, planned purposely by Divine Goodness to aid in the development of the sufferer's own spiritual character and his preparation for eternity. To the really devoted Christian, what means could be used so effectual as this to draw him into the closest relationship and communion with the Redeemer of souls? Did ever such a parent, submissive, though sorrowful, yield up his little one to God, without receiving such an increase of divine love in his soul, and such a meetness for participancy in the heavenly inheritance as he has found in no other way?

Such consolations, and others which we may not rehearse, have we found in the midst of our sorrows at the transplanting of our Lily to a richer and more glorious

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garden. Such too may many parents find, — for there are few who have not had the bitter chalice pressed to their own lips, and felt that the draught was too powerful for their own strength.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

MESSRS. EDITORS: —

Another specimen of the little Book of Devotional Poetry from which "I hold Still" was translated. Yours,

C. T. B.

INTO STILLNESS.

From the gay and noisy world
Into stillness!
Peace hath her white tent unfurled
In the stillness!

Sheddest thou for sin the tear?
Into stillness!
Mercy's whisper thou shalt hear
In the stillness!

Doth thy heart for wisdom yearn?
Into stillness!
Love and lowliness sojourn
In the stillness!

Wronged by men thy spirit burns?
Into stillness!
Love with lowliness returns
In the stillness!

Flee, ah! flee, with every wound,
Into stillness!
Health and peace are only found
In the stillness!

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LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

My dear Emma: —

The details in your letter, far from being too minute, as you feared, interested me very deeply, and I truly sympathize in all your trials with your little charge. That Willie should be refractory and disobedient, Lizzie heedless and dilatory, and the babe require a large portion of your time and interrupt your daily avocations, does not, however, occasion me surprise. You know I told you that clouds, as well as sunshine, would occasionally appear in your horizon, and that storms might not only be threatened, but be sometimes the inevitable consequence, when dealing with the impulsive temperaments of childhood. I think that young people are often discouraged in a career of usefulness, because they are too sanguine at the commencement, and that it would be much better that they should know the obstacles which lie in their path. That you may gain a little encouragement, let us look at the other side of the picture, and dwell on Willie's truthfulness and quick perceptions, on Lizzie's affectionate and tender spirit, and on those winning charms of the little stranger, the loss of which would deduct so largely from the happiness of your home, — the best kind of happiness, where the affections are in full exercise. There is an alembic in which all these troubles will dissolve, and that is love, — the most essential quality in the management of children. No one should undertake that charge who does not possess it, for where it is not a natural gift it should be cultivated as a Christian attainment. It may aid you in your work to look back on your own childhood; for you are not so far removed from that season that you cannot remember some instances of impatience, heedlessness, and disobedience on your part, and many times when *you* too thought yourself the victim of injustice in being required to give up agreeable things, or perform disagreeable ones,

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and often without any assigned reason. And has that season wholly passed away? I think I can recall the time, during my visit to you last summer, when you lingered long over your book after being reminded by your mother of some work which needed to be accomplished, and how reluctantly and ungraciously you complied with her request to take some comforts to a poor sick woman, when you had planned a walk in another direction with your friend Lucy. I noticed too, with pain, the irritability of your manner when any reproof was administered, however kindly. You are no longer a subject of *commands*, but the *wishes* of your parents should be just as imperative. You can comprehend the reasonableness of those wishes, as the younger children could not do. You can understand the pang which a disrespectful word or a headstrong will must cause in the heart of an affectionate mother, the bitter pang of wounded affections and disappointed hopes, as their little giddy natures cannot. Is your offence, then, more excusable than theirs?

It is often said, that children may be our teachers, as well as pupils, and that we may learn from them lessons of purity, simplicity, and trust; but I think their defects and failings, if they quicken us to self-examination, may conduce quite as much to our personal improvement. A wise and especially Christian mother trains her children to habits of obedience, not merely because subjection to her authority is right in itself, but to prepare them for conformity to a higher law. Obedience is the great lesson which we must all learn, and happiest are those who learn it earliest. It is the great business of life, the one object for which it was given; and if too often it is never acquired at all, or at the best so imperfectly, can we wonder at the slowness with which children receive it? We are children of a larger growth, wayward, perverse, and sometimes rebellious, insensible to the most endearing love and the most animating promises, immersed in our trivial or sinful pursuits and pleasures, deaf to the continual calls of God's gracious spirit. You complain that

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Willie persists in doing everything but just what you have told him to do. Are we not equally ready to substitute devout professions, attendance on ordinances, belief in a creed, outward morality, acts of spontaneous benevolence, any or every thing in place of that which God requires, and for which, as in the case of Willie, nothing else can be a substitute, — the subjection of the will?

In your own case, are you not often disposed to delay, when conscience is imperatively calling you to the discharge of some disagreeable duty, if engaged with an interesting book or fascinating piece of fancy-work, and plead "just to *see* the *end* of *this* chapter," — and then you are drawn on to look through the *next*, and see how the parties will be extricated from some dilemma, — just as Lizzie cannot obey your directions until she has dressed her doll and seen how it will look? "In this," as has been remarked by one of our most practical writers, Miss Lowell, "consists the danger of fiction, especially with the young. If we could always have sufficient control over ourselves to leave off precisely when we *ought*, even in the most interesting spot, it would have little power to harm us." And then how much more agreeable it is to continue at your fancy-work, and watch its beautiful colors or outlines growing beneath your fingers, than to attend to the drudgery of domestic details, or to repair the defects of your own or the children's wardrobe! If we lived for pleasure only, it might be so; but if we are only more advanced scholars, learning higher and of course more difficult lessons, if we are Christians, called to bear the lighter as well as the heavier crosses, and the former more frequently, there is no room for hesitation. Have you not murmured in your heart, if not with your lips, that you were denied some indulgences in dress which your young friends of more ample fortune could enjoy, or that you were sometimes detained at home from concerts or lectures to aid your mother in the care of the little ones? Is there no bad habit, perhaps of no very great consequence in itself, but as a test of character,

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which you make no resolute effort to correct, — no cherished sin, such as desire of admiration, ambition of display, &c. which you cannot bring yourself to abandon, though you are aware and admit that it is forbidden by the law of God? Do you never shrink from a sacrifice of your own ease or enjoyment for another's good? You tell me that you prepared a New Year's gift for Lizzie with the cost of much time and expense on your part, and that you were surprised to find her as heedless as ever, and that Willie, when you had planned that pleasant excursion expressly for his gratification, before the close of the day made you very uncomfortable many times by his wilful temper. You thought they would undoubtedly be won by your kindness to an affectionate obedience. But, my dear young friend, is it thus with God? Does every blessing bind us more closely to his service, and do extraordinary mercies fill our hearts with gratitude and love, or do not those very gifts too often lead us away from the giver, until chastisement becomes needful to reclaim us? And still, never weary of our ingratitude, he continues the stream of his bounty, seeking to win us, hopeless as it seems, by new displays of his love, — ever "waiting to be gracious." When, then, your patience is sorely tried by the varying humors and impulses incident to children, repress the harsh word or complaining feeling by an act of introspection. If, with *your* more mature intellect and enlightened conscience, you find it so difficult to keep the narrow path, wonder not at very frequent deviations in those with whom reason and judgment are just dawning, and conscience but a flickering light. You may find in these considerations an antidote to your rising impatience, and an encouragement to your earnest efforts in their behalf. Wait for them, bear with them a little while, as God waits for you, as he waits for some of us, till the evening shadows gather. You may turn these little vexations to yet higher purposes, as incentives to humility and to more earnest efforts in the work of self-improvement. Then you will daily gain the victory more and

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more over these little annoyances and vexations, till you will cease to feel them, and the spirit of love, as it grows in yourself, will gradually, by a powerful magnetism, communicate itself to your little charge, so that the very causes of discomfort may in fact disappear. Even while they continue, and in the retrospect, you will learn not merely to be reconciled, but thankful for them, if they have been made, as they surely can be, conducive to your progress in holiness. That *all* your discipline, my dear Emma, may be sanctified to this great result, is the earnest wish and prayer of

Your faithful friend,

M. P.

[Our readers will be pleased to see the accompanying notice of one whose contributions to these pages were ever welcome. The writer was the pastor of Mrs. Clapp in the days of opening womanhood, and always her cherished and honored friend.]

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON,

Preached on the Occasion of the Death of Mrs. Susan Francis Clapp, in the East Church, Salem, by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D., *from the Text,* "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Reflections on death and immortality are seldom out of place in the public services of religion, and the thoughts which have now occupied us connect themselves by natural association with the recent decease from the circle of this society, and the fellowship of this church, of one whose relations to it demand a word of commemoration in this place.

Our hearts have been visited with that solemn message which visits all hearts and homes in turn, and whose end and design are mercy and blessing, but whose present import and providential method are separation and grief. Our friend, our friend's friend, has gone from our side. After wearisome months of confinement with one of those

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diseases which baffle human art and tax to the uttermost human endurance, the fleshly bond was broken at last, and the weary and heavy laden escaped to her rest. The shadows of that night whose morning is not of this world overtook her at midday; the starry silence came down upon her noon with no intervening eve to mediate her going. We must believe that it was expedient both for her and for us that she should "go away," since so it was ordained; nor has she, in going, left us comfortless, — she hath bequeathed to us the idea of her life. That life, not eventful in any of its epochs, nor anywise remarkable in its outward aspects, contains yet much that invites contemplation, and the contemplation of which may prove fruitful to surviving friends.

Its story as a record of events is soon told. Born in the town of Norridgewock in Maine, on the banks of the Kennebec, at the age of seventeen she removed with her family to Bangor in that State, where she resided until her marriage, in 1845. The next year was spent in Savannah; after which, until her death, she was a resident of this State, first in the town of West Roxbury, and then in this city.

Of the life enclosed in this meagre historical outline I would say a few words, not of eulogy, but of just tribute and friendly recognition.

Mrs. Clapp was eminently an intellectual woman. Her tastes, habits, propensities, the whole bent and bias of her nature, inclined to intellectual converse. As a girl, the frivolities which so commonly occupy the girlish mind, dress, and the dance, had no charm for her. Her interests lay not in the world of fashion and amusement, but of study and silent thought. Her nature was serious. I say this not in the way of panegyric, — for temperament had as much to do with it as will, — but of characterization. When I recall my impression of her in the first years of our acquaintance, I remember her as one in whom the interior

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life predominated over the outward, in whom reflection was more active than the senses. She lived more in her idea than she did in the world about her, more in the fellowship of her own thought than in that of society. This tendency was confirmed, no doubt, by imperfect health. Especially, a disease of the eyes, which narrowly circumscribed their use, restricted her activity in those directions which might otherwise have occupied her. A fertile and vigorous mind was thus thrown on its own resources. The habit of poetic composition, which began at this period and continued through life, was a natural resort with one so richly endowed and so finely organized, in such circumstances. Much of her interior life — her deepest thoughts and experiences, her aspirations and affections — are revealed in those verses with which she entertained her own leisure and the circle of her friends, and which were afterward more widely communicated through the press. These compositions discover, along with much of poetic art, still more of poetic feeling; they exhibit the subtile thought, the reflective, meditative mind, and that union of musing wonder with healthy, hopeful, and religious sentiment which was always so marked in her. For though she loved to brood and to occupy herself with the mysteries of life, there was nothing morbid in her musings; her thought, amid all its wanderings, turned with sure and instinctive polarity to the great centres of truth and right. A vein of mirthfulness and delicate humor in which she abounded, never excessive, and free from bitterness, was in her, as ever, a sure pledge of a healthy mind.

I have said she was intellectual; I may add, as special characteristics defining more precisely her intellectual nature, a remarkable receptivity, a disengagement from prejudice, a quick appreciation of genuine excellence, a hearty affinity for the truest and best, a sympathy with the spiritual and profound, rather than the popular, in literature, art, and religion. There may be great intellectual activity with

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great shallowness of thought and feeling, a contentment with the outside show, a resting in superficial views as ultimate truth. Our friend, on the contrary, loved to penetrate beneath the surface; she endeavored to explore the interior meaning and life of things, and was not satisfied unless she could range the individual phenomena in the line of related facts, seeking the universal in the particular, classifying all things by their law of causation or of association, and referring all to their true place in the scheme of God.

Equally characteristic, and a mark of the general refinement and aspiration of her nature, was her love of beauty, which amounted almost to a passion. She delighted in flowers, in landscapes, in pictures, all works of art, all beautiful creations of God and man. This was something more than mere fancy; it was feeling and a genuine satisfaction of the heart. There was even something of religion in it. She saw in beautiful objects a truth and a meaning, a fitness and a value which transcended the object itself. It was beautiful, not by accident, but by law and necessity and absolute reason. Its beauty was not its own, but the trace of the spirit that wrought in it, a reflex of the everlasting and divine beauty whose seat and source is the bosom of God. In a like spirit she delighted in little children, admiring and enjoying in them, not the individual only, endeared by personal relation, but their childish nature, the freshness of the inarticulate, unconscious spirit, the nearness to God of the uncorrupted soul, and the promise of the kingdom of heaven, which she found in their guileless simplicity. They testified to her of the Universal Father, who calls our children his; of the Saviour, who had his pleasure in these little ones; of the heavenly benignities reflected in their beauty and joy.

In her social character, she gave more freely perhaps than she received, and was easily and warmly interested in those with whom Providence brought her into contact. She did not court popularity, nor aim to be a general favorite, but

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wherever she went, she made friends. She failed not to interest those who knew her well, and to bind them to her with reciprocal affection. There was that in her which inspired confidence and won respect: a certain invincible honesty of nature, a frankness which bordered on bluntness, an incorruptible candor, a judgment not to be bribed by friendship or friends, were prominent traits in her moral constitution; to which she added a general kindliness of heart, a ready hand for such service as friendship or humanity might prompt, and a conscientious endeavor, so far as her imperfect health would permit, to satisfy the claims of society and the duties imposed by all the relations of life.

I should do imperfect justice to my impression of our friend, if I omitted to speak of her religious faith, which, though not of that demonstrative kind which attracts and courts the notice of the world, was an active element of her moral nature, and a ruling principle of her moral life. At an early age she gave proof of that faith by joining the communion of Christian believers, moved thereto by no solicitation from abroad, or occasional heat and excitement of feeling, but by calm and deep conviction of the truth, and the strong attraction of the Christian Church as the truest bond of spirits, — a spiritual body whose head is the Lord. Her idea of Christ was not that of a substitute for God, but a manifestation of God in man. Her religion was not a profession nor a sentimentality, but a feeling, trained and nourished by thought, which deepened with advancing years, and developed itself with ever-increasing breadth and vigor toward the close of her earthly course. It had nothing technical or sectarian in it; it was purged of all bigotry, narrowness, and formalism, — liberal and hopeful, eminently eclectic and independent of human authority, acknowledging no sanction but the witness of the Spirit in the Word and in the breast. It was her own religion, and not another's, not adopted or imported from without, but conceived and begotten of the soul. Her near-

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est friends could ingraft no foreign opinion on that native stock, nor obtain any influence which would countervail her own perceptions and beliefs.

Nothing less than immovable faith in the everlasting truths of the Spirit and a Father's love, could sustain her in the trying experience of her closing year, and supply the needful stay and staff for the rugged road by which she was to reach her mortal goal. A courage not born of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God, was required to face that goal as the sure and inevitable term of painful disease. She had much to bind her to life, and would gladly have tarried in a world which to her apprehension was rich in beauty and joy; but when the conviction was forced upon her, that the Power which rules our days had otherwise ordered her lot, she was not long in resigning herself to that appointment, and straightway set her house in order and addressed her mind to the great event. Those who visited her in her last sickness found her for the most part cheerful and composed, ready to converse on the here and the hereafter, on what she was to leave and what she was to find, on old experiences and new hopes, looking forward without misgiving or dismay to the night which determines this mortal day, and the day behind which "no night shall determine." And so she trode with unfaltering step the steep descent of the mountain pass whose foot is in the darkness, leaning so long as she might on the arms of the dear devoted who walked by her side, "Friends most faithful and heroic," till human aid could no longer avail, —

> "Till the way became too narrow,
> Only meant for single treading," —

and mortal fellowship expired in the low farewell last word of earth, — word that goes down to the fountains of life, to the parting asunder of soul and body, down into the darkness and through the darkness, and whose long reverberation, resounding through all the mazes of this mortal,

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and echoed back from every breaking heart-string, dies at last on the heavenly shore, where partings melt into greetings, and mortal emerges in immortality.

As the goal drew near, and the coming shadows thickened around her, she uttered distinctly, before her lips were finally sealed, as if she heard it at that moment, and repeated what she heard, the blessed invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and all her soul responded, "I come." And then she departed out of our sight, bequeathing the image of a life which, without the distinction of heroine or saint, records itself in all our memories as rich in blessing to those among whom her lot was cast, — a life whose look was upward, and whose aim was growth, and whose steadfast progress through the scenes of time is a pledge of freer development and ceaseless progress in eternity.

I shall not detain you with the moral reflections suggested by this new message from the angel of death to our hearts. Its lesson is best expressed in the words with which she herself has recorded a former similar experience: —

"In the light that was reflected
From that other shore eternal,
O how poor looked worldly striving,
Worse than poor our vain contentions,
All our arrogant opinions,
Our conceit and our self-seeking!
But the things which we call simple,
Earnest loving, faithful doing,
Quiet trusting, sweet resigning,
Cheerful living, calm enduring,
Were invested with a glory,
With a beauty and a meaning,
That is never comprehended
Till we feel that earth is sinking,
Leaving us alone with spirit."

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To the hopeful, the patient, and trusting, life is ever a blessed boon.

"LITTLE child, with naked feet
Treading on the blistering sands,
Thy meagre face hath smile so sweet,
The like in dreams we sometimes meet, —
Cherubs from heavenly lands.
What hath life so fair to thee,
Naked, starving Poverty?"

The blue looked bluer in her eyes,
The smile kept playing o'er her face,
And, wondering at me, she replies,
With gentle, childlike grace,
"I've been after some flowers to-day;
See the dandelions all in bloom
I found in the field just over the way:
Now I must be hurrying home."

"Little child, in the heaven above
Such as you in white robes are straying,
Gathering the flowers in the garden of love,
Or by rivers immortal are playing;
How much better that home for thee
Than to live in toil and poverty!"

Mute at first with sad surprise,
Now she earnestly replies,
"Grandma is old and blind and lame,
I bring her chair, or find her cane;
We sit together and eat our bread,
We sleep at night on the same straw bed;
Every morning and night she hears my prayer,
And says, if we *are* poor, God will take care.
How could I leave her all alone?
She would not be happy if I were gone."

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"Maiden, o'er whose wasted form
Fierce pain passes like a storm,
Art thou clinging still to life,
In this bitter, waning strife?
In the heaven of love and peace
All thy woes and pains would cease."

The maiden raised her weary head,
And patience glorified her brow;
"See all these gifts of love," she said;
"These books, these flowers, — these shall all shed
A pleasant light upon me now.
And to my friends a little light
My waning life can give,
For love unto the close hath might, —
I'm *happy* still to live."

"Tottering, toothless, feeble one,
Round whose brow the gray locks quiver,
Life's long race is almost run, —
Gladly wilt thou cross the river?"

He turned his aged face to heaven, —
A face how full of calm repose!
"I cannot count the blessings given,
And still," he said, "God's bounty flows.
I live again in others' lives,
I smile at children in their play,
My soul cries, Speed! to him who strives
To lead the world in wisdom's way.
I've seen the stars shine eighty years,
The spring bloom, and the falling leaf;
I've had but little cause for tears,
So large my joy, so small my grief."

Memory brings pictures fair and sweet
Unto the old man's fading eye;
So life hath always something meet, —
Only God's time is the time to die.

D. E. J.

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READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

III.

Public Worship. — The Sabbath, and the Early Christian Festivals.

In the earlier times, the assemblies for prayer and worship among the Christians were held often in private houses, or in such rooms as were set apart for the purpose, and were convenient for any large assembly; these meetings in the times of persecution being often held in the most secluded places, — in caves or desert places, in mountain fastnesses, or in the catacombs of the imperial city. Gradually, however, such arrangements were made as the proprieties of Christian worship required. An elevated seat was constructed for the reading of the Scriptures and the delivery of the sermon, and a table set for the distribution of the Lord's Supper, to which, as early as the time of Tertullian, was given the name of Altar. As the wealth of the churches increased, buildings were erected expressly for the use of the Christians, which appears to have been the case as early as the third century, — mention being made of their places of worship in the edict of Gallien. Under the reign of Diocletian, when the Church enjoyed a season of outward peace and prosperity, many splendid structures had already arisen in the larger cities.

Images and pictures were at first wholly excluded from Christian places of worship, as such abounded in pagan temples, and it was necessary to draw a decided line between the false and true religion; especially as in every-day life the early Christians were constantly compelled to renounce pursuits and customs, sometimes innocent in themselves, but which might be interpreted as savoring of heathenism, and thus be the means of bringing dishonor on

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the cause of Christ. We find, however, that Christian images or symbols early came into use in families, and at a later period were transferred into churches, as supplanting the representations of pagan worship and mythology. Thus, we early find, engraved on goblets, the figure of a shepherd carrying a lamb on his shoulder; a dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit; a ship sailing towards heaven, significant of the Christian Church, or of the individual Christian soul; a lyre, the symbol of Christian joy; an anchor, of hope. The cross, very early, became the chief symbol of the Christian faith; but too soon the ideas which it typified became confounded with the symbol, and a saving efficacy was attributed to the mere outward sign, and a supernatural, sanctifying power transferred to this emblem of the true faith, which may be traced as far back as the third century.

The worship of the Christian churches consisted, at first, of prayer, singing, the reading of the Scriptures, and simple exhortations.* The Old Testament was read first, particularly such prophetic parts as related to the Messiah, next the Gospels, and then the Apostolic Epistles. The Scriptures were read in a language which all could understand, which, in most countries belonging to the Roman empire, was either the Latin or Greek.

In places where these languages were understood only by the more educated part of the community, the rest being acquainted only with the ancient dialect of the country, as in many cities in Egypt and Syria, church interpreters were appointed, who immediately translated what was read into the provincial dialect.

The reading of the Scriptures was followed by short and

* "As early as the third century, it was the practice, as we learn from the complete liturgies of the fourth, which are known to us, for the deacons, before the reading of the Scriptures, to exhort the congregation, in a certain customary form of words, to attention and devotion in listening to the words of divine truth."

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very simple addresses, embodying in familiar language a practical application of what had been read. Thus, Justin Martyr writes: "The presiding officer of the church gives a word of exhortation, and incites the people to exemplify in their lives the good things they have listened to." It was among the Greeks, who were more given to the culture of rhetoric, that the sermon first began to assume an important place in the acts of worship.

"Church Psalmody also passed over from the Jewish synagogue into the Christian church." The Psalms of the Hebrews were either chanted or sung, and hymns were composed, expressly for promoting the objects of worship, especially hymns of praise and thanks to God and to Christ; such being referred to by Pliny as in customary use among the Christians of his time.

The first day of the week was consecrated by the Apostles and early Christians, as a day of rejoicing and gladness, commemorative of Christ's resurrection. It was distinguished as a day of joy by being exempt from all fasts, and by the circumstance that prayer on this day was offered in a standing, and not in a kneeling posture, since Christ, by his death and resurrection, had raised up fallen man to his divine inheritance. We early find, however, indications of the transfer of the observance of the Jewish Sabbath to Sunday, and the attending to any mere secular business on this day seems, at an early period, to have been regarded as sinful. The Thursday and Friday of each week, the latter day especially, were consecrated to the remembrance of the sufferings of Christ. On these days there were meetings for prayer, and fasts until three o'clock in the afternoon.* But every one was at liberty to take a part or not in these observances, according to his own particular neces-

* "Such fasts, united with prayer, the Christians, who were fond of comparing their calling to a 'militia Christi,' called Stationes, — as if they constituted the sentry duties of the soldiers of Christ. Hence both these days were named 'dies stationum.'"

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sities or inclinations. Those churches, however, which were composed of Jewish Christians, though they admitted the festival of Sunday, yet retained also, for a time, the observance of the Sabbath; and it was from these that the custom became general in the Eastern Church of distinguishing this day, as well as Sunday, by the exclusion of fasts, and by the standing posture in prayer; while in the West, and especially in the Roman Church, where the opposition against Judaism predominated, the custom grew out of this opposition of observing the Sabbath also as a *fast*-day. But too soon the apostolic spirit of love and forbearance was lost sight of, and instead of simply seeking the unity of the spirit in the bond of Christian love, uniformity in such outward matters was required, — a fruitful source of divisions, deleterious to the progress of the truth of Christ.

The week consecrated by the Jews to the observance of the national Feast of the Passover was early regarded by Christians as peculiarly sacred, being the anniversary season commemorative of the sufferings and death of Christ. Thus, the Friday preceding the Sunday of the Resurrection, or Easter Sunday, was consecrated to special acts of fasting, penitence, and prayer, as preparatory to the greatest Christian festival; and in some districts, in accordance with the example of Jesus, who fasted during forty days in the wilderness, this fast was extended to forty hours, which led afterwards to the forty days, Quadragesimal, or Lenten fast.

Fifty days after Easter occurred the Feast of Pentecost, commemorative of the descent of the Holy Spirit. (Acts ii.) It was also observed under the name of Whitsuntide, or White Sunday, because this was one of the stated seasons of baptism in earlier times, and the persons who received that rite were clothed in white garments, as emblems of spiritual purity. For a time, this entire period of fifty days was celebrated as Sunday; that is, there was never any fasting, and prayers were offered in the standing, and not in the kneeling posture, and in many of the churches the con-

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gregations daily assembled and celebrated the communion, — the whole period being consecrated to the remembrance of an ascended, glorified, yet ever-present Redeemer. Afterwards, two special events were selected out of this whole period, to which the celebration of Pentecost was confined, — the ascension of Christ, and the effusion of the Holy Spirit.

These feasts were the only ones generally observed during the first century; that of Christmas, commemorative of the birth of Christ, and of the Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, twelve days after, not being generally celebrated until the third century. This latter festival was called by the Greeks the "Feast of Lights," being considered as commemorative of Christ's baptism, and as such it stood in high repute towards the close of the fourth century, at Antioch; while the introduction of the Christmas festival, coming from the West, met with considerable opposition. Several of the Eastern churches, however, which were not acquainted with the festival of Christmas until the last part of the fourth century, or still later, but where the feast of the Epiphany had been longer known, afterwards united the observance of the two.

H. M.

"O WHEN the Lord was gone,
The Lord who came to save,
Two angels fair and bright
Sat watching by the grave.

"And from that blessed hour,
With an immortal mien,
In every tomb of GOOD
Some angel sits unseen.

"The spell to bring it forth,
With lowly, gentle mind,
With patient love and trust,
Go seek, and ye shall find."

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THE USES OF THE SABBATH.

THE subject of the authority, legitimate uses, and proper employment of the Sabbath, has perhaps been discussed as much as any of the vexed questions among Christians. The several extremes of Puritan rigidity, Catholic indulgence, and Quaker indifference, all find advocates both within and without these sects. It would be in vain for us to hope to add anything new to their various arguments. But the questions of greatest interest to us are, What shall we do with the Sabbath as we find it? How shall we best employ it for our own and others' good?

It is in vain to seek much help from Scripture in answering these questions. Christ's teachings on the subject are almost wholly confined to breaking down the superstitious reverence, almost amounting to idolatry, with which the Jews regarded the day; and although he recognized its authority, it was more negatively than positively. Indeed, we can recall no positive precept of his on the subject, unless it be the one, "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath." The Apostles imitate his reserve, hardly ever alluding to the day, and in no instance giving any direction with regard to its observance.

We may therefore safely assert that every one should be free to follow his own conscience in this matter, only being careful that he thus violates no law which *is* distinctly laid down in the Bible, such, for instance, as that to love our neighbors as ourselves.

To follow his own *conscience*, we say, — not his own fancy or impulse merely. There can be no doubt that the Sabbath is intended as a great engine of good, — far greater than it has ever yet become. We are responsible for its use, responsible for wasted opportunities and neglected means of improvement, if it does not result in good to us, and to those over whom we have influence. But in this

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matter, as in many others, we have had too much spiritual tyranny. One man's conscience is not the measure of another's, neither is one man's improvement effected in the same way as another's. What may be for the good of a man of literary leisure, may not suit an uneducated laborer, nor a hard-driven merchant, nor a toiling seamstress, nor the mother of a family. And for any one of these to assert his or her right to oblige others to conform to their will, convenience, or sense of duty, is simply selfish arrogance. God has provided each of us with a conscience, and power to enlighten it by prayer to him; and to this conscience alone must we be responsible, when his will is not clearly expressed in revelation. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?"

There is among religious people a conventional manner of passing the Sabbath, partly inherited from our ancestors, to which they would gladly have every one conform. For some it may be the best possible form, but not for others. Taught to believe that only in this way can they hallow the day, and worship their Maker, they attempt to comply. Weariness and disgust follow, till, breaking the hated bonds, they follow their own lawless will and pleasure, profaning, or at least wasting, the holy hours which might be productive of infinite good to their souls, because they have never thought that their own conscience might direct them to other and more profitable employments for the day.

But in this matter we should never forget that no one has a right to monopolize that which was given for the benefit of all, — to employ the day in such a way as, while it suits his own pleasure or sense of duty, shall prevent others from employing it in *their* own way, or debar them from their share of common privileges. If the one great law of love, which all profess to acknowledge as binding, were conscientiously carried out, many long and angrily contested "Sabbatarian questions," so called, — such as Sunday trav-

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elling and post-office regulations, — would be settled at once and forever.

But friendly discussion may help us all to feel more truly the importance of the Sabbath, and to find out how we may really improve its hours. Perhaps its chief uses might be ranged under the heads of, — 1. Rest; 2. Spiritual and Mental Improvement.

1. *Rest.* This use, or one form of it, is conveyed in its very name. We often hear the word Sabbath objected to, as having a Jewish sound; but it has a meaning, which Sunday has not, to a Christian ear. The rest, implied in its name, was one of the chief reasons for its establishment, — why should we seek to do it away? The necessity of this rest for man and beast has been so often and so fully treated, that it need not be dwelt on here, except to say that its importance in this respect can hardly be appreciated by the untoiling portions of society, who do not feel the exhaustion of body and mind which is the daily portion of some of their brethren. Let such be careful that they do not hastily condemn others for using a portion of the day wholly for rest. Perhaps it is the best thing they can do, — merely a legitimate use of one of God's gifts, — though to those differently situated it might be sinful waste.

But there is no one in any class who may not fully appreciate that kind of rest which is derived from change of employment, for which the Sabbath gives an opportunity, — the alteration of the usual course of thought, the routine of occupation, the round of care, even the succession of pleasure. We would earnestly advocate making this change as complete as possible, — staying the tide of daily life, and turning it into another channel. Let all common avocations be suspended, even if pursuing them would be no misuse of the day; for the soul is soon cramped by continuous tension in one direction, and if allowed to spring back, and refresh itself by effort in a different one, will gather strength and vigor otherwise impossible to it.

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This might be more attended to in the education of children. Let common plays be laid aside, the usual week-day books be exchanged for others, occupations provided which may partake of the nature of amusement, yet still serve to mark the day, and separate it from the rest of the week. Let their elders do the same as far as possible. Do not carry the week-day work, reading, even *thoughts*, into Sunday. Give mind and soul an opportunity for entire change; exercise those mental muscles which usually lie torpid, and the whole system will feel invigorated.

2. But above all is the Sabbath, with its rest from common cares and its change of occupation, invaluable for the opportunities it affords for moral, spiritual, and, we will add, intellectual culture. To how many minds is it the only season which they can devote to these purposes! — minds longing to soar, longing to free themselves from the dust of earth, the sordid cares for subsistence, to whom its hours bring refreshment, precious as water to the thirsty soil. Let the wants of the *soul* have their first place here. The Sabbath was made for man, but more for his soul than for his mind or his body; and to spiritual improvement should its hours be first devoted. In this respect the institution of public worship is invaluable, and is often felt to be so by those who have but lightly appreciated the boon until from some cause deprived of it.

But it is not only thus that the day may be improved. A free intercourse with nature is possible to some only on that day; and even those who are more favored often find such communion peculiarly rich and delightful on the Sabbath. Family intercourse, too, can be made subservient to the highest and holiest purposes; while some opportunity of private reading and prayer ought to be afforded to every individual.

Those whose intellectual powers are exercised through the week ought, on the principle of change, at least, to allow them to rest on Sunday; but to many others it

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affords an opportunity not to be neglected, of acquiring knowledge and exercising talents from which they are debarred during the rest of the week.

But the most favored among us must often feel, with the poet, —

> "By earth hemmed in, by earth oppressed,
> 'T is hard to labor, hard to pray;
> And of the week, for prayer and rest
> We 've but one Sabbath day."

"The cares of this world," close clinging, very real, very present, "choke the word," till it is in sad danger of becoming unfruitful. Bless God, then, for the Sabbath, — for the breathing-space amid the din of battle, the glimpse of blue sky on a dull and cloudy day, which its hours afford; and long may it be before it becomes the institution of the past, the outgrown, lifeless form, which some would have us believe it!

DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

The Life of David Tappan Stoddard is an instructive and morally beautiful portrait, and it has suggested a few thoughts on the Christian missionary as a distinct type of character. It is the peculiarity of our holy religion, that it awakens the intensest missionary spirit. The annals of the Church are rich in illustrations of the most devoted and disinterested consecrations upon the altar of God. It is the desire of every earnest Christian, be he Catholic, Calvinist, or Unitarian, that all men should embrace the religion of Christ; and this desire will always be commensurate with the strength and vitality with which the Gospel is received. Hence every representative faith in Christendom has had its

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missionaries, and the churches which have lacked the missionary spirit are those which are characterized by indifference and spiritual weakness. Earnest and true-hearted disciples may differ as to the relative importance of certain specific plans; some may prefer to preach to the heathen at our own doors, others may choose to go forth among the idolaters of other lands, but the duty of doing all in our power to obey the Saviour's command to teach all nations, and preach the Gospel to every creature, is imperative on each individual Christian.

The Christian missionary then exists in the Church. He is a legitimate child of our faith. His life is a record of trials, toils, and prayers, spent in the specific effort to spread the Gospel. Even when put to the test of the most searching and destructive criticism, this character in its best exhibitions leaves as a residuum the purest elements of heroism. Grant that the fervors of zeal sometimes color the intellect with a too ruddy glow, — that the eye of reason may be dazzled a little by a visionary glare, — that the judgment may yield to the excitements of overwrought imagination and feeling; — grant all this: still the motive and the act, even in such instances, have risen to the height of moral grandeur. A man may be in error both as to the value and nature of his work, or the best methods which should be employed to promote it; yet, if he gives himself to it under the inspirations of disinterested love, it is one of the holiest offerings which the human soul can place on the sacred altar of faith. If, as an individual, we may be allowed to use the plural, we would say, that we believe the Romanist and Calvinist both hold to and teach systems of faith which in many of their features are not found in the Gospel of Christ; yet we have always sought and found in their missionary labors much to approve and bless.

The biography before us is scarcely open to the objection just hinted at; for the theology of its subject is not obtruded in any offensive manner. It gives us the sketch of a

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Christian. The spirit which guided the man was pure and holy, such as God everywhere approves and Christ accepts. Instead, then, of criticising any defects in theology, we would strive to be quickened by his deep love for Christ and his fervent missionary zeal. With this temper of mind, let us bring before us David Tappan Stoddard. He illustrates the true life of a Christian missionary. His early life was nurtured amid the beautiful scenery of the Connecticut. He was born at Northampton, a place endeared to our New England churches by many sacred and hallowed associations. It was here that Edwards spent a portion of his life. In the cemetery of this quiet town there are rich treasures for the memory. The tablets in that earthly dwelling-place of the dead bear the names of saintly ones, among whom are the missionaries Brainerd and Stoddard. It was here that the latter was reared. Through several generations his ancestors had been distinguished for piety. Besides, he was blessed with the rich gift of a sainted mother, who breathed her own sweet and holy fervor into his childhood. The germs of the divine life early expanded in his soul. In college he gave promise of eminent scholarship, and after his graduation filled with satisfaction the office of Tutor. His predilections were for the natural sciences; and in these he made so distinguished attainments as to receive offers which promised both honor and emolument. But he had given himself to Christ and the Church. Immediately after he graduated from the theological school, and commenced preaching, he was providentially thrown into company with Dr. Perkins, who had just returned from his mission among the Nestorians, to seek new laborers. The veteran missionary had no sooner become acquainted with the young candidate than he saw the rare and valuable combination of qualities he possessed for this peculiar work. Soon the arrangements were made. To a young man so truly consecrated there was much that was inviting in the missionary life. The only hesitation arose from the feeling of unfitness. But as

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this had its origin in humility, and not in lack of capacity, it was soon overruled. His own words best express his state of mind: "I want to feel, as Paul did, that the love of Christ constraineth me. Love of novelty, romance, desire for the approbation of others, and even a hope of heaven, are low motives in the comparison. O, let us never rest till in *all* our plans we can heartily say, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.'"

Soon all was arranged for the departure. Mr. Stoddard had taken a wife to share his affections and labors. Then came the last adieu to friends. The fond ties which bind the heart to kindred, home, and country must be broken. The anchor was hoisted, the sail was set, and the ship, loaded with its precious freight of devoted hearts, vanished from the gaze of fond and attached friends. But the young man did not go forth to his work with gloomy forebodings. "I rejoice to leave my native land. I shall count it a joy to spend and be spent among the Nestorians. The missionary's life seems to me a delightful one, even when I look steadily at its trials." The tears then shed at parting were not those of deep and abiding sorrow. They were the natural expression of affection. Underlying them was a holy joy. Thus hopefully he began. Life grew in years: then came toil and sorrow. He laid the remains of his wife in a foreign land. But as grief touched his heart, and disease enfeebled his frame, his hope did not set in despondency. His lot here differed not from others. Trials come to man everywhere. They are universal visitants, and are known in the New England town and village, as well as on the picturesque mountain-sides of Persia. These did not dry up the fountains of joy. Mr. Stoddard maintained the same bright temper of mind. When the inexperience of youth had passed into a riper knowledge, he still says: "I believe the true missionary is the happiest man living. If all missionaries relish their work as much as I do, we may indeed call ourselves a highly favored class. The

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only drawback to my happiness is the painful consciousness that I am very unworthy of my high privileges and responsibilities." He does not mean by this, that the life of the missionary is exempt from trial. It demanded self-sacrifices, it gave rise to anxious solicitude for the ignorant and depraved. He felt keenly the moral destitution all around him, and grief visited his household, and sorrow filled his heart. But he would have had all these experiences as a New England pastor. His testimony of the cheerfulness of the missionaries illustrates a wise and beautiful provision of Divine Providence. What we love to do imparts happiness. The missionary has this compensation. He throws his heart into his work, and his soul reaps a rich harvest of peace. We see here a verification of the Saviour's words: "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

It does not fall within the plan of this sketch to speak of Mr. Stoddard's labors among the Nestorians. We have now to do with the man as a type of character. In analyzing his faculties so as to ascertain the human elements of success, their basis will be found in force of will. He had "strength of principle, and inflexibility of purpose." Though endowed with a sensitive organization, he had steadfastness of action. This gave him decision. After he had resolved to do a thing, he bent the whole force of his energies to its accomplishment. The missionary work was the chief object of his thoughts. Under the inspiration of this, he made learning, time, talents, and piety his allies. He carried the missionary idea with him when he taught the native in the school, conversed with him by the roadside, or travelled to recruit his strength. In his private meditations, in the sacred hours of domestic intercourse, and on his knees before God, he always kept uppermost the conversion of men to the Gospel. How could he preach

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so as to Christianize the heathen? This question absorbed him. He longed for an angel's tongue and seraph's voice, that he might "win souls to Christ." This persistency gave efficacy to his labors, and brought the blessings of God. Though only a few years spanned his missionary life, he saw the ingathering of a spiritual harvest.

He added to force of will a mind thoroughly trained. He united intellectual vigor and ripe scholarship. These are indispensable for the permanent success of a mission. In the most comprehensive sense, the missionary must be an educator. He carries with him both a civilization and a religion. They are inseparably connected. The two must coexist. Christianity and barbarism hold towards each other irreconcilable antagonism. They are sworn foes. Besides these general considerations, there are those more specific ones which make a well-disciplined mind necessary for the success of missions. The Bible must be translated, which in itself calls into requisition all the aids of learning and mental discipline. The Gospel must be preached in a foreign tongue, the seminary must be taken in charge, and the darkened mind of the heathen opened to new and higher knowledge. Every acquisition — like that of science which Mr. Stoddard gained in college — is a useful aid, and gives to the missionary as a religious teacher additional resources.

But while learning is essential, it must be baptized into a Christian spirit. Mr. Stoddard was distinguished for his remarkable devotion. "His work swallowed him up, so that he thought of nothing else, and nothing in the whole world could influence his mind aside from that." This gave him elevation of soul. He was enthusiastic. His enthusiasm, however, was no fitful flash, but a steady and increasing flame. On his visit to this country, it was said of him, "He goes among our churches burning like a seraph." When engaged in earnest conversation, his face would light up, and when his discourse increased in animation,

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his features would glow as if touched with a heavenly fire. We have already seen that he was pre-eminently a happy man. He could laugh the laugh of childhood, and in his deeper moods was cheerful and serene. With buoyant step and bright smile he greeted his brethren, and threw the warmth of his own genial and loving heart over his social and religious intercourse. With the joyousness of a child he combined in principle the rigidness of a Puritan.

A few years filled up the measure of his active life. The day was short, and the evening shadows soon deepened. Seized with fever, nature yielded. With uplifting trust he laid his head on the dying pillow. Religion, like a hovering angel, strengthened him, and in the calm assurance of Christian hope he gave himself into the arms of his Heavenly Father. He died with the recollections of childhood fresh in his mind, and found solace in the hymns his mother taught him. As the last hour drew near, he seemed to feel her presence, at least the memory of her had increased intensity and vividness. She took him, as it were, by the hand, and led him through the valley of the shadow of death.

Thus lived and died a lowly servant of Christ. On a well-known spot in the missionary grounds of Mount Seir his remains peacefully lie; but he has gone home. His grave has been moistened by the tears of affection and friendship, while the marble tablet bears the inscription which is expressive of the guiding spirit of his life, — "He walked with God." Such a life is more eloquent than words.

S. W. B.

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RANDOM READINGS.

HOW TO MAKE CHRISTIANS.

Let us first hear Thomas Carlyle upon the subject. In his Life of Frederick the Great we find the following very significant passage: —

"And there is another deeper thing to be remarked: the notion of teaching religion in the way of drill exercise, which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to the instructors of Frederick. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a humble soul to struggle heavenward, cannot be taught by the most exquisite catechisms or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No, alas! no. Only by far other methods — chiefly by silent continual example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named 'the Grace of God' — can that sacred contagion pass from soul to soul. How much beyond whole libraries of orthodox theology is sometimes the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who had in them devoutness, pious nobleness! in whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observant, came at length to recognize it, to read it in this irrefragable manner, a seed planted henceforth in the centre of his holiest affections forevermore!"

The redeeming, reconciling spirit of the Gospel works through much holy living, rather than through much speech of holiness. The multiplication of mere ordinances, the most elaborate intellectual processes, the most learned appeals to history or arguments about miracles by those who take up the Gospel from the outside, and seek to commend it to the unbeliever as venerable, true, and useful, nay, even the rehearsing of the words of Christ, which are spirit and life, may not greatly advance the work of "making Christians." We may multiply churches and church services; we may open houses of worship on week days as well as on Lord's days; through relays of priests we may maintain solemn litanies and chantings, from the beginning to the end of the year; we may organize a second-rate opera at one end of the sanctuary and a second-rate stage at the

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other; we may print pages of tracts, North-side or South-side, as numerous as the leaves of our forests, and cover them all over with the soundest lessons of Christian morality, and even piety; we may place a Bible in every dwelling, and so educate every man, woman, and child, that they shall be able to read it, — and yet the number of even nominal believers may not be greatly increased. It is the Spirit of the Lord that converts men to the fellowship of the Gospel with its works and joys, and the Spirit acts not through dead books or dead forms or elaborate processes of argument, but only through living, loving men, and living, loving communities.

When our Saviour passed into the invisible world it was found that his life had been retained and was embodied in a company of men and women, whom the new Spirit raised, refined, and comforted even unto gladness, — changing those who had been vile and degraded into moral heroes, purifying the home, emphasizing the Christian nurture of childhood as a solemn trust, translating all who shared it from a kingdom of darkness into a kingdom of light, arresting the fearful action of the leaven of spiritual and moral death which was at work in the heart of heathen society, restoring the faded image of God, and bringing back the long-lost paradise. The story of those old communities, those kingdoms within kingdoms, can be read even now by the traveller, in the Catacombs, which like a vast subterranean city stretch under papal as under imperial Rome. That realm, underground, but not of darkness, opens to the traveller street and chapel, dwellings for the living, tombs for the dead, refuges for the hunted Christians, where they might worship the Father in the name of the Son, and be safe for a while from the officers of Roman injustice, or lay away the consecrated dust of the poor victims of persecution. Men and women mean something very vital and very practical, and which it infinitely concerns their brethren and friends to know, when they leave the light of day to dwell in catacombs, and even there cannot be safe. They may or they may not have eloquence or learning to commend what they would say to others; they may understand one tongue or a hundred; they may be peers of philosophers and poets, or untaught Jewish fishermen; — but in any case, what the Holy Spirit shall give them to utter will be heard; its power, worth, beauty, will be acknowledged; its adaptation to the deepest needs of humanity, to the necessities of

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the wisest as well as of the simplest, will be recognized; the salvation of God will be hailed by the children of God, and, as has well been recorded, within forty years after the fiercest persecution of Diocletian, a Christian shall reign over the empire. For let men relate what to them is a chapter of momentous life-experience, let them tell of the power by which they love and labor and suffer, and they will be heard and heeded; and though they may be slain, their truth will live, and get victories proportioned always to the obstinacy and cruelty of the opposition which it at first called forth.

Let us see your Gospel, saith the world. Let us see how it works. Truth is a hundred times truth when it comes out as experience, when it is seen to be a peculiar power accomplishing its own appointed work of redemption, a vital force in the mind and heart and outward life of man. If we could make Christians simply by singing, or praying, or talking Christianity, by rehearsing its inspired Scriptures, — they were read in the Jewish synagogues every Sabbath day, — or by citing the experiences and examples of believers of former times, the task would be an easy one; the world would be soon converted. But God has wisely ordered, that only the living shall communicate life; that only they who have reproduced Christianity in their own being and conversation, and have authenticated it for their own souls by living and walking in its spirit, shall be able to make it real to the world about them. Those who saw it in Jesus, and heard it from his lips of inspiration, and gave themselves up to that mighty and gracious influence, were persuaded; they in their turn were able to persuade others; and so the divine life of faith and love is transmitted from age to age, and according to the poverty or the abundance of the Church in this spiritual wealth, its work languishes or is speeded.

Christianity grows only so far forth as it lives. Let it become a tradition or a form, and the world will turn away from its preaching and its worship, and all its institutions, to the realities of this life, the strong and beautiful of earth. When men who think upon other subjects fail to think upon the subject of religion, only throw dust in each other's eyes, and repeat the thoughts of men which they have never verified, or even have learned to distrust, they will cease to understand and will fail to meet the intellectual scepticism of the times. If they write books of evidences, they will convert no infi-

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dels; it is well if they do not make infidels of believers. When the Gospel becomes, to those who profess to believe it, a mere sanctuary and Sunday thing, — only a refuge to which in great straits they betake themselves, — or one of the respectabilities of life, — when it ceases to be the deliverance, the inspiration, the strength, the joy of the soul, the pearl of great price, — they will not show it forth in its power and beauty, whether by word or work; they will not speak as the oracles of God, or live as the children of God. Their lips may talk religion, but their actions will plead for worldliness. Others will contrive to live without the Gospel, just as they contrive to live without it.

Our world is called, by those who moralize and exhort for it, and cease not day and night in holy commonplaces, besotted and blind. And so it is; but it is also very discerning, — as wise, any day, as many of its teachers, — often seeing quite through and far beyond them. The world is very sure to acknowledge a real force. You need not concern yourself greatly about ways and means, where a genuine conviction is struggling to express itself. Cure a sufferer of some terrible disease by a special treatment, and he will not cease to commend this treatment to others. You can hardly persuade him to talk of anything else. Read what our great adopted naturalist said of his favorite pursuits, in his beautifully eloquent, because so earnest, clear, and simple, plea before the committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, last winter, and you will find yourself, for the hour at least, filled with his spirit, carried away by his enthusiasm. He has his speciality, — understands it, loves it, believes in it; and that is a blessing to any man. You perceive at once that he is giving you of his life; you are the richer for listening to him. If the virtue is in us, it will go out from us. If it is not in us, our talk about the Gospel is a weariness, our means and methods poor creaking or clattering machinery. The more we have of them, the worse; and the sooner we are done with them, the better.

Only Christians can make Christians. Christ first, then they who are Christ's at his coming. For this reason the Christian who cannot make Christians should suspect his Christianity. It can hardly be the real thing. For this reason the Christian holds himself accountable for those who are not Christians. If we really believe in the Gospel with the whole force of our being, as men of

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the world believe in trade and manufactures, we shall make others believe in it. If men and women felt that Christianity was indispensable to their peace, it would not matter whether they heard it from wise or simple, in elegant churches or in upper rooms, in houses of worship within a stone's throw or at the distance of a few squares. We are dying of traditions and forms. As George Fox once said to Cromwell, we have the Scriptures, but have lost the spirit that wrote them. We are trying to convert others, and are only half converted ourselves. We are forever telling men what Christianity once was, instead of showing them what it is now. And so, whilst the believing or the conforming walk soberly to church, and indulge in the luxury of choir and pulpit, the cities and villages swarm with multitudes to whom Christianity is nothing but an old fable, or at best an entertainment for the better sort. If a true and beautiful life before God and man is just as impossible without Christ in the nineteenth century as the Apostles and early Christians believed it to be in the first, then the Christian's work is before him, and "*as much as in him is*" he will preach the Gospel, not only from the pulpit and in stated ways, but everywhere and in all ways. If it be indeed so, it cannot be so hard to show it. What our world needs just now, is not so much eloquent preachers as men and women who believe in the Gospel and live the Gospel. Without these, we may build houses of worship, but the people will not go to them; we may set up preachers, but the people will not listen to them; we may scatter Bibles, but the people will neglect or scoff at them; we may print tracts, but the people will throw them aside, as so much dreary shot rubbish, which indeed they largely are. Give them the light of life, the eloquence of deep conviction, the speech of burning hearts, — let the Holy Ghost dwell in you and speak by your lips, and make your life a hymn of praise and masterpiece of beauty, — and you shall no more need to commend the Gospel to men, than you shall need to stand by the Falls of Niagara and tell the beholder that it is a marvel of sublimity and beauty. *As much as in us is*, not one whit more than that, can we preach the Gospel. When its fulness is the heart's abundance, it lives and sings and works, not by the will or wit of man, but by the grace of God.

E.

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SUNSET ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

On Friday afternoon not only the bottles of heaven seemed to be poured out, but the hogsheads and reservoirs, and the rain did not come in drops so much as in masses, like sea-breakers over a deck. Saturday morning the sky was murky as ever, and a set of rather sour-looking fellows streamed off homeward from the Crawford House, evidently out of sorts with Nature for having kept up such a dreadful pother over their heads for ten days in succession. A round, fat man got into the wrong stage, usurping the seat of a lean, nervous man. The lean, nervous man muttered and growled, and the round, fat man swore some confirmatory oaths, as the stage rolled off and splashed through water and mire into the Notch. Then Nature, as if having waited to be rid of these fellows, changed her mood, rolled her clouds off out of sight, and Sunday morning Mount Washington and his whole staff peered up in the blue serene, as saying, "Come up hither."

There was to be a sermon that Sunday morning at the Crawford House. People looked solemn, and thought it our duty to stay and hear it. Albeit a very good preacher was enlisted, I knew there must be better sermons up in the sky regions, where Sunday, before it has come down and touched the common earth, retains its breezy vigor fresh from the peace of God. About noon, we were standing on the top of the Tip-top House, with half of New England unrolled beneath us. O such sermons as came out legible on that open page!

Do not imagine, however, that you have seen Mount Washington, if you have only been there by daylight. Endless piles of mountains with their winding valleys, lying in smoke and haze, dimly seen through voluptuous dream-light! Away to the west sweeps the Green Mountain range: the sun must go down there somewhere, and I will wait and see him set after the other sight-seers have gone. Already they are returning, stringing off down the bridle-path. I sit and watch them till they look like mice creeping down into non-existence, and the sublime feeling comes over me, "Alone with Nature and the God that fashioned us both." Rather humiliating, too, for if those sight-seeing ladies and gentlemen just dwindled into mice and thence into grasshoppers beneath me, how must I appear

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to the angels still higher up, while I sit here waiting to see Mount Washington under his coronal of stars?

Looking westward, the valley of the Ammonoosuc lies right under my feet, threaded by its winding river, and away beyond, pile after pile, the Green Mountain ridges stretch, visible almost from the Catskill height to the Canada line. Lying on the rocks, I wait to see how that region will light up under the evening twilight. I could not have imagined the reality, nor can pen or pencil describe it. There the sun goes down through ridges of cloud piled half-way to the zenith, and seeming like a mass continuous with the mountain piles below. And all are shaded off at sunset with purple and gold and blue. Near at hand, the Ammonoosuc Valley lies black with shade. The range beyond takes on a deep blue tinge. The range beyond that is light cerulean, and shades off into purple. Then there is one of pure gold. Then there is a ridge with sarcenet edgings. Then there is another, and then another, and by this time the eye has got half-way up the sky, and it cannot distinguish the line where sky and mountain join together. The whole west, from the valley right below clear up into the welkin where the stars are coming out, is fused into one grand picture, beginning with dark gray and ending with the flame colors in all their imaginable comminglings. And the lakes, which hardly appear in the noon-day haze, come out in that gorgeous twilight, and reflect its changing hues, and they dot that great western expanse with studs of gleaming silver or blazing fire. It is as if the Great Spirit had gone off through the west with his robe floating back, dropping down fold after fold, the upper ones compacted flame and purple, the lower ones gray and blue, ablaze with gold and silver spangles. It is such an unrolling of the robes of Omnipotence as is worth going round the earth to see, and, once seen, enriches the memory forever and feeds the spirit of meditation, — "flashing on the inward eye," and rendering solitude ever after an impossibility. For how can there ever be solitude with such a picture hung up in the galleries of memory, on which the inward eye can ever turn back to gaze?

Artists have a way of looking at natural scenery which idealizes the picture. Lying on the tip-top rocks, I saw near me a painter whose spirit was "drinking the spectacle." "Lay your head upon your hand," said he, "and let your eye sweep the scene horizontally."

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I did so, and the effect was wonderfully heightened. The colors were toned and spiritualized, and the blending was altogether more perfect. The picture seemed abstracted from earth and earthly associations, and the colors were softened into fairy hues. It seemed as if the gates of Paradise had been flung wide open, and those piles of gray and blue and purple and gold and sarcenet were stepping-stairs up to the throne, from the foot of which rows of angel faces must be looking down; and the gold and silver studs that gleam all along the lower ridges of gray and blue must be the guerdons which the Lord's hand hath scattered profusely to the dwellers below, and which have rolled down and lodged along the lower stairs. And the thought arose, Are these displays of the Divine magnificence confined to earth, and is not this auspicious hour given to teach us what may be, and what will be beyond the shadows of Time, and has not the poet divined well and prophesied truly?

"I saw with rapture, and expressed
A home-sick wish that I was there,
I thought that heaven might have its west,
A holier welkin of the blest,
With brighter clouds and purer air;
Its evening and its morning hours,
And nights and days resembling ours,
Save that of shadow there is less,
And more, much more, of lucidness.

"Mount beyond mount there greets the eye,
Where martyrs hail their blood-bought skies!
On every cheek the tear is dry,
And every breast forgets to sigh,
Breathing the air of Paradise.
All goodly things that gild our sphere
Glow in diviner beauty there;
The field, the silver stream, the grove,
Swell in the breath of life and love."

We lay upon the rocks "sweeping the scene horizontally," and watched the colors as they gradually faded out. It was a long time before they entirely disappeared. But the ridges grew indistinct, and the upper stairs melted away at last, and the lakes and lakelets sprinkled over that vast expanse gleamed fainter, like the waning

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lamps of a festal scene, and at length became invisible; and then we had lost the jewels which Omnipotence had flung down from the throne. We rose from the rocks; it was ten o'clock, and the Milky Way was fully displayed, blazing out of the cold blue with the brilliancy of a December's night. We had forgotten the cold, intoxicated with over-draughts of the Divine glory; but we now came to ourselves, and crept numb and shivering to our quarters in the "Summit House." And so ended the first Sunday on Mount Washington.

S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Immortality of the Soul and the Final Condition of the Wicked carefully considered. By ROBERT W. LANDIS. New York: Carleton and Porter. Boston: J. P. Magee. — The leading purpose of this book is to refute the Annihilationists, and establish the Calvinistic doctrine of the endless punishment of the wicked. The proofs of the soul's essential immortality are drawn from the common sources of evidence, — the nature and aspirations of the human mind, and the anomalies of the present life. The proof of the doctrine of endless punishment is attempted from an elaborate textual criticism. The book is distinguished by two features, — impudent assumption and outrageous inhumanity. Those who differ from the author — some of them men of much higher endowments than himself — are flouted at and dismissed with opprobrious epithets, which serve in the place of argument. "Puny intellects," "contemptible," "namby pamby," "inane and silly twaddle," are specimens. Dr. Whately is abused and censured, and Dr. Bushnell's attempts at exegesis are pronounced "unworthy of the merest tyro." This by a writer whose own exegesis is as open to cutting and destructive criticism as almost any writer that could be named.

The writer attempts to show that the happiness of the saints in glory will not be at all damaged by the pains of the wicked in hell. To have any sympathy with the damned will be taking sides against God, and so the saints will shout "Allelujah" as the smoke of the

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torments of the wicked ascendeth for ever and ever. Such is the influence of false theology upon the humane sentiments. Conceive of God as a tyrant, and straightway your own nature becomes demonized, — a terrible but just retribution, and which should teach us to beware of adulterating the truths of Divine revelation. s.

The Laws of Health; a Sequel to The House I Live In. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. — These laws ought to be known by every one. In a minute study of dietetics, however, we shall find that doctors disagree. It is a poor business always to be watching your stomach. A good rule is, find out what nourishes you best, then eat your meals and go about your business. Good digestion depends more on health of mind and well regulated and directed industry than anything else. Bating the consideration that Dr. Alcott has here, in some of his details, advanced doctrines which are questionable on very good authority, we must say that we think he has produced a useful book, and given excellent advice on cleanliness, ventilation, exercise, sleep, and regimen in general, and we hope the book will be extensively read. s.

The Physiology of Marriage. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. — Right glad we are to see "Twentieth Thousand" on the title-page of this little book. It is on one of the most important of all subjects. Ignorance of the laws that govern marriage is probably the occasion of more suffering and premature decay than most persons are aware of. Humanity is wasted and life is made wretched because young persons enter blindly into the most sacred of human relations, and violate without knowing it the Divine laws of their being. Dr. Alcott has treated the subject, in our opinion, with no more minuteness than the nature of it required, and evidently with a supreme regard for the well-being of his species. s.

The Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage, designed as a Companion to the Physiology of Marriage. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. — The advice in this little treatise is sound and practical. Considering with how much caprice the marriage contract is often made, and how liable people are to lose all their common sense during the period of "courtship," we think this book is calculated to be very useful, and we recommend it to all people just married or just going to be s.

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Growth of the Mind. By SAMPSON REED. Crosby, Nichols, & Co., and George Phinney. — We read this treatise years ago, the first, if we remember, of our Swedenborgian readings, and thought at the time it had more seeds of truth than we had often found in the same compass. We are glad to see this new and elegant edition, and those who have not time to read many books, and wish to get a great deal in a small space, and in a style attractive from its purity and simplicity, will do well to procure it. S.

Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister. With some Account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry. Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr. — Mr. Parker's experience is given in the form of a letter to his people, the members of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. It makes a volume of 182 pages, and is the best written of anything we have ever read from Mr. Parker's pen. It not only gives his experience, but his views in general of Religion, the Church, Philosophy, the Bible, Society, and Reform, as they have been unfolded in the course of his ministry. It was written under the double influence of physical disease, and the emotions produced by separation from a congregation that regard him with warm personal affection, and though it lacks by no means the writer's brilliant wit and pungent sarcasm, and has all of his strength and breadth of statement, there is all along the mellowing influence of subdued emotion, and the consciousness of the growing frailty of the tie that holds him to this world. It is an extended farewell sermon, and shows in a small compass the keenness and efficiency of Mr. Parker's weapons in assaulting old errors and battering down the effete theologies, and at the same time his utter weakness and failure as the builder up of any system of positive truth which can serve as one of the working forces of human progress. S.

The Legend of St. Christopher, and other Poems. By SARAH W. BROOKS. Providence: George H. Whitney. — The principal poem, and the one which gives title to the book, is written in the style of the old ballads, and indicates genuine poetic gifts both of conception and language. It is a tale of charity, and an admirable comment on the Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Some of the

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shorter pieces are very sweet. We make room for one of the Sonnets: —

"BEFORE THE CROSS.

"O, look on me with thy divinest eyes! —
Love-pleading from beneath thy thorn-crowned brow,
Look on me, fair white Lamb of sacrifice!
As low before thy cruel cross I bow,
Till the deep tenderness that in them lies —
Immortal love struggling with mortal pain —
Shall break my heart and overflow mine eyes
With a swift torrent of remorseful rain!
Was ever mortal sorrow like to thine?
And shall I fling my unborne cross away,
Forgetting the exceeding weight of thine,
Fainting beneath the burden of my day?
Meek, sinless sufferer, with one glance of thine,
Melt me! and lose me in the will Divine!"

S.

The Three Eras of Woman's Life. A Novel. By ELIZABETH ELTON SMITH. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — We have not finished the reading of this book. A very competent judge, who has got immersed in its pages, says the characters are well drawn, the interest well sustained, and the moral of the story a good one.

S.

PAMPHLETS.

Swedenborg and his Mission. A Lecture delivered before the Massachusetts Association of the New Jerusalem Church. By SAMPSON REED.

The New Heaven. By Rev. T. B. HAYWARD.

Report on the Woman's Rights Meeting at Mercantile Hall, May 27, 1859.

Discourse on the Life and Character of Joseph Brown Smith. By JOHN H. HEYWOOD.

Eighth Annual Report of the Boston Provident Association, May, 1859.

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THE

MONTHLY

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AND

Independent Journal.

VOL. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1859. No. 3.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS, } Editors.
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TERMS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
The Hunger of the Churches, by Rev. E. H. Sears	145
Athanasius, a Sketch, by W. H. S.	155
Charity. From Spenser	167
Peter, the Apostle of Jesus Christ. By Rev. Rufus Ellis	168
Water of Life	176
A Searching Religion. A Sermon by Rev. Wm. Silsbee	177
A Summer Carol at Noonday	184
Thoughts concerning the Gospel according to John, by Rev. T. T. Stone	185
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. IX. By E. P. P.	193
Horace Mann, by Rev. E. H. Sears	201
Editors' Random Readings. The Church Question, by Rev. Rufus Ellis	208
Transmitted Life, by W. H. B.	215
Notices of Books. The Suspense of Faith	216

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THE HUNGER OF THE CHURCHES.

WE were not present at the last Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association. In the Report of its proceedings appears the following personal allusion, in the remarks which the present Secretary made on that occasion: — "Here are our friends, the Senior and Junior Editors of the Monthly Magazine, who have made a statement. They are not Unitarians, though they sympathize with Unitarians. But what is their position? The Senior Editor adopts some of the views of Swedenborg concerning God and Christ; but he, like our excellent friend whose theology is simmering, believes that the doctrine of three Persons is the same as the doctrine of three Gods. He says that he believes in the Ante-Nicene doctrine respecting Christ. But the Ante-Nicene is the Anti-Trinitarian. I like the position of these brethren. I have no fault to find with it; but to me it seems really a Unitarian position, though they reject that name."

We assume that no slur was intended in our being lumped in with "theology simmering." As we have been for fifteen years a life-member of the Association, and do not

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expect ever to be put into its programme again for a speech, we will take this form and method to have our say, for there are some things that crowd upon us as worthy of utterance.

Forty years ago there was a noble band of reformers who broke away from the old creeds and asserted the rights of the churches to a free Christianity. They believed that, while the old dogmas of the Trinity and the Atonement were human inventions and additions, and had had their day, there was in Christianity an undeveloped force, an absolute theology to break forth with fresh energy and splendor after the rubbish of the Middle Ages had been removed out of its way. What this absolute theology was, they never pretended to have discovered entire. It would have moved their indignation to have had their opinions taken and stereotyped for such discovery. They claimed that the churches should be emancipated from the dead past, and that the Bible should be open to all honest interpretation for such discovery to be made. It was the re-affirmation of John Robinson's noble saying: "There is more light yet to break forth from God's holy word."

This was the Liberal Christianity of Channing, Kirkland, Ware, Buckminster, and of kindred minds.* It was *liberal*

* "There are two kinds of Unitarians, and they differ much from each other. There are those who are unable to comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity known as Orthodox, and are shocked by that of salvation by faith alone, and deny these doctrines without substituting for them distinct and precise dogmas. I am one of these. I suppose your father [Judge Parsons], Mr. Buckminster, and my successor, Mr. Thacher, were others. There are, however, Unitarians who go so much farther as to have a system of faith about these things which satisfies them, and they think they are able to understand the whole. But I do not agree with them." — *Dr. Kirkland*, as quoted in the *Memoir of Judge Parsons, by his Son*, p. 320.

"There are some among us at the present moment who are waiting for the speedy coming of Christ. . . . . Christ in the New Testament is said to *come* whenever his religion breaks out in new glory or gains new triumphs. He came in the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. He came in the destruction of Jerusalem, which, by subverting the old ritual law and breaking the power of the worst enemies of his religion, insured to it new victories. He came in the Refor-

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Christianity, for it was the Gospel liberated from the old ecclesiasticism for a new forth-going out of its interior and inexhaustible life. Moreover, its first principle was charity before faith. It was *Christianity*, for these men never believed nor dreamed of an absolute theology which was extra-Christian, which was to spring up outside the Christian economy, and only recognize it as one of the partial religions to be taken up into one more absolute and comprehending. They believed that Christianity was itself the universal religion, and not a spent force; that it was to open upon the latter ages as the one great power to regenerate man, reform society, and redeem the race. It has been said that they rejected all creeds. They did no such thing. They rejected all *human* creeds as church platforms and tests of fellowship, because they believed that the Bible was the one Divine and sufficient creed, and the only platform for a true church catholic, and that out of its records, left free to honest interpretation, the Christ was to come in his fulness. Their *ecclesia* was Congregationalism, — each church free from synodical domination or interference. Their creed was the Bible, or God speaking to man; and they claimed that man should be free to listen with his own ears. The evidence which they demanded of a true religious experience, was a Christian life.

Never did men occupy a nobler position. Their words reached us, gasping for life within the hard shell of Calvin-

mation of the Church. He came on this day, four years ago, when through his religion eight hundred thousand men were raised from the lowest degradation to the rights and dignity and fellowship of men. Christ's outward appearance is of little moment, compared with the brighter manifestation of his Spirit. The Christian whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God, discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of his chariot-wheels and the voice of his trumpet when no other perceives them. He discerns the Saviour's advent in the dawning of higher truth on the world, in new aspirations of the Church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudice and error, in brighter expressions of Christian love, in more enlightened and intense consecration of the Christian to the cause of humanity, freedom, and religion. Christ comes in the conversion, the regeneration, the emancipation of the world." — *Dr. Channing's Address at Lenox.*

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ism. They uttered what we had deeply felt. "There is a Christianity, then, yet to break forth from the Word of God, all-perfect and beautiful, when the clouds of human metaphysics have cleared off." We heard the summons like a trumpet-call. We broke the old fetters, and threw them away. We hastened to the high ground which these good men had marked out. None can tell how goodly seemed the prospect, how much purer the air, and how the lungs delighted to breathe it in. We have stood on it ever since, we stand on it now, and we expect to stand on it as long as we live. It is the ground, we are persuaded, which true and good men will take and are taking, as they feel the sect religions to be partial or tyrannical. It is the table-land on which a great multitude will find themselves, as human dogmas pass away into oblivion, and Christianity is itself revealed.

"Unitarianism" is a word of more doubtful and restricted meaning. If it were a synonyme of Liberal Christianity we should have not the least objection to it, and as a definition (etymologically) of the first truth of religion, it is exactly what we believe. But who does not know that many have appropriated the name as descriptive of a set of opinions which have petrified into the implied creed of a sect? Unitarianism is claimed as involving the belief that "Christ is not God," and that the Bible is not itself an infallible revelation, but only the human "history of a revelation." Those who are called by the name Unitarian, and who hold the essential Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, though along with the strictest unity of God, are very politely reminded that they are "riding two horses," that they are "coquetting with the Orthodox," that they are "looking over into their neighbor's fields." Very well, we relieve these brethren of their anxieties and reject the name. We would gladly bear our full share of any odium that comes from a rejection of the old orthodoxy, and a full belief in a catholic Christianity; we would take upon our shield any number

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of the javelins which Bigotry might choose to send, and we do not doubt the opportunity will be given us. But it is asking rather too much of us to take the javelins from without, and at the same time be punched and elbowed from within; and when it comes to that, we go higher up than Unitarianism, or sect, or clique of any sort, and take the high ground of a liberated Christianity, where we can develop our whole thought, and where there is room for the whole New Jerusalem to descend.

That it *is* descending into all good and true minds with growing power and effulgence, making the old lines of division to be pale and tremulous, is to our eyes patent enough. That it will include Swedenborg, and more than Swedenborg, we firmly believe. That it will have power to melt the heart and mould it anew, and transfigure the life, and shape its own ecclesiasticism from the Christ coming from within, and be manifest to the world in charities so broad and heavenly and warm as to rebuke the hard Judaism of the existing sects, will be plain enough to those whose minds are open to receive its genuine spirit.

The Unitarianism that draws in and shrivels down into these negations has, to our apprehension, three radical deficiencies; and unless these be supplied, Christianity as a universal faith, bearing riches and blessing to the nations, must go on without it. We trust that what we say will not appear invidious, for though we reject the name Unitarian in the restricted sense that men now use it, we stand fairly and immovably on the ground of Liberal Christianity, and claim to belong to the original household; and as such we are speaking from within, fraternally and in sympathy with wants which we have felt, and which we know a great many others feel, — not from without, in the way of hostile criticism and denunciation.

Unitarianism needs a Christology, — one which shall reveal God and bring him home to the heart of the believer in relations that are personally dear and tender. Why can we

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not understand that any amount of talk and teaching *about* God as a Father does not effect this and never can? We do not need to be told of God's goodness, but to have that goodness borne in upon our souls with such tidal fulness as to cleanse us of evil, and warm our devotions, and make the Lord the one power within us to sway our faculties. That Christ was not God, in that the assumed human nature through which the Divinity at first acted was not Divine, is what all Christians believe. That Christ was and is God, in that his inmost being was and is the essential Divine and not merely an inspiration from it, and in a sense that Unitarianism has never fathomed, Unitarianism ought, we think, to be humble enough to believe possible. That herein he *is* God, brought divinely near to us and infolding us within the quickening sphere of the Godhead, and bringing to bear upon us the great redemptive force of the Gospel, there are multitudes in all the sects who not only believe, but know. And they believe and know that herein is the chief power whereby God lays hold of them to change them into his likeness and make them feel the thrills of his tenderness and love. That the Christology of the Gospel has been overlaid with grievous errors, and been shorn of a great deal of its power by theories of Tritheism and imputed righteousness, is sadly true. But cannot Unitarians nevertheless have the candor to see and acknowledge that there is, and always has been, a power here which they miss of when they shrink into these negations, — that without it love waxes cold, that piety becomes Jewish rather than Christian, and loses depth and tenderness, that God is far off and impersonal, and his "Fatherhood" withdrawn behind a cloud and a veil, that morality is stoical, that prayer goes up without answer, that the Church loses its hold on common minds, and church-extension ceases altogether? We do not say that this is always so, but we ask, Is not this tendency so swift and constant as to show that one of the great moving powers of the Gospel is in abeyance? And can

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they not acknowledge that in the fact of the Divine incarnation there is a truth or a cluster of truths, which they of all others need to know and to apply, — that there is a Christology which they of all others need to learn, a Divine humanity in which God comes home to our own fallen humanity and raises us up and puts into our mouth a new song?

Unitarianism needs a Pneumatology. — Plainly it can never become a religion of the people till it has one. It is mightily chary and reserved about a spiritual world, and thinks that St. John was romancing or dreaming when he wrote the Revelation. It fears a ghost like a child whistling through a churchyard. On the side of a spiritual world it is mainly negative, or lost in sounding generalities. Nothing definite is revealed, it says; ignoring all that portion of the Scriptures where the world of mystery has opened its wonders. It ignores Swedenborg, thinks he took rather too much strong coffee and saw "visions"; prefers to keep its own eyes shut, and leap off in the dark when the time comes. We presume that most Unitarians believe, in the simplicity of their hearts, that the greatest psychologist the world has ever seen was engaged mainly in talking with spirits, and are ignorant of the fact that his whole system of pneumatology was evolved from the Scriptures by a rigid application of the essential laws of language, and that the "visions" are incidental, and merely illustrative of the universal principles of being. No church ever existed, or ever can exist, without a pneumatology; for it cannot prepare men and women for immortality unless it knows what sort of an immortality they are to have. Catholicism found the main source of its influence to be here, and by its perverted pneumatology it ruled the human mind, and rules it yet as no church ever did before. One of the main sources of Protestant influence is here. Calvinism, without its heaven and hell and its day of judgment, could never get up a single revival. It is the pneumatology of a church which forms the ground

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of its richest and most popular literature, which creates its poets and inspires their themes. That of Catholicism flowered forth in the poems of Dante and Tasso, and in a devotional literature singularly fragrant with the air of a spiritual world. That of Puritanism culminated in the great poem of Milton and in the hymns of Watts, and these still furnish the imagery for faith and hope and fear to lay hold of. Heathenism itself never furnished a great poet, unless it had faith in the super-sensual definite enough and strong enough to furnish him with the machinery for his imagination to work. If Homer or Virgil had been deprived of this, their epics would have been nothing but plodding prose. The Iliad, instead of being a Bible to every Hellenist and a song to all ages, would have been a string of annals about the siege of Troy, and the land of Greece would have been no fairer than common earth, unless her mountains and groves had borrowed a supernatural light, and been peopled from her beautiful mythology. Modern Spiritualism, with its one million or more of believers, is the common mind — the Gentile portion — groping for a pneumatology; and it will accept of Necromancy, with all its crudities and ghostly mutterings, rather than have none at all. Unitarians are the only sect that ever undertook to do the work of a church without a pneumatology; and continuing thus, their religion must be utterly powerless to furnish a literature in which both reason and imagination perform their great offices, the latter just as much the means of a true faith as the former, — a literature in which the loftiest poetry shall have more of truth than the soberest prose, — inspired by a faith which is not only "reasonable," but whose eye is open and gazes on the Throne and the royalties beneath it, and whose wing beats upon celestial air.

Suppose that Unitarianism, cribbed in by such conditions as we have indicated, should find that, by some fortuity, a great poet had arisen up in the midst of it, — not a day-songster, but a bard whose imagination had the Mil-

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tonic sweep and grandeur; what on earth would it do with him, or how open to him the chambers of imagery? Milton, some time in his life, may have been a Unitarian, but he certainly wrote Paradise Lost and Regained, and his immortal song of the Nativity, under the afflatus of Puritanic conceptions of God and a spiritual world, — yes, and a Puritan faith in them also.

Unitarianism needs a Rule of Faith and Life. — "The Bible is not the word of God, but a record and a history of it." Which part of it, and how much? If we are to have any authority but the inner light, where is it? The position of Unitarianism in regard to the Bible strikes us as anomalous and untenable. An infallible rule cannot be conveyed in a human and fallible record. If St. John dreamed when he wrote the Apocalypse, might he not have been somnambulic when he wrote his Gospel? If the four Evangelists gave us the superstitions of the times in respect to the demoniacs, how much of superstition mingles in their account of Christ's birth and resurrection? If, as Mr. Norton thinks, the story of the Magi is Oriental fable, what may the story of the Ascension and the songs over Bethlehem also be? If Genesis gives us bad geology, and David's Psalms bad morality, may not all together give us bad theology? Where shall we cut out David's cursings, so as to leave his other lucubrations without seam? Are we not remanded to our own intuitions to find out the good and the true? and is there any consistent ground between a Bible of plenary inspiration and authority, and the Bible of Mr. Theodore Parker? Do not these questions point to the inevitable necessity of a system of interpretation itself Divinely authorized, which shall evolve a spiritual sense from the rugged literalism of the Bible, — which shall prove itself by its own workings and grand results, and show what is Bible and what is not, what is the Divine work and what is human, — which shall not contradict reason, but strengthen it, guide it, and uplift it from its grovellings and gropings

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into the clear sunshine of God revealed? We must have this, giving us an infallible rule from without to test and to clarify the light within, — or else we must fall back upon natural religion and intuition, and trust to these alone. Which we are coming to, we cannot doubt. The latter alone, fallen and unregenerate as man now is, is a taper light, uncertain and dim, struggling up through the chaos within him, often confounded with the lurid gleam of his own self-love, often going out in darkness. The former is the Divine Reason let down upon man's reason, and making it brighten to the perfect day.

In all this we may be misunderstood. We cannot help it, for we must say it. We are sick enough of the self-complimentary style. We believe that in the prime essential of a genuine catholic Church, — the charity that places the life first and the belief afterwards, and insists on the great principles of human brotherhood, — the Unitarian communion is in advance of all others, and for that reason might be, and ought to be, in advance of all others in the vital reception and application of a humane and universal Theology; for without a theology to give to charity form and perpetuity, and make it recuperative, and lead it on to the grandest issues, all the good in a denomination becomes evanescent, lacks aim and concentration, and is finally dissipated and lost.

We had written this before reading Dr. Bellows's late Address, which he entitles, "The Suspense of Faith." As a criticism on the stand-still of Unitarianism, all must admit that it evinces remarkable insight and ability. But when the writer comes to the work of construction, the contrast is striking enough, and he has too much good sense not to feel and acknowledge his utter weakness. It is plain enough, that something more than the agglomeration of individuals, with a ritual and holy days, is necessary to constitute a Church; that without a living theology as the means of bringing God into it, it would only be the corpse of a

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Church, laid out with splendid decorations. Whence is to come that living theology which alone can "illuminate the holy symbols"? — a question which must receive a definite answer before the "New Catholic Church" can arise.

S.

ATHANASIUS.

A SKETCH.

THE first half of the fourth century contains some of the most important dates in Church history. Arius, a presbyter and pastor of Alexandria in Egypt, was deposed for heresy by his bishop, Alexander, A. D. 321. The great Council of Nicæa met A. D. 325, and the development and final triumph of the doctrine of the Homoousion or Consubstantialism belong to the same period.

Removed as we are by a distance of fifteen centuries, we are puzzled to know how a controversy about the Essence of the Son could have absorbed so much of life and experience. But a sound theology was religion then; and the deepest piety employed itself in shaping formulæ.

The Church had passed through the first ordeal. Christianity as a power was no longer questioned. How to work up the elements into a conscious unity, to give the word *Church* a definition that should be known and read of all men, this was the great work into which the energies of the time entered and expended themselves.

Athanasius, who became the central figure around which the contending parties fought, was born at Alexandria, A. D. 296. He was about twenty-five years old when Arius was deposed from office; an amanuensis of Bishop Alexander, and consequently a member of the Bishop's household. How early in life the youth was dedicated to the Church, is not known. That he was given to the Bishop

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by his parents when very young, is evident from the confidence which was placed in him while yet a young man.

There is a story (as is always the case with men who become leaders in history) concerning the childhood of Athanasius. The boy was observed *playing church* one day, much to the amusement of all his comrades. He himself as bishop, the other boys as catechumens, deacons, presbyters, &c., were doing everything in perfect imitation of an ecclesiastical college. This proceeding happened under the eye of the Bishop Alexander, who was watching them from the window. "Hitherto," says the account, "Alexander was well content with the children's sport; but when he saw them take upon themselves to administer what he thought resembled the sacred and solemn rites of the Church, and the most hidden and concealed mysteries of religion, he sent some one of the clergy who happened to be at his house to inquire into the meaning of the action. The children were found to have done everything so accurately, Athanasius baptizing in due form those who had not been baptized before, that confirmation by the higher powers was considered all that was necessary to complete initiation. The children were recommended to their parents to be set apart for the Church, and thus Athanasius in due time became a member of the Bishop's family.

The youth, first as private secretary, afterwards as deacon, proved himself of great value to Alexander. He was admitted into his private counsels, and he assisted in the most important controversies.

When the great Council to settle the dispute about Arius was called, which was to be hallowed by the presence of Constantine himself, Athanasius, as the attendant of Bishop Alexander, came into prominent notice. Here, although only a subordinate officer of the Church, in the presence of the great Roman Emperor and more than three hundred bishops from all parts of the world, he dared to present him-

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self, and actually maintain the position, as champion of the Trinitarian party.

If the accounts are to be relied on, Athanasius was not more than twenty-nine years old at this time. That a young deacon was able to command such attention and notice at this council of bishops, furnishes the highest proofs of his talents and ability. We are not to suppose, however, that the triumph of Consubstantialism, by an overwhelming majority, is due to Athanasius. The Trinitarians were by far the larger party; Arians and Arianism lacked unity from the beginning. Their weakness throughout is the want of clear definition. The party whose cause Athanasius espoused, on the contrary, possesses all that advantage and measureless superiority which comes from a clear, positive idea.

Athanasius, from birth to the Council of Nicæa, knew nothing else but Consubstantialism. His intimate connection with Bishop Alexander is of itself the best warrant of his orthodoxy. The very occasion which brought Arius into notice, and which cost him his presbytery, being an attempt to deny the statements of Alexander, makes this disturber of the faith all the more offensive. Athanasius calls him accursed, impious, and all the other euphonious titles which as a vigorous Churchman he knew how to use.

From the beginning, therefore, the party which was destined to triumph owned Athanasius with all the sincerity of his being.

It is impossible to separate the life of this great man from that of his age. He is one of those whose biography is synonymous with history. We find him associated with the Bishop of Alexandria up to the Council of Nicæa, and find his life to have been moulded and shaped after the strict orthodox pattern, in the immediate presence of the good Bishop. A short season spent with St. Anthony the Eremite only served to strengthen still more his Trinitarian tendencies.

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On his return from the Council, with the eyes of all Christendom fixed on him as the man of the future, Athanasius is forced to assume the bishopric left vacant thus early by the death of his patron. Alexander lived but six months after the return, and when on his death-bed expressed the wish that Athanasius should be his successor. The youth of the man, the greatness of the office, at this time third in rank and importance throughout the Church, made him at first exceedingly reluctant. But the voice of the people would not be silenced by any other. Athanasius was placed on the episcopal throne in 326.

The period of storm and struggle now commences, and throughout we find in Athanasius a man fully equal to the times. Milman the historian, in speaking of the great controversy, says: "It is possible that, but for the rise of *one inflexible and indomitable antagonist*, the question might either have sunk to rest, or the Christian world acquiesced, at least the East, in a vague and mitigated Arianism."

We must not forget, in this connection, that the cause did as much for those who espoused it as they themselves for it. Athanasius had by far the best side, and when we find him the firm, consistent defender that he was, we do well to consider how much better the chance to be clear and firm. Athanasius always had the people to sustain and defend him for this very reason. They could always understand where he stood; and the sincerity, the piety, the truly strong character of the man, made his presence a power which his enemies knew not how to equal.

This decision at Nicæa, by which Arius and the two who dared to remain true to him were banished, and Trinitarianism apparently a complete triumph, proves soon to be no settlement of the question whatever. The Emperor Constantine, who had made a banquet at the close of the Council, and feasted the bishops to fulness, so that the grosser part thought of nothing else but the Millennium, was soon more perplexed than ever. A man more concerned for the

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things which make for outward peace than for anything else, with no inward consciousness of the mighty difference between Homoousion and Homoiousion, he began to relent and to regret the severity which had made him a mere partisan. "Why not let the wheat and the tares grow together till the harvest. Have I, a Roman Emperor, become the servant of Trinitarians, a party in the Church for the most part confined to the West, and am I allowing my own subjects at home to be trampled under foot? Let Arius be recalled, and let us quarrel no more about mere words; I am determined to be vexed no longer."

But Athanasius, whose very religion was the conception of the Son as one with the Father, persisted with his whole soul against acknowledging Arius as a Christian. Though an hundred emperors command him to receive the heretic, he cannot so prostitute the true faith.

The opportunity is now at hand for the enemies of Athanasius to accomplish his banishment. They accuse him before Constantine of the most heinous crimes. Licentiousness, plotting with a conspirator, profanation, murder, are laid at his door. The monstrous absurdity of these charges is a monument to the integrity of the accused. Athanasius was really so blameless and powerful in worth and duty, that nothing reasonable could be trumped up anywhere against him.

His personal presence to answer some of the gravest charges so overawed and chagrined the Emperor, that he dismissed him with a feeling near to reverence, calling him, in a letter to the church at Alexandria, "a man of God." Nothing of an ecclesiastical character could influence Constantine against him. On preferring the charge of conspiracy, — a conniving to cut off the supplies of corn which came from Alexandria to Constantinople, — the Emperor consented to banish. Even a consent on this charge was probably with a view to getting rid of a most troublesome subject. Be this as it may, Athanasius was banished in

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336 to Treves, or Trier, a town in the remote province of Gaul.

Any attempt to give the proceedings of the Councils at Tyre and Jerusalem by which this banishment was brought about, is impossible within the limits of a mere sketch. A simple abstract of these stormy times must serve for the whole.

Within a year from the date of Athanasius's banishment Constantine died, and the administration of the Empire fell into the hands of his two sons, Constans and Constantius. The former ruled at the West, the latter at the East. Constans, by reason of his position probably, became a defender of Trinitarianism, while Constantius entered with a true Oriental fervor into the ranks of the Arians.

We have now reached the central period of the great struggle, — a controversy in which one Emperor is arrayed against the other. The two parties are nearly equal. Successive Councils, first on the one side, then on the other, persist in maintaining that the true Church is theirs, and Heresy the only name which with any justice can be applied to the opposition.

The banishment of Athanasius to the West affords the great Trinitarian leader ample opportunity to make and strengthen friends. He is received and cared for by Constans with marked attention.

During this banishment, — which did not last more than eighteen months, — the death of Constantine the Great, the sudden and somewhat remarkable death of Arius, which preceded it, and the earnest petitions of the Alexandrians, all contributed to make sure a return of Athanasius, even with triumph. Constantine himself is said to have relented in the Bishop's favor, and was prevented only by death from ordering his return. This seems somewhat remarkable, as indicating how little the Emperor knew or cared about theological distinctions. If he could only cease from trouble and be at rest, the ends of government and religion were an-

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swered, as well as admission to heaven. He suffered baptism, according to Church history, when about to die, by reason of much importuning, in much the same spirit in which he maintained Church institutions through the previous years.

The Emperor Constantius ordered the return of Athanasius in less than two months after Constantine's death. Church historians have painted the triumph of this return in vivid colors. The Alexandrians, who had refused with indignation the officers sent by the Arians, met their friend and loved one with the noisiest demonstrations. Athanasius was borne through the city amid processions and festive cheers, thus entering the field so dear to his heart with every encouragement.

All this was aggravating beyond measure to the opposition. They fought against Athanasius with new fury. He was accused of insolent assumption, — of forcing himself on the Church in defiance of a most solemn Council, which had pronounced against him, using the authority merely of a recall by the *Emperor*, not by the *Church*.

The dedication of a new church edifice at Antioch affords another opportunity for a Council, A. D. 341, hardly more than three years after Athanasius had resumed the bishopric. Matters have now reached a crisis, in which a breach between the East and the West begins to look almost inevitable.

It is interesting and highly instructive to notice how the unity of the Church was, after all, the highest aspiration of the times. What sect of philosophy was there ever in the world permeated with such divinity of interior life? The Christian Church is a phenomenon here of the divine infusion which distinguishes a great religious movement from a philosophical or intellectual one.

The East appeals to the West for support and justification. "In the name of religion," they say, "acknowledge and hear us." Bishop Julian of Rome, as being highest at

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the West, was appealed to first. The Arian party endeavor to gain over Trinitarians. But Athanasius knew how to manœuvre as well as his enemies. Throughout life he manifests a shrewdness which in party tactics is admirable, though it speaks not so much for the piety of the man as for his theological demagogism. Athanasius was a splendid leader.

Bishop Julian, as is natural the world over, feels highly flattered by this appeal. He is for calling a council at once, under his own presidency. The Orientals, not so plastic to the influence of one-man-power as this implies, conclude to have their own way. The appeal would no doubt have proved very satisfactory, if Julian and the West had not manifested such a decided leaning toward Athanasius. But as it is, the Arians are determined to proceed independently.

Pistus, a man who had been sent to Alexandria as bishop at this time, having failed utterly to establish authority, the Arian Council decides upon a certain Gregory of Cappadocia, a gross, inhuman character, as the historians would have us believe, who determines to be Bishop of Alexandria at all hazards. As soon as news of this appointment reached the Alexandrians, Bishop Athanasius determines to flee to Rome, well aware that his life would be taken if he remained at home.

The details of Gregory's entrance into Alexandria are revolting in the extreme. The inhumanities practised make one shudder on reading of them, especially when it is borne in mind that all was done in the name of Christ and the holy Church.

Gladly turning from the sad spectacle in Egypt to follow Athanasius, we find him at Rome, surrounded by the warmest of friends and admirers, vindicating his sublime faith and character in an open Council. The great leader is here recognized with pride as a regular bishop. He accordingly makes Rome his home for several years; — not without much longing and solicitation for his beloved people at

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Alexandria, as we may infer from his readiness to return at the first opportunity.

There are those who have attempted to maintain that, while here, Athanasius composed the famous creed which is used both in the Greek and Roman Church at the present day. This is entirely false. The "Athanasian Creed" did not appear for several centuries after, and probably took the name Athanasian from the internal character of the propositions. Athanasius has the honor with some of doing more for the Church than ever belongs to a single individual or a single age. Mistakes are often made by not keeping in mind what belongs to individual men, and what to the needs and consciousness of the age which creates and absorbs them.

Athanasius remains at Rome until a series of events have taken place which well-nigh sever the Church. The Orientals determine to conquer, yet, ashamed of the limitations which the name "Arians" imply, resolve upon a restatement of faith, by which they may fully vindicate their true position. This party of Anti-Trinitarians displays great learning and intellectual power, equal, if not superior, in scholarship and culture to the party of Athanasius, but, like all Unitarian movements which insist on being evangelical, unphilosophical, unpopular.

There was learning, culture, sincerity enough in the East to make Arianism in one form or another successful. But Athanasius and the party of the West held the great tangible truth which lodged and rested in the untaught consciousness of the people. Hence the tenacity and uncompromising spirit which maintained them, and which finally triumphed.

The great attempt to unite the Church by both Emperors acting in concert, is made A. D. 347, or nine or ten years after Athanasius left Alexandria for Rome. But the General Council at Sardica was a complete failure. The Orientals withdraw to Philippolis; the West reaffirm Athana-

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sius and the Nicene Creed. Matters have now assumed a very serious turn. Constans is determined to have Athanasius recalled. He even threatens war if the request is not complied with. Constantius, wearied with petitions and remonstrances both from the West and from Alexandria, where violence and disorder had proceeded so far as even to assassinate Gregory, consents to a change of policy. He wrote to Athanasius, bidding him return. The Bishop, as if wishing to proceed with the utmost caution and confidence, took no notice of the appeal until he had been urged the third time. He now, however, returns, A. D. 349, and is received at Alexandria with every demonstration of joy and thanksgiving.

The prospects of the Trinitarians now seem bright and encouraging. Athanasius finds supporters everywhere. It may be that so much favor elated the good Bishop more than was safe or proper. The Arians soon bring accusations against him, and prevail on the Emperor to attempt his removal. Constantius at first refused to meddle. He even sent a letter to Athanasius, after the assassination of Constans by the usurper Magnentius, promising to protect the Bishop as long as he lived. Not five years after this, we find him using every means in his power to support Arians. The accusations against Athanasius on political grounds are those of usurping temporal power; of using a church edifice before it was dedicated; worst and most libellous of all, of maintaining a treasonable correspondence with Magnentius, the usurper. In 355, Church conventions at Arles and Milan condemn him on doctrinal grounds also. Brave men now sacrifice their bishoprics in defending him. The controversy rages afresh. Constantius goes so far as to attempt to gain over the Bishop of Rome by bribes, threats, and various other measures. But Liberius, remaining firm, goes into exile.

The Arian party now take up arms at Alexandria, — force their way into the church of Athanasius while the Bishop

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is holding a service. The account of this entrance by force into the church is a vivid painting, illustrative both of the personal bearing of Athanasius and the desperate passion of his enemies. In the midst of evening devotions preparatory to administering the Holy Communion, the church doors suddenly fly open and disclose an armed soldiery pouring in at every avenue. The darkness of night, the gleam of swords and spears mingling fearfully with the dim light of the church, the crowding and shouts of an exasperated mob ready to tear everything in pieces, fill all present with terror and confusion. Athanasius, calmly seated in his chair, calls on the deacon to sing the hundred and thirty-sixth psalm, the people with united voice swelling the response, "For His mercy endureth forever." The soldiers are now on the point of rushing forward to attack the choir; but Athanasius, rising, stands firm and motionless at the altar, until sufficient time is gained for his friends to make ready a retreat. The Bishop, secured by a body-guard, passes unnoticed from the church, while confusion and carnage, terror and the sword, seize all who remain behind. The frenzy with which the Arian party attack the people everywhere is almost without parallel.

Athanasius now withdraws for a third time, but not to Rome. He is forced into the deserts of Egypt. During this season of comparative triumph, every kind of attempt is made by the Arians to modify the Trinitarian faith. Want of clear definition among themselves, as before stated, constantly baffles them. Alexandria, from which Athanasius had fled, becomes the scene of a series of cruelties which put to shame everything decent. There is universal anarchy, if we may credit history.

Attempts to take Athanasius force him to penetrate deeper into the wilderness. This state of things continues several years, the Emperor himself taking the most active part in securing a triumph to the East and the Anti-Trinitarians, while Athanasius, from his secret retreat among the

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Egyptian monks, publishes and promulgates the Trinitarian faith with untiring energy and power. The Christian world was never more disturbed and broken than at this time. Synod follows synod in almost endless succession. Parties divide and multiply, until the idea of unity seems well-nigh lost forever.

The death of Constantius, A. D. 361, introduces at length a new period. The Emperor Julian, who succeeds, as is well known, cared little either for Trinitarians or Anti-Trinitarians, Christians or Antichristians. An indifferent toleration is extended to all.

The banished bishops, Athanasius among the rest, return to their homes. New zeal for the Church, now that it is left free from imperial dictation, commences on the part of the Bishops. Athanasius's success is unbounded. The Alexandrians gather round their old friend and teacher with unbounded zeal. Converts multiply. Pagans renounce the old for the new. But a new storm soon gathers from the forces of galvanized Paganism. Julian, exasperated to see Trinitarian Christianity making such rapid strides, uniting with the enemies of Athanasius from all quarters, effects another banishment. The Bishop, however, escapes by stratagem, while his enemies are in pursuit of him on the Nile. Julian's death follows. The successor, Jovian, less zealous against Christianity, asks a letter of Athanasius setting forth the Trinitarian faith. The Bishop returns to Alexandria, and commences anew. Labors, trials, struggles, quickly succeed one another, followed by flight, — commonly denominated the fifth.

At the death of Jovian, persecution rages with greater violence than ever. Athanasius is made the special object of attack; and this with reason, for he is now the master spirit of the time. A concealment in his father's tomb for four months gives the Alexandrians time to secure the favor of the new Emperor, Valens, sufficient to allow the old man the privilege of dying at home. Athanasius returns for the

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last time, to fill out the measure of his stormy life. He dies, A. D. 371, or, according to others, 373.

Thus much as a sketch of the greatest Churchman of the fourth century. One cannot but admire the consistency, the sincerity, the great strength of character, of this most revered father of the Church. His presence and being was a power which has not passed away to this day, nor will it so long as Trinitarians continue to be masters, and to hold the people under the shadow of the strongest doctrine of the Orthodox Church.

W. H. S.

CHARITY.

FROM SPENSER.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in work and will;
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyed her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorned with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price was scarcely to be told:
And by her syde there sat a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

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PETER, THE APOSTLE OF JESUS CHRIST.

IMPULSE AND PRINCIPLE.

Of Simon, surnamed by the Saviour Cephas, or Peter, or the Rock, we have scarcely any reliable accounts, beyond what are contained within the limits of the New Testament. In the Sacred Record, however, he occupies a very large place, and notices of him are frequent and distinct. The Evangelists, describing him just as he was, telling us just what he said, and just what he did, give us always the same man. It has sometimes been remarked of these Evangelists, that, if they were writers of fiction, we should say that they were wonderfully successful in preserving through every part of their stories the characters of the leading personages, — the heroes and heroines, so to speak, of their wonderful narratives. But, in fact, they present persons and things in perfect keeping, simply because, without any art, they are relating facts, — they narrate what, as we see, might have happened, because they narrate what did happen. In the words and acts ascribed to Peter, this observation is strikingly illustrated. The relation which he sustains to Jesus, his course as a disciple, and his course as an apostle, are all in perfect harmony. The chief incidents in Peter's life and the peculiarities of his character are familiar, it is to be presumed, to the readers of the New Testament; yet it may be worth while to gather the fragments together into a whole, and give to the scattered details a kind of unity.

Simon, the son of Jonas, a fisherman of the Galilean lake, could have had only a slender stock of school learning; like most of the disciples, he was an unlettered man, — one of the babes and sucklings to whom, rather than to the wise and mighty, the Word of God was revealed. When he spoke and when he wrote, he spoke and wrote from a religious, a spiritual and moral, rather than from an intellect-

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ual urgency, and the divine in him was more prominent than the human; i. e. it is with the Apostle Peter delivering his message from heaven, rather than with a Jew carefully trained in Jewish schools, that we have to do. It is altogether probable that Peter had enjoyed much opportunity of intercourse with Jesus before he was finally and forever joined to the company of the Twelve. We have two, and perhaps three, interviews of this sort on record. We say *perhaps* three, for it is not quite clear whether the meeting described in the fifth chapter of Luke is to be regarded as parallel with, and descriptive of, the call described in the fourth chapter of Matthew, or as a later transaction. If, as there is good reason to suppose, it belongs to a later date, Simon did not once for all join the Master before the miracle of the draught of fishes from his fishing-boat.

Peter was distinguished amongst the disciples by our Lord. He was chosen to be present with him at the raising of Jairus's daughter, at the Transfiguration, and in Gethsemane; he was sent with John to prepare for the Passover; he was recognized as the brave and energetic leader of the little band, in words which have been strained to cover the pretensions of the Romish Bishop to be head of the Church, as the supposed successor of our Apostle; he was specially warned against the denial of his Master, to which his ardent yet somewhat fickle nature exposed him; in that beautiful scene on the shores of Gennesareth, he was thrice led to confess, as he had thrice denied, his Lord; and he received from the Saviour a prophecy of his fate, in these words so sad and so touching: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake he signifying by what death he should glorify God." After the withdrawal of the Saviour from the sight of men, we find him foremost among the Apostles, directing the choice of

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one to fill the place of Judas, preaching the word with great boldness to the multitude in the streets of Jerusalem, and to the rulers in the halls of justice, — again and again imprisoned for disobedience and contumacy, yet still hearkening to God rather than to man. At an important crisis in the affairs of the Church, we find him enlightened by a heavenly vision as to the applicability of the Gospel to the Gentiles, and with characteristic promptness at once acting up to his light in baptizing Cornelius. He is found not only in Jerusalem, but in other places, such as Lydda, Joppa, Cæsarea, and Antioch, preaching Christ, working miracles, rebuking the impostor, Simon the magician. Beyond Syria we cannot trace him with entire and historically established confidence, except to Babylon, from which his First Epistle was written. Some have supposed that by Babylon Rome was intended, but this is simply a fancy. Church tradition affirms that he was twice at Rome. The earlier visit, during which he is said to have founded the Church, is very evidently a fiction. That he may have been there, however, during the second imprisonment of St. Paul seems quite probable; and it is the current opinion, though it rests upon no firm basis, that he suffered martyrdom on the same day with St. Paul, and was crucified with his head downward, this position having been directed in accordance with his own wish, for, says the tradition, he was unwilling to suffer precisely after the same manner with the Lord whom he had denied. The Church historian, Neander, well observes, that this portion of the story savors more of the morbid piety of later and monkish times, than of the healthy religious feeling which prevailed in the early days. The tradition adds, that his wife suffered before him, and was sustained by her husband through the terrible martyrdom.

The Epistles of Peter to the churches are two in number; one of them, the first, of unquestioned genuineness, the other belonging to that small class of New Testament

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Scriptures, upon the genuineness of which some doubt has ever pressed from the beginning. It is impossible, perhaps, at this distance in time, to settle the question. The doubtful Epistle strikingly resembles the letter by Jude, and possibly, as some one has suggested, the passages which so correspond are not genuine, whilst the first chapter proceeded from Peter. We can only repeat the uncertainty of antiquity as to this subject. The first and larger letter of St. Peter is rather practical than doctrinal, though it is built upon a compact and firm doctrinal basis. It is an exhortation to Christian duty, according to the exigencies of the times; concise, earnest, prophet-like in its tone, and profoundly Christian; not the work of a rhetorician, but the utterance of the truth, from a heart filled with God, and warm with the love of the Great Master; a precious legacy indeed to the churches, most justly included amongst those Scriptures given by inspiration, and profitable for doctrine, for correction, for growth in righteousness.

Such, in a few words, were the labors of the Apostle in preaching and in writing. And now a few words upon his strongly marked character. A man of great inequalities, if not of great inconsistencies, — we have said, as we have read the record, — hardly reliable, scarcely deserving of that name, Cephas, Peter, Rock. For see what a singular blending of evil and good, of faith and faithlessness. Eager beyond the rest to test the strange power of miracle-working faith, he essays to walk upon the sea, and presently his courage is gone from him, and he is about to sink; the first to confess, he is the first also to deny; "Thou shalt never wash my feet," is his language this moment, and by the next moment it is, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head"; ready to defend Jesus with the sword in the garden, he has no tongue with which to plead for him in the palace; absent from the crucifixion scene, he is found hastening to the sepulchre; so well satisfied of the large view of Christianity preached by Stephen and Paul that he lived

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like the Gentiles at Antioch, he is nevertheless so compliant towards Jewish prejudices, when he is again brought into close contact with them, as to bring down upon himself a public censure from St. Paul, as one who had practised dissimulation. Can such a one furnish guidance to others? Is such a one the Rock upon which the Church is built? The answer seems to be, that we mistake the import of the Saviour's words, if we understand him to attribute to St. Peter an impregnable firmness, a soul quite habituated to act only from settled convictions, and likely to hold ground once taken unfalteringly and forever. It would seem that he contemplated rather the earnestness and the impetuosity of his zeal for the moment or the hour, the force of his noble impulses, the glow of the fire which the least spark would kindle up in his heart. He found in him one who, without much counting of the cost, gave himself up to a strong impression, and, whilst the power was on him, was unable to refrain from speech and act; a man, therefore, likely to outrun others, to act whilst they were deliberating, to profess belief whilst they were hesitating, sure to be in the front rank, so long as he should be in the ranks at all; a man under the guidance of the purest and best impulses, which were not at first and immediately hardened and cooled down into principles. Such men, if they are sound at heart, if they really mean well, are admirably fitted to be pioneers in a new enterprise, for they will venture more than others, they will prepare the way and the work for those who move more slowly, but perhaps more surely; they are not so careful of a reputation for consistency and prudence, they are not so anxious to preserve the balance and harmony of being and character, they forget their own exposures in their present zeal for the cause. Such leaders often bring themselves under suspicion and into dishonor from their venturesome ardor, and appear to be accomplishing less than others only because they are attempting more; and since they stand forth as leaders, their short-comings are manifest, and they are

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looked upon as retreating, even when they are only falling back into the ranks of the main army. Of course, a zeal which is only one of the freaks of a capricious nature, or a courage which is only fool-hardiness, or a momentary interest which may presently change into indifference or positive aversion, cannot be relied upon. But the ardor of Peter was not thus shallow, for we find that, though he fell away for the moment, his heart returned with an affection which the fires of penitence had seven times refined. The righteous falleth as the sinner falleth, but it is to rise again.

It is to be observed, that it was the very ardor of Peter which places him before us sometimes in an unfortunate light. He must venture upon the wave, and failed to achieve what others did not strive after. He must protest against the Saviour's announcement of impending sufferings, only speaking, it is likely, what others thought, and he gains for himself a rebuke as a Satan, a hinderance, a stumbling-block. He must follow the Master, in company with John, "that other disciple" named in John's Gospel, whilst all the rest forsook Jesus; they are only generally alluded to as deserters, but he, being tried for a moment beyond his strength, stands forth prominent in all four Gospels as one who in the hour of trial denied his Lord, and falsified his own boast, even though He who knew him better than he knew himself warned him of the impending peril. The facility too which opened his heart for the earliest approaches of good, exposed him to danger likewise from the urgency of evil, open or disguised, and there are indications that a susceptibility to ridicule, the source of so much unfaithfulness, was one of his human frailties. He felt very sensibly the pressure of those about him. And how many are there, who from this very infirmity do no adequate justice to their own firm convictions, and, if they are not absolutely traitors to the truth, are never its outspoken and manful friends! how many who long for the times to mend, that their stifled consciences may again breathe the

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breath of life, — that they may have an opportunity to live out the goodness which they now hide in their hearts! They do not gain much by waiting, for even as it was with Peter, they cannot be concealed, — their speech bewrayeth them, they are known for Galileans.

We find, then, in our Apostle, even during his earlier days, a great and a loving heart, a man of most tender conscience and of truly noble impulses, not always counting the cost beforehand, as he should have done, yet realizing it at length for his good, in his own bitter experience, — prompt to repent, and, as the issue of his life proved, sorrowing with a godly sorrow; for through all, and in spite of his occasional lapses, he advanced, he moved onward and upward, just as the heavenly bodies, whose apparent motion is partly retrograde, do yet keep their bright way, and fulfil their course. How gloriously did the Spirit mould the materials afforded by the natural constitution, strengthening that which was weak, and wisely directing that which was strong! What a contrast between Peter sinking under the waves of Gennesareth, and Peter at the gate which was called Beautiful, saying to the lame man, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk!" What a contrast between Peter unable to dispense with the sympathy of his equals or his inferiors in the high-priest's hall, and Peter pleading for the cause of Christ, Christ the crucified and despised, before the Jewish Sanhedrim, and winning from the wary Gamaliel these most judicious words of advice: "Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it!" In him his own words were strikingly fulfilled, for he was "kept by the power of God, through faith," and "the trial of his faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire," was "found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Christ."

In the life of the Apostle Peter we have upon a grand

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scale, in prophetic proportions, an example of an impulsive, ardent, much professing, yet immature and inconsiderate and inconsistent Christian, gradually built up by the Spirit of the Lord to the true solidity and stature. If not in every sense a Rock in the beginning, he lacked but little of it at the last. His character at the outset was in many respects fascinating, as such characters are very likely to be. It is easy enough to find fault with them; but they have no title to do so, the dead level of whose souls is never stirred by the least wave of emotion, and who think that they are free from the sin which seduces the enthusiastic professor into a momentary forgetfulness of his professions, because they have never made any professions at all. Their soberness has its exposures and its extremes, as well as the impulsiveness which they blame. It is easy to betray no trust if we never accept one, to break no promises if we never make any, to avoid falling back if we never go forward, to be all that we pretend if we pretend to nothing; but he who hid his talent in a napkin was reckoned neither faithful nor brave. In truth, the being of every man needs to be formed into his character, and principle must end what impulse begins. It is neither possible nor desirable to change the grand elements of the native constitution, to declare an unrelenting war against temperament, for we are called upon to glorify God in ways and works the most various, — some with the ardor of Peter, and some with the deliberate and scrutinizing temper of doubtful Thomas; but it is our business, with God's help, to correct the defects, and temper the extremes, and build up the weak parts of our natures, and conquer if we can our besetting sins, not those only for which we have not much mind.

For every sort of nature there is a peculiar type of excellence, and faithfulness can go far to persuade the world that they are even to be envied whose enthusiastic temperaments urge them to begin great enterprises, which they must therefore finish, — to utter great words, which they must therefore make good, — to seize a high position, from which they can-

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not retire with honor. In the game of life they have staked their all, and how eagerly must they watch the adversary, and outplot and outlabor him, lest they lose their all! Thrice within the limits of his short Epistle does Peter exhort to soberness; he felt the need of it, and he knew that ardor and soberness combined must realize the great reward.

E.

WATER OF LIFE.

Give me of the living water,
O thou sainted One of God!
Through the desert as I travel
In this dark, uncertain road.

Give me of the living water!
Let me drink, nor thirst again,
That my soul, when sinking weary,
Learn of thee to conquer pain.

Give me of the living water
From the pure exhaustless well,
Washing from my inmost being
Every thought that would rebel.

Give me of the living water!
Lo! the holy cup I raise;
Kneeling at thy feet, O Jesus,
While my heart breaks forth in praise.

Blessed Saviour! may this water,
Gliding through each feeble vein,
Fill, and strengthen, and refine me,
Till thy spirit I attain.

Give me of this living water,
Else my heart must fail and die:
Strong in spirit then I follow,
Till with Thee I soar on high.

* *

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A SEARCHING RELIGION.

A SERMON BY REV. WM. SILSBEE.

HEB. iv. 12 :—"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

WITHOUT entering into an explanation of every word in this passage of Scripture, it is obvious to any one that we have here a vivid description of the *searching* power of true religion. It cuts deep into man's nature. It is not a superficial, transient emotion. It has to do with the inmost wants, cravings, and hopes of our being. It reveals no light and easy code of morals, but probes to the very quick our purposes and motives, and will have us strive for a righteousness far exceeding that of any Scribes or Pharisees. Such a searching religion is needed now. Let us consider, my friends, why it is needed, and how we shall set about to supply the want.

What I mean by a searching religion may perhaps become more evident by looking at some forms of religion which have not this character. There is, e. g. the religion of the *sentimentalist*, — the man who looks at divine things from the side of sentiment alone. To him, truth is not something to be done, but rather something to be admired and vividly represented to the imagination. He has no relish for homely truth, and homely duties. He does not come to God's Word as the fountain to quench an immortal thirst, but rather as a collection of pleasing fancies and images, an interesting story, a message, perhaps, from a higher world, but no imperative voice to *him*. "This do, and thou shalt live." He does not approach the Lord Jesus with the cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish!" It is no personal need or interest which draws him to that sacred presence, but at most an admiration for that character which none born of woman has ever equalled. He may be glad to think himself a disciple of the

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Crucified, but to bear the cross like his Master is a test which he shrinks from and cannot make up his mind to endure. He is easily moved to tears at the thought of his own unworthiness, or at the sight of another's suffering; but anything like genuine repentance or active charity is a stranger to his bosom. Such a one cannot, of course, receive a searching religion. The way of truth is too hard a way for him. The "offence of the cross" is still too great a stumbling-block for him to overcome.

Again, there is the religion of the *formalist*, into which no "quick and powerful" word ever enters. He feeds on the mere husk and shell of truth. Religion is with him nothing more than the fulfilment of certain forms and ceremonies,—something to go through with, not something to be lived out. Not that the formalist is distinctly conscious of this. He supposes often that religion is a very profound matter to him. He thinks that he is willing to have his life moulded and informed by this divine influence. But it is easy to see that in reality the form is ever uppermost in his thought. Punctual observance of religious rites, a diligent compliance with all the rules of external order and decorum, a faithful regard to all the usages of Christian society, daily reading of the Scriptures, daily prayers, attendance upon public worship,—these constitute his idea of religion; and when once he thinks himself to have realized this idea, or even to have approximated to it, how difficult, how almost impossible, to pierce through all these formalisms and find admission for the living truth! If we deem the form to have any virtue whatever, apart from the spirit which it expresses, then we are formalists, and we may easily slide into the error which has been fatal to so many, of intrenching ourselves behind these supposed virtues, and resisting all appeals to a truly spiritual life. From the very nature of the case forms are definite, palpable, easy to be marked and known: and so if we regard religion as consisting in them, we may think we have done all that was required of us, when in reality

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not one deeper thought or emotion of our souls has ever been reached.

Another kind of religion, which also is unfavorable to anything of a searching character, is the religion of the *optimist.* The optimist is so called, because he holds the belief that all is *best* as it is, — which is the same as believing that there is no such thing as evil in the world. Now it is, indeed, a part of true Christian resignation and faith in the Divine Providence, to believe that whatever befalls us is "for the best." But observe carefully the distinction here. I ought to have faith, that all which happens to me, all the evils which annoy, as well as the good which delights, is designed by the Lord of all to promote my best good — if I will use it aright. But surely I am not to believe that it is best, that it is the best possible system of things, that the present crimes, disorders, and sins of the world should exist as they are. Since God has created man with a possibility of sinning, we ought to regard this as the best condition which could be devised for us; but faith in the Divine order and government does not require us to believe that God regards it as best that his creatures should actually sin. He has made it possible for man to do wrong, because only thus can he be a man, — a free agent, — a being endowed with liberty of choice. But it were monstrous to say that God has made it necessary or desirable for man to do wrong! All common sense, all sound moral feeling, as well as the plainest teachings of Christ, protest against such a doctrine. We know instinctively, it is not best that men should be enslaved, degraded, and tortured as they are; that these animosities should prevail between whole classes of society; that science should become the tool of villany; that justice should be defeated, and mercy be stifled, and charity be outraged; that man should blaspheme his Maker, and turn every blessing of life into a means of spiritual death. And yet such, I fear, my friends, is the tendency of that practical optimism which is so abundant among us. How easy, alas!

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we have too often seen, to settle down into that comfortable persuasion (comforting, i. e. to all the natural indolence and indifference) that "things will turn out right" sooner or later; that it is not worth while to trouble or bestir ourselves about these evils of society, war, slavery, intemperance, pauperism, fraud, and violence, for they are a part of the system of things, and are thus only apparent, not real evils! How little have they searched to the bottom, who thus reason! Were all men consistent optimists, where would be the first finger lifted to lay off the heavy burdens of our race? How would the call to repentance ever reach the heart? How were such a thing as conversion possible? Nay, how could the regeneration of society advance a single step? Thank God! some Christian hearts are yet uncorrupted by these sophistries. There are men who still read in their Bibles of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and find an experience in their own hearts which confirms it too. The "fountains of the great deep" within them have been broken up. They dare not treat sin as a light thing. There is an inward hunger of their souls which craves the pure truth of God; though it slay them, they must have it. Close dealing with the truth, — this I call a "searching religion." Do we not need it?

We need it, to show us the true nature and danger of evil, and to awaken us to efforts that shall lead to the conquest of evil. "The world hateth me," said our Lord, "because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil." And in another place he says, "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light." It was not a personal enmity and opposition which he referred to, but a universal fact of human nature. Men hate and oppose and deny that which shows them how base they are; which tears off every flattering disguise of self-love; which holds up the strong contrast between the possible ideal and the poor actual; which says in plain words, "Thou art the man" of whom this parable speaks, — to whom this truth is uttered. And their very hatred and opposition

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shows their need. We may well question, my friends, whether it is the pure truth which we hold and proclaim, if it never excites resistance in its application. Truth in the abstract may be easily assented to, — truth, that is, which does not expose and condemn our own follies and vices, — which does not call upon us for personal sacrifices. But truth as something to be done, truth as a guide for every feeling and action, truth as the opponent of individual wrong, error, and prejudice, — this is not loved, but is resisted as long as possible. Every selfish instinct, every inveterate habit of sin, every constitutional indolence, is arrayed against it. Truth is by its very nature critical and searching, cleansing and thorough. It comes to a man and says: *I must know all.* You are to hide nothing from me. What is in this dark corner, to which no light has ever penetrated? Ah! some prejudice has been sheltered there for years. Bring it out to the light. Let us see if it will bear the exposure. And what means that closed door, which seems to forbid all entrance? It leads to the soul's inner sanctuary, where all that is most deeply loved is jealously guarded from intrusion. But the truth can allow of no closed doors. Light must be let in here also. What do you most love and serve? What favorite shrine do you sacrifice upon? Is this a sanctuary for idols, or for the living God? And here is some fixed habit, which is made to justify a great many omissions and neglects — (for how common the excuse, "It is my way!") — what justifies that? what basis of truth does it rest on? Turn the light here also, that you may distinctly see how coldness, and injustice, and indolence, and spiritual apathy have been allowed to enter into the very web and fabric of your daily life. And see this cloud of idle fancies and unhallowed imaginations which disturb the soul's serenity! Shall they escape the searching glance of the truth? Must they not abide the test? Most certainly there is no exception. The whole man is to be judged. From centre to circumference, every inmost prin-

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ciple, every external form and custom, — all is to pass under the scrutiny of this impartial judge, — the truth, the truth which came by Jesus Christ. "The word that I have spoken," he said, "shall judge."

Ah, my friends, there is nothing so radical as this same truth, and nothing so conservative, because it is so radical. "*Now* the axe is laid at the root of the trees," it is a shame if we should now take up the problems of social evil, or of individual evil, and let them pass with a superficial handling. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," said a heathen moralist. And the Christian should know, that when justice is done, the heavens cannot fall. True, the first introduction, the first application of truth to existing errors and wrongs, often looks unsafe and revolutionary. The new light is for the moment intoxicating to some weaker brains, and drives them madly into acts of violence which bring discredit upon the whole reform. We must bear with these aberrations, and still go on. There is no safety but in thoroughness. It is the timid, half-way reformers that often do most harm. To be sure of our principles, to know that they are of divine authority, and to be sure also that we are above the influence of personal ambition or vanity in our advocacy of these principles, — these two things are our sufficient warrant for waging an eternal warfare with error and sin, whether in public or private life, in others or in ourselves. That is what truth is here for; that is why we have been permitted to know it. And let me not leave an impression, my friends, that I would have religion chiefly applied to social reforms. Far from it; that is too common an error, by which men hope to evade the personal obligations of religion. Individual piety and morality are certainly the inmost, and first in importance. But the religion we need should be searching in both senses, — at once wide and deep. It is to go down into the depths of the individual soul; it is also to go forth, to apply its cleansing waters to everything foul and base in our social life. Put no barriers

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to it in either direction. Set up no such unchristian maxim, as that "Religion has nothing to do with politics, or with business." But beware still more of tampering with the heart's secret springs; beware of quenching that Spirit of truth which comes to you as an individual sinner. Let no specious names cover up any real depravity of life. Let us be unsparing and unrelaxing in our demands upon ourselves, leaving nothing unused that can possibly aid us to take up the daily cross and follow our Divine Master. We have his words; let us try to fill them with the meaning he meant they should have to us. Ah, could we only circulate religion as easily as we can circulate Bibles, or even get up new translations thereof, how long ago would the world have been converted! But neither word of man nor word of God can become quick and powerful upon dead stocks and stones. Some spark of celestial fire must leap up to answer to that heavenly light. The spark is there: it is in all men. Clear away the encumbrances, that is our chief and constant work. Give it room and air. Read and ponder the words of heavenly wisdom with a wish to know the truth. Make up your minds in the beginning, that truth always must come into conflict with the sins of our life, and that we cannot expect at first to find the way of truth plain or easy. "Search me, O God!" — with that prayer daily felt in our hearts, we cannot but attain to more and more love of the Divine Word; and so at length shall welcome every new discovery of an unworthy thought or action, as helping us to be delivered from the whole "bondage of corruption." "Let us search and try our ways," Christian friends, in the humiliating consciousness that they are exceedingly imperfect and erroneous now; yet with the encouraging assurance that each day's faithful labor shall be rewarded by the Divine blessing promised to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

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A SUMMER CAROL AT NOONDAY.

Open the door to the whispering breeze:
Softly it plays through the leaf-crested trees,
Sports with the grasses, and kisses the flowers,
Fans little birds fast asleep in their bowers.

Draw in the blinds, with their cool, shady green:
Midday comes merrily peeping between,
Casting its rays with a mischievous heat
Over our heads and under our feet.

Give us the pure, bracing draught from the well,
Clear as the dew-drop, that waters the dell;
Sing us some song of the old fairy time,
While the gay humming-bee strikes in its chime.

Listless we lie in the quietest shade,
Resting till all into cool evening fade,
Gathering about us our robes loose and light,
Such as might suit even the tiniest sprite.

Where are the flowers so fresh in the morn?
Where are the children that played in the corn?
Where are the birds, with their warbling so clear?
All nodding — aweary — too warm for them here!

Bright skies of noonday! we dare not complain:
Blessings ye bring, like the dew and the rain:
Never we 'll wish your fair sunshine away,
But think how we 'll greet you some cold Christmas-day.

Open the door to the sweet rising breeze;
Free let it wander, where'er it may please:
Fan us, and cool us, and play with our hair,
Breathe through our dwelling, — yea, go everywhere; —

Kiss the calm brow of the weary old man;
Laugh with the cook as she bends o'er her pan;
Frolic and frisk with young puss at the door;
Breathe on the nests in the old sycamore; —

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Stir the light tresses on childhood's fair cheek;
Bless the sweet angel that watches the weak;
Bearing aloft, on thy path through the skies,
Beautiful thoughts from the good and the wise.

Noontide is vanishing, evening draws near:
Calmness and coolness and freshness are here;
Fragrance and beauty chase languor away; —
Past are the hours of the warm August day.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN.

II. ITS METHOD.

We have been walking on the outside. We may not yet enter into the holier place, — certainly not into the inmost shrine. Let us for a while observe the method, rather, by which the book proceeds to the demonstration of its theorem, and beyond that in conducting us to the Life of which it is the annunciation.

In which course of observation we remark, first of all, that, so far as anything historical is concerned, the writer begins with the induction of Jesus into his public service. He gives no account of his birth or ancestry, of the circumstances connected with his history and youth, — not so much as a notice of what we might look for in a writer passing for mystic, the miracle of the conception. The cause of this omission may be referred to his supposed purpose in writing: it is no new theory, but an old tradition, that, seeing how the other Evangelists had given the story according to an outward view, setting forth the human element, he prepared his Gospel as a supplement, that the more inward view should appear, that the divine element in Jesus might be set forth. The tradition may be true or it may be false: it is of

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little consequence to determine. At any rate, we have little difficulty in perceiving how natural the method which he has in fact taken. The introductory passage, so often called the Proem to his Gospel, may be considered as a statement of the idea developed and expanded through the sequel, and compressed into the declaration already mentioned as central in illustrating the entire book: These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name. Messiah, or Christ, what is that? Son of God, what is the idea which this phrase conveys? Say that when Jesus is pronounced Messiah, Matthew, for instance, means that it is he who fulfils ancient prophecy. Very well, this may be true or may not be true, but it does not suggest the meaning itself of the word; it only identifies a historical person with a prophetic idea; what is that idea? Leave the other phrase, Son of God, as only token of some mighty office, or some mysterious relation to God; little if anything is gained in the way of intelligence; the very phrase is grand to the imagination, and may so move the feelings of reverence and trust: but the mind, whenever question comes up, will fail to have an answer ready. Go further still, and say that this person is Son of God because begotten through some miracle of Divine Power; we have nothing to do now with the inquiries pertaining to this statement; we have only to observe that it suggests something still beyond. This miraculous birth, — does it simply invest the Son whom it brings into the world with an outward grandeur and authority? Or is it the source of an inward life, a soul from God, harmonizing the outward nature to itself, and crowning, by natural process, the risen and glorified humanity? Without touching the former of these questions, our Evangelist at once directs himself to the interior contemplation. He says nothing of the birth: the man is here; John has testified of him; he is standing already, known of few, in the midst of a people waiting for their

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Redeemer and King, but all unready to accept him. Or, to bring it still nearer to the position of the writer, admit, for the while, that the Church and the tradition may be right, and that the writer is no other than the aged John. The long years following a youth blest by the love of Jesus have only softened and hallowed his remembrances. Their process, which may have dimmed somewhat the memory of his features, has yet given to all about him a more heavenly radiance; the very darkness which covered so many passages of his life has been removed, every cloud once thick and heavy now kindled into light, or dissolved in the clear sky. The man, as he knew him once, lives in his heart, growing dearer, holier, every day. The man as he lives thus within him, he would depict to others as he had seen him in his glories and in the humiliations now transfigured to celestial splendor. So he sets him forth just as he had seen him, beginning with the outset of his brief course, and selecting portions of it which shone most brightly through his memory.

But this man is not a mere individual, coming and going of his own pleasure. He is not an earthly hero, awakening admiration by his personal qualities, and made an idol for after-worshippers. His precise distinction is, that in him the self vanishes, and God is all. Of God he comes, in his bosom he lives, to him he goes back; to God, his Father and our Father, he would lead us all. The devout Evangelist shares in his spirit. His purpose is not to build up a monument to demigod or hero, but to consecrate a memorial to Him whose greatness is never in anything separate from the Infinite, but in oneness with the Infinite; never in self-derived powers, always and perfectly in being the pure image and true Son of the Being whose are all the powers and virtues of the universe. How natural that the beloved disciple — so we may be permitted at least to suppose him — should contemplate the holy form first of all in this its highest aspect and relation! He does not go back

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to earlier facts, but seeing the Divine Man in living presence, he opens the delineation by indicating the Divineness which as really permeates his whole person and doing as his birth. Not only was he sent to be Messiah, but he is — *is* in nature — Messiah; not only was he derived of celestial parentage, he is — is now and in all things — Son of God. He describes, not transitory facts, but permanent realities.

So far I have been seeking the position and attitude from which to contemplate the method of this Gospel. If I have had any success in it, I may the more readily now invite access to it, and such observation as we may be able to make. The Word of God — which is God himself in the action of his power, in the utterance of his wisdom, in the communication of his love; infinite, eternal, unchangeable; the universal and creative energy; wherein is the one life which flowing through humanity becomes light to men, filling the world and silently present in very darkness; empowering all to whom it comes to reach, through belief in it, the blessedness of sons of God — hath become human and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. As a son, the only begotten of a father, indicates the parent, so doth this presence of the embodied Word indicate its origin, showing forth the paternal glory. So much for idea. Messiah, Son of God, each denotes the entrance of God into humanity, through the person conscious of his presence, and living out his life in full consecration and filial love and union.

Having enunciated his theorem in what we may call its ideal form, the Evangelist refers the enunciation of it in its personal designation to John the Baptist. This may seem strange. Jesus chose rather to decline all appeals to human testimony, to rest all claims on his own intrinsic character and on the testimony of the Father. Why should there be such a departure from his own method in the record of his disciple? We may not know precisely his view, but we may perceive a reason for his course. Not only all disciples of Jesus, whether Jewish or Gentile, but the Jews

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themselves, who were not his disciples, accepted John as a prophet of the Lord. It does not appear that John ever lost even the popular regard. His imprisonment and death were the result, not of any hostility rising among the people, but wholly of the selfishness, revenge, and pride of a few persons in authority. Wherever there was any readiness to give Christianity a hearing, there would then be the disposition to hear reverently anything that John might declare. Moreover, personal attachments on the part of some disciples, and a reverence perhaps more profound with those who had heard Jesus pronounce on him the most emphatic commendation, and the perception withal of the intimate connection between his service and death and the service and death of their Master, would naturally keep his image before them near to the more sacred memory. And when now the Evangelist gives us the celestial form, as first in the baptism of John appearing in the splendor of its dawn, what could be more natural than to describe it in the language of the revered baptizer? — language not only so true to his own conception, but so full of unselfish devotion to the Highest. The prophet, second to none who had lived on earth, declares of Jesus that he is destined to a dignity higher than his own, in virtue of the Divineness in his being which makes him essentially higher. The testimony of John is next continued into other forms of expression, all conspiring to elucidate the same great and central idea, succeeded by statements of its effect in leading his friends to Jesus, and by the issues, direct and indirect, of their intercourse with him.

If now we have gained anything like a sympathy with the writer before us; if, contemplating Jesus as he appeared to his friends between the baptism and the ascension, we see through him God with us, the Father doing his works, giving forth his words; if, believing in him, we become conscious of the eternal life, — we have gained far more indeed than the preparation to interpret any book; but we

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have also gained this, and may be prepared to perceive something of the method through which it advances. The order of time is not overlooked altogether; but the order of time is certainly not regarded and kept with any careful precision. The usual forms of logical relation are not contemned, for really they are hardly thought of; the writer utters the spirit renewing the memory of Jesus, and logic learns of the spirit, rather than either teaches or guides it. Let us go, then, to the book itself, following its course and connection.

From the introductory statement, passing into the testimony of John the Baptist, the transition is natural. So soon as prepared, souls are directed to Jesus; they follow him, and invite others with them. His wonderful insight and powerful attraction confirm their faith, and hold them near him. At once shrinking from the hour whose trials he foresaw, and drawn by the love which impelled him to meet it, Jesus sometimes seeks retirement, sometimes presents himself in society. From the neighborhood of Jordan, thronged by so many asking a Messiah, he goes back to Galilee, and in a wedding company intimates to his mother the stern destiny which awaits him, yet, without yielding to despondency, shows forth the glory throned in him, changing water to wine. Again he retires for a while. But soon he is in a more conspicuous scene than ever. As Messiah, though unknown, — as Son of God, appearing in a way little expected, — he reveals himself in the purifying of the Temple; it is his Father's house. Called on for his authority, he pronounces the enigmatic sentence which, in its solution, discovers the consciousness that he himself was the real Temple, God dwelling in him, rather than in houses made by men.

The course of things is progressive. Jesus had received testimony from John; this led some to believe. His own words held them fast, and confirmed his disciples. His work at Cana confirms them anew. Now, in Jerusalem, his

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unfolding glory, the Messiah seen in tokens of Divine power, makes him more known, and leads many to at least a partial belief. But his spiritual insight detects the imperfection of their faith; and when one of them comes secretly to him for instruction, he lays clearly before him the great law, that, as Son of God, he can be known only through the qualities and elements which constitute the Son of God; in him is indeed the Divine fulness, but a responsive Divineness in us alone perceives his glory. The next thing we learn is, that Jesus seems advancing into higher estimation than John; John rejoices in it, renewing his testimony; but Jesus retires from it, as he was wont. From Judæa he returns to Galilee, passing of course through Samaria. Here, in words by the well, and in the intercourse of a few days, he opens beyond the circle of the Jewish limitation his relations to the Father and to mankind, as truly the Saviour of the world, the Messiah. That is sum of the whole.

The events at Jerusalem, on an occasion so public as the national feast, prepared a reception for him in Galilee. Believing in him, a nobleman or courtier of Herod prays him to restore his son, just on the eve of death; the prayer is granted. The son lives; the father and his family remain fixed in the faith. The deed shows the Messiah; the belief assures the life.

The scene changes to Jerusalem again, giving a new form of manifestation. The body of Jesus had been earlier raised in his word to the character of temple; now the distinct assertion of his filial union with God couples itself with a deed by the Pool of Bethesda which was supposed to profane the Sabbath, — a double offence! It is not so uncommon to prefer ritual to virtue, a holy day to a holy deed; but the aversion to his claim of being Son of God is peculiarly Jewish. We do not feel it, for with us God is Father, all are children, Jesus Christ the highest and dearest of all; and at that time Greeks, Romans, barbarians, all

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had sons of gods. Not so the Jew. Except in rare metaphor, he would speak of God, not as Father, but as Lord, the unnamed Jehovah. Now the man has broken the Sabbath, and his vindication is, God does so, — my Father. To the Jew, no less than the claim of being one with God. The conversation which ensues repeats emphatically his higher claims, and utters the Divine Spirit which dwelt in him.

So through the Gospel. By the symbols of bread, or manna, — of water, spreading in a fountain, flowing in streams, — of light, as the sun shining, — Jesus, at successive times, as occasion arose, set forth the same idea, the entrance of God's own life with him into the world. He gives sight to the blind man; he calls Lazarus from the grave: translate the deeds into words, and we have the one idea put into new forms. He is a shepherd, he is a vine; still other expression of the Messiah, the Son of God. Then comes the last Passover. He is retired with his disciples; through the whole of their private conversations, he sets the same thing forth in words and thoughts suited to what he perceives of the occasion. The hour is coming, of unmeasured depression first, thence of the highest exaltation: he speaks out the soul of the Messiah; he renews the revelations and promises of the Father; he foretells the presence unseen to sense, substantial, and full of life and comfort in the secret consciousness; the visible form of the Son is withdrawing, that the invisible power may come; the Holy Spirit shall reproduce and perpetuate his most divine influences. He concludes the whole with the prayer of the Son to his Father, uttering the filial soul, and seeking the inspiration into human hearts of the one life from the Supreme Good. His work is finished. Through the depth of the succeeding gloom, his glory shines, reappearing without shade, out of the death which he has turned to life, from the cross which he has made brighter than the sun, from the sepulchre which he has opened into the avenue to

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a heavenly paradise. Amidst demonstrations from the life of God, which he reveals and communicates to the world, the book comes to its quiet close.

Such is our meagre outline of the book, in its method; holding throughout at its heart the central idea, the filial life from the Father bodied forth in man, to raise our race to kindred and communion with it, and developing the idea through facts and conversations, connected somewhat, though without constant precision, by their relations of time, but more steadily, perhaps, by their process from the external manifestations to the internal and intimate demonstrations of private intercourse and prayer, all completed in the resurrection.

T. T. S.

MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. IX.

MARRIAGE.

The death of Halliday Jackson devolved upon John all the responsibilities of a father to his brothers and sisters, whose education and future settlement were expressly left to his care, together with the house and farm. He so discharged all these duties as to be felt by all his wards to be a father and brother in one. He also himself soon after married, having had his affections centred upon Rachel Tyson, of Baltimore, for more than two years.

Religion, science, practical life, and marriage! Into all these spheres of activity he found himself launched, at the age of twenty-five; and he entered into them all with a fervor that their variety alone prevented from degenerating into one-sidedness or fanaticism, but which insured a rich and harmonious development.

Would that we could be permitted to publish in our pages

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his part of the correspondence that preceded his marriage. For never was a series of love-letters so valuable to the interests of society, as would Mr. Jackson's be at this moment; proving, as no disquisition or assertion of another could do, that love and religion may culminate in a human soul together, and neither sentiment lose its fervor and intensity, but assure the ensuing marriage from the possibility of blunder. Marriage is revealed in these letters to be no mere matter of convenience, but a profound life-comprehending sacrament, in which legitimate passion, springing into full consciousness at the first sight of its object, was purified and deepened into immortality by the interfusion of his entirely religious character. There were circumstances, inward and outward, which for a time delayed in the mind of his future wife the development of a full reciprocation of his wishes; and he was obliged to wait, with such patience as he could draw from his filial confidence that God would open a way at last to content the affections which he inspired. It was his consciousness of the submission of his will to the Divine will, that gave him faith in the purity and ultimate contentment of his love. He said to his elder sister, in a letter which he wrote to her on the subject, that he had never had clearer evidence of inward direction than in this matter.

During the period of waiting, a correspondence was permitted him, in which he endeavored to awaken in his friend's heart a reciprocal sentiment. It is infinitely satisfactory to see, that a soul, completely on fire with the strongest passion that the human being is susceptible of, can make, in all its movements, the lines of perfect beauty; nor once overstep in thought the bounds of entire respect for the individuality of the loved one, never encroaching upon the freedom of her mind and will. And this is seen to flow necessarily from the character and form of the religion which had grown with his growth, and recently flowered into full maturity. Even when he asks Miss Tyson to marry him, and declares his

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own love in every delicate form of words which his imagination can devise to make it acceptable, he defers to her inward teacher for an answer; but begs her not to decide against him, until she is sure that the Divine will is opposed to the union, for perhaps it is only that not yet is the time, and he "will wait." His confidence that he is himself guided by that will, gives him faith and hope, and also patience. He believes the blessing will come then, and not till then, when it would prove an entire blessing to both. He "does not wish to snatch from Providence the boon, before it is granted," as was said by another in a similar case.

In such a wooing was the pledge of the perfection of the future marriage. The correspondence was also an exchange of thought upon all general subjects, so that each became acquainted with the other's tastes and ideas upon all other human relations, and especially upon the relations with God and the Church. In the sacred temple of the religious silence, above all, was the lover's plea made and allowed,— first by God, then by each other. It is only such wooing that can purify marriage, and preclude blunders that devastate human society in its primal fountains; for such a love can purify and consecrate the characters of wooer and won, and wrap them in a drapery of heavenly grace. There are many cases where a union would be true and beautiful, if it were not sacrilegiously hurried by the impatience of unregulated passion. One of the parties is not yet prepared for it, and there is lack of faith in the other, to wait till all the inward conditions are grown. Thus mutual vows are exchanged prematurely, and the individuals do not become self-possessed, far less acquainted, before they give themselves to each other with the irrevocable words.

But there was nothing sanctimonious about this mutual acquaintance. It was the gradual consecration of a sweet fancy, by every consideration of use and reason. Without forgetting that there must be human infirmities to be mu-

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tually forgiven, it looked forward to human happiness, that was

> "Not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Love, praise, blame, kisses, tears, and smiles."

At length the patient lover won his bride and brought her to his home, where he made her truly his companion, and kept her "queen o'er herself." For he had recognized from the beginning, and did not now forget, that she had equal access to the Father of spirits, and was primarily made, like himself, for God, and not, as Milton has discriminated, "for God in him." He did not think that the unity of marriage required the annihilation of one of the individualities, but a mutual recognition of a Divine Third Party, who should fill them both with forgiveness for each other's short-comings, and inspire them with faith in one another's possibilities of perpetual progress into a variety of power to mutually charm and bless. "We enter the fellowship of souls," he wrote, at the time, "with the conviction that it is under the direction of the wisdom which is from above; and that it will continue to increase and advance to a high degree of perfection, as we continue to manifest our allegiance to God."

The tone of manners and intercourse between the married pair, though confidential to the point of identity of purpose and will, always preserved all the delicacy and mutual deference of lovers, without one instance of exception, during the whole course of their lives; and their letters, when they separated for even a few days, preserved the full character of their love-letters, being as full of respectful tenderness as dignity. How could it be otherwise, when they felt their daily life to be one of the many mansions of the Father's house, and were under the benediction of "seeing God" there unceasingly!

And that their marriage was a temple of God indeed, was

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made plain to others, not only by its making the parties mutually blest, but by making them doubly bless others. It was a fearful experiment to bring his city bride to a country home, where were his unmarried sisters and brothers, to be made secondary, in what had been hitherto their father's house, to a new mistress of the family. Yet the experiment did not fail; and all were successively married off, without one family quarrel, and with most friendly feelings and actions, on all sides. The husband and wife felt and acted to their family connections on both sides with cordial sympathy, and also in the initiation of habits of great general hospitality. Nor in all this was the wife regarded as a mere instrumentality to promote his ends. She was honored in herself. Her comfort was never sacrificed to others *by him*, and every little thing she thoughtfully did, to make his life useful and beautiful, was received with fresh gratitude, and recognized as a free gift by her husband.

It has already been mentioned (in No. II.), that when, after some years, the school was undertaken, the idea of it had arisen independently of each other, in both their minds, as the seal of their resignation to the loss of their eldest child, — then their only one. The plan was singularly disinterested. It was not to better their condition, but involved pecuniary sacrifices, and they assumed greater responsibilities purely with the hope of doing good. The school never ceased, during their subsequent lives, to be the great business which occupied their expanding intellects and growing energies.

But what still more signally proves that no private duty overlaid that sense of the universality of relation which must necessarily always flow from recognizing the Father *of all* as the primary guide of our personal activity, was the recognition by Mr. Jackson of the duty of a visit to the inhabitants of the West Indies, in 1841. We shall go into all the particulars of this event, from the first inception of the

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thought in his own mind, to the final consummation of the act; because in no other manner can the nature of the Christian ministry, as it is regarded by the Friends, be so well illustrated to thoughtful inquirers upon the subject; nor in any other way can it be seen how public and private duties can be adjusted to each other, and individuals realize in their lives the truth of the symbol of the skylark, as it appeared to the imagination of Wordsworth, who sings of it thus: —

"Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

"To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring!

"Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!"

Mr. Jackson served on the committee of Friends which took cognizance of the material and spiritual concerns of the Cattaraugus Indians, among whom his father had, in his early life, labored; and he was also one of the Yearly Meeting committee upon slavery and anti-slavery. Thus his attention was naturally directed to the subject of the spiritual condition of the West India Islands, brought about by the Emancipation Acts of the British Parliament; and he became sensible of a gradual conviction in his mind, of

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the duty to go thither, and carry the messages of the Lord.

Nothing could less suggest such a thing than his surrounding circumstances. He had more than involved all his property in the outlay for the school, which was now full of scholars; his wife had a young infant; and when he mentioned his state of mind to her, she seemed wholly unprepared for it, and said that it would destroy her to be separated from him. In consequence of this he did not at once "go forward," being convinced that the Spirit would prepare her for it, if indeed it proved to be an enduring conviction of duty with him. Some months afterwards he was taken ill of a very severe fever, and for many weeks lay at the point of death. During this time his wife "passed through deep baptisms," as the Quakers denominate those exercises of soul which reveal new spheres of duty. She reflected on her opposition to the convictions that had moved him to speak of the West India visit; and as she devoted herself by his bedside, she realized that, were he but spared to her, she would suffer all the separations which duty to others in the world might call for, without a murmur. She stormed Heaven for his life, and her heart vowed, that never again would she interpose to hinder his entrance into any sphere of duty to which God might seem to call him, if mercy would now spare his life! And as soon as he was better, she told him all this, and expressly set free his conviction, as far as she was concerned. As the impression continually grew stronger with him during his convalescence, he at length concluded to confide it to his friend, George Truman, who came out from Philadelphia to see him; and, as he found when he began to converse with him, to make known a similar impression, which he had received, to go to the selfsame place! It was therefore, in a conversation that ensued with their wives, determined upon, that, at the respective Monthly Meetings to which they belonged, each should name his so-called "concern" at once.

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The Darby Monthly Meeting took place on the next Tuesday. It was the first day that he was able to go out; and the subject was opened in both the men's and the women's meeting. It struck the assembly as a great cross to themselves, as well as to his family. The men's meeting was melted into sighs and tears, so much did they sorrow at losing for a season their beloved brother, and almost weekly preacher. The women thought of the wife and her desolation with dismay. For a time there was a dead silence. Then Rachel herself rose and said, "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done!"

These self-denying words broke the painful spell; and a sympathetic conviction thrilled through the whole assembly. "The current of unity was opened," and flowed in a full stream. In the end, the meeting concurred in John Jackson's conviction of duty, and, according to the usual custom on such occasions, the following certificate was made and given to him, signed by forty-two men and women, members of the meeting: —

"*To the Inhabitants of the West Indies, where these may come:* —

"Our beloved friend, John Jackson, a minister in unity with us, in a feeling manner opened in this meeting a concern which had for some time past rested with much weight upon his mind, to pay a religious visit, in Gospel love, to the inhabitants of some parts of the West Indies. This meeting, being introduced into a deep feeling of sympathy and unity with him in his concern, leaves him at liberty to pursue his prospect, as truth may open the way, with fervent desires that, when his labors of love shall be accomplished, he may be favored to return to his family and friends with the reward of peace."

E. P. P.

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HORACE MANN.

It is not a great while since the news came over the wires that the great Advocate was no more; closely following this intelligence came the news that Horace Mann was gone. *He* will not be eulogized in Faneuil Hall, and there is no need of it. There is not a schoolhouse in Massachusetts where his genius is not enshrined; there is not a child in the State over whom hovers not, though insensibly, the spirit of his beneficence. We put on record a brief summary of the work he has done.

He had been known as the upright lawyer, who would not lend himself to a cause into which he could not carry his moral convictions. He commenced legal practice at Dedham in 1823, and for fourteen years was highly successful, gaining, it is said, four out of every five cases which he undertook, — never undertaking one which he did not believe to be just.

From 1827 to 1837 he was at different times a member of the State Legislature, and in his warm and comprehensive benevolence were elaborated various plans of improvement, moral and educational, and the plan of the hospital for the insane at Worcester.

But in the year 1837 was organized the Massachusetts Board of Education, and Mr. Mann was appointed Secretary. He relinquished a lucrative practice and the fair prospects of political distinction, for the purpose of reanimating the common-school system of Massachusetts. He travelled through the State, taking his own private conveyance, that he might turn aside into the by-roads, visit the schoolhouses in person, and learn by private intercourse the condition of things. In this way eight hundred of these buildings — wretched structures, most of them — came the first year under his notice. He said, as the result of his observation, "Not one third of the public schoolhouses

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in Massachusetts would have been considered tenantable by any decent family, out of the poorhouse or in it." The schools were under an irresponsible and sleepy supervision, and the teacher's work was without adequate honor or reward. He entered upon the labor of reform, poured into it the currents of his large benevolence, illustrated it with the light of his brilliant genius, and made it effective by the persuasions of his copious and fervid eloquence. He sought three channels of communication with the public mind, and through these he plied it with facts, with arguments, with rhetoric, with appeals to parental instinct and rebukes of parental cupidity, till slowly that great and inert body called the public began to move and mutter in its sleep. He established the Common School Journal as a channel of communication with the minds of teachers; he went into every county in the State, and delivered public lectures of such power and pungency, that they can hardly be read over at this day without quickening the motion of the pulses. These lectures were delivered sometimes to thin audiences, for "a lecture on education," in the very words that announced it, had a soporific influence. But the audiences were "fit," though "few," and those who went heard something which they could not easily forget or sleep over. But in his Annual Reports he brought to bear his most masterly array of fact and argument and appeal. For twelve years one followed another, each a blow upon the public conscience, and at the same time a repository of wisdom for all coming time on the whole subject of education. The facts were set off with a point and unction which made them the most prevailing "cry for the children" that Massachusetts had ever heard. Strange to say, envy and bigotry opposed him in his philanthropic work, and tried to stop it by combined assaults and misrepresentations. He turned upon them with the keenest blade of the truth he wielded, and cut their forces in pieces, till they vanished from his path, — building up the great system of public instruction with one hand,

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and keeping off its foes with the other. Six lines of statistics will show you the result. In 1837, when Mr. Mann began his work, the annual appropriation for the public schools in Massachusetts was $ 387,124. Last year it was $ 1,341,252, — nearly quadruple. Schoolhouse architecture has undergone a radical improvement. Mr. Mann found the children shut up in ill-ventilated and smoky rooms. "Why put them on short allowance of air," said he, "when God has poured it out forty-five miles deep all over the earth?" He devoted most of one of his Reports to this subject, and the new, handsome, commodious, and well-ventilated structures which rise up every year over the whole State are the best monuments to the memory of Horace Mann. The school districts were formerly little isolated democracies, not much responsible to any body, jealous of managing their own affairs, — and how they managed them, the shabby buildings and starving children bore witness. Through Mr. Mann's wise recommendations, and the use of the school-fund, a system of responsibility was established, through which the affairs of every school in the State are made known to the central board, and the State has a parental watch and care over every child in the Commonwealth. The wages of teachers have been nearly doubled, and the mark of qualification has risen in the same degree. The Normal Schools and the Normal School system in the State are also the creation of Mr. Mann.

During the first years of self-devotion to this noble work, the pittance which he received from the State was not sufficient for his daily bread. Massachusetts could not afford even bodily support to the man who was coining his very life to feed the minds of her children. In the session of 1840, such was the jealousy and opposition excited against the Board of Education, that its friends trembled for its continuance. Rather than peril his beloved cause by asking for more salary, he sold his law library to meet his expenses. Rather than ask for a clerk to share the drudgery of his

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office-work, he did it himself in the night hours, when other people slept. He did the work of three men when on half-pay for one. "In doing this," said he, "I know I have cut off ten years from my life." In 1843, he went to Europe at his own expense, to examine the best systems of instruction, particularly those of Prussia and Scotland. He came home, and, instead of publishing a book of travels for himself, he put the treasures of his gathered knowledge into one of his Reports, and gave it to the public with the accustomed prodigality with which he poured out the wealth of his mind for others. Even now, we doubt whether a book of travels can be found more replete with topics of interest, or more beautifully handled, than the Seventh Annual Report to the Massachusetts Board of Education.

In 1849 he brought to a close these twelve years of unrequited toil, through which the present renovated school system of Massachusetts was securely established. Mr. Mann was then chosen as the successor of John Quincy Adams to a seat in the National Congress. The session of 1850 was one of peril and darkness, hardly less than the one in which the Kansas question was decided. The Compromise measures, involving the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, were to be acted upon. The slave power had just enough force to turn the balance against freedom, and it gave out significant threats that, if necessary to maintain its ascendency in the House, it would carry in concealed weapons, and massacre its enemies upon the floor. Great names and potent influences were brought to bear, pledging the dear old Bay State to the work of slave-hunting, and to opening the territories to the curse of slave labor. Gradually they went over to the side of oppression, — pulpit, press, and politicians. Mr. Mann for twelve years had been withdrawn from political life, taking no part in it, that he might accomplish the great educational reform which he had at heart. But nobody doubted what side he would take now, who knew the depth and fervor of his philanthropy.

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He knew how much it would cost, — old companionships, the good name he had acquired, the praises which began to thicken around his way. All classes of the community had come to appreciate the value of his twelve years' labor for the common schools; and, by what some would call a prudent or conservative course, he might have sat down and enjoyed the golden opinions he had won. But the times needed men, and Horace Mann was one of them. The idea that Massachusetts should contribute or consent to the extension of human slavery! "Is it not enough," said he, "not merely to arouse the living from their torpor, but the dead from their graves? Were I to help it, nay, did I not oppose it with all the powers and faculties that God has given me, I should see myriads of agonized faces glaring out upon me from the future more terrible than Duncan's at Macbeth; and I would rather feel an assassin's poniard in my breast, than forever hereafter to see the air-drawn dagger of a guilty imagination." He led off the public sentiment of Massachusetts in favor of liberty and righteousness. His first speech in Congress was a masterly argument for free over slave labor, in the course of which he dropped truths into the adder ears of the politicians that made them tingle. In his first appearance before his constituents, in a letter addressed to them, he dissected the Fugitive Slave Bill, and laid open its cruelties and abominations. He riddled the false logic which had been used in its support by great men. His argument was calm and respectful towards his opponents, while the reader felt through every sentence the throbbings of his heart. "My words," said he, "have been cool as the telegraphic wires, while my feelings have been as the lightnings that run through them." As he did nothing by halves, but always with the whole of his great heart, it was his fortune to be opposed and assaulted in every work he engaged in, whether of educational or political reform; but we do not think he ever went into a controversy without justice on his side, and

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without leaving his antagonists crippled or routed from the field.

About the year 1853, Antioch College was organized, and it called Horace Mann to its Presidency. It was the College of the Christian denomination; great hopes were entertained of it, that it would be the means of diffusing learning, unfettered by sectarianism, through the spreading and teeming valleys of the West. But by mismanagement it became loaded with debt. The last six years of Mr. Mann's life were spent in the double labors of instruction and ejecting the burden from the College. He gave of his scanty private fortune and the ample resources of his intellect. Success followed, and the College is free; but its chief benefactor fell in the enterprise. He died at his post, doing the work of three men up almost to the day of his death. He died, not of disease, but of over-work for the good of his fellow-men, at what has been called the grand climacteric, the ninth septenary of human life, or sixty-three years, when the human powers become fully ripe, haply if the fruit does not drop from the tree. It is said by those who witnessed the last hour, that his rich and clear intellect went down in the death-dark with gleamings of splendor more heavenly bright than in his best days. "His ideas, and the language in which he clothed them," — this is the testimony, — "were really grand, and amazed us all to silence, nay, melted us all to tears. A signal sweetness and tenderness pervaded every word." The riches of the heart, as of the mind, were revealed in the last hour; the deep springs of benevolence which had given such affluence to his mind were made bare, and they touched off the glow of the intellect with all the softness and beauty of the soul. So he lived, and so he died.

Mr. Mann had his faults, philanthropist though he was. His faults of intellect were redundancy of rhetoric. "You would pardon my profusion of figures," he said, "if you knew what troops of them I drive away from me every

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day." Perhaps a graver fault was his unmerciful satire, which sometimes stung and maddened like a barb dipped in poison. But we believe he never used this weapon except to cleave down noxious error, and in the defence of truth and justice; never for personal victory; never when there did not lie behind it a great-hearted generosity and a Christian magnanimity. Travelling almost anywhere through Massachusetts, even in corners where the tide of improvement rises slow, you may adopt as his epitaph the well-known inscription over the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, — "If you ask for his monument, look around!" Not his own State, however, has the keeping of his bright and stainless fame. Long since, his writings were quoted on the other side of the ocean, as eloquent expositions of themes most vitally connected with human welfare; and few persons of his generation effected more than he, either by what he was or by what he did, to make the American name a title which good and honorable men would desire to wear.

S.

"THIS is God's true greatness; this is God's true glory; this is God's true royalty; the greatness, glory, and royalty of loving, forgiving, generous power, which pours itself out, untiring and undisgusted, in help and mercy to all which he has made; the glory of a Father who is perfect in this, that he causeth his rain to fall on the evil and on the good, and his sun to shine upon the just and on the unjust, and is good to the unthankful and the evil; a Father who has not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities; a Father who is not extreme to mark what is done amiss, but whom it is worth while to fear, for with him is mercy and plenteous redemption; — all this, and more, — a Father who so loved a world which had forgotten him, a world whose sins must have been disgusting to him, that he spared not his only begotten Son, but freely gave him for us, and will with him freely give us all things; a Father, in one word, whose name and essence is love, even as it is the name and essence of the Son and Holy Ghost."

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE CHURCH QUESTION.

We had resolved to dismiss every church problem for at least one lunar month, and leave the mind at rest. We intended to try the experiment of repose, to be one of the Quietists, to seek for nothing, to renounce logic, to draw no inferences, only to leave the soul open for what might come by the avenues of sense, or through those hidden ways by which the ever working and redeeming Spirit approaches the heart. And for the most part the resolution has been kept. The torpor of the sea-side has been suffered to steal over the whole nature. We have said, — not what can we lay hold of and put to a good use, — but, what will lay hold of us and bind us, and commend itself thereby as strong and good and beautiful? Let us not intermeddle! Let us drift awhile! Let the waves and the wind do their will! Let us see what will come of that! Nevertheless, the old spirit will assert itself. We cannot be wholly quiet. Perhaps, too, we are only yielding to a strong pressure when we set in order a few thoughts upon a topic that has occasioned a good deal of speculation even in midsummer.

Rumors have reached us in our retreat of a plea, by one of our ablest and most earnest Liberal preachers, for more method and form in the ministration of the Gospel, so earnest that many interpreted it as prophetic of a reconstruction of mediæval Ritualism. Unfortunately we were not at Cambridge, to hear the discourse before the Alumni of the Theological School, and as yet it has not fallen under our eye in print. We have gathered its drift only from the newspapers, which, it must be confessed, leave much to be desired by one who would form an estimate of what would seem to have been a very significant utterance. The little that we are moved to present will have therefore no direct reference to any propositions which were stated and maintained in that discourse. The general topic is one that has been upon our mind for years; at the hazard of being styled a "*reactionist*," we have ventured to speak freely about it; and we welcome very eagerly any opportunity for unburdening ourselves still further with reference to the matter. It has long been our con-

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viction, that our church methods are not adjusted to the spirit which they would express and foster; and that, whilst our greatest need ever is and ever must be an increase of spiritual and moral vitality, we should also gain a vast deal by a reconstruction of forms, and by an earnest effort to enter into some new relations with our fellow-Christians.

Any discussion of forms and methods is sure to be met at once by the rejoinder, that, if the life is real and deep, all externals will take care of themselves; and if this means that the mind and heart are to be first regarded, and that to multiply forms in order to disguise the poverty of the soul is a most fatal error, the rejoinder is good. But it is obvious to common sense, and a matter of every-day experience, that power may be sadly wasted for want of fitting instruments with which to exercise itself, and forms may be so devised and used as to cherish feeling where it is feeble and fitful. It is better of course to worship according to truth and love in a bare upper-room, than to enact mummeries in the most magnificent cathedral; but why set up the contrast, — why say, we will have earnestness rather than ritual, when, if we please, we can have both? Why throw the whole burden of awakening and keeping alive the religious sentiment of a congregation upon the individual preacher, when the treasures of sacred art are available, not as substitutes for his fidelity, but as the complements of his zeal and activity? It is idle indeed to talk about Church Life, the Broad Church, or the Church of the Future, or any sort of a Church, for those who do not believe in the supernatural origin and character of the Gospel. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ. Those who do not need a Mediator do not need a Church. Rationalistic preaching cannot find the needed offset in service-books and chants. When Christ is not preached as the Word made flesh, as the Son of God, as the only name under heaven given amongst men whereby we may be saved, the Church has ceased to be a church, ordinances are but solemn mockeries; the preachers have become lecturers, and are entitled to respect for consistency just so far as they frankly say to their congregations: "These old church forms are significant no longer; let us put away childish things, let us lay aside these church vessels as old relics, let us bring no more children to the baptismal font." If there is anything sad and wicked in this world it is for grown-up men and women to *play church*, and keep up ceremonies which have for

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them neither significance nor beauty. We honor the worshippers in "Music Hall" for this if for nothing else, that they have no altar, no table of communion. It is, we believe, in strict consistency with the principle of their organization, that they have of late substituted lecturing for worship, and have converted a Sunday service into a week-day oratorical occasion. It is worth a great deal to see where we are, to know who we are connected with, to keep the churches and the pulpits for the preachers of the Gospel, whilst the halls are left open for those who teach in their own name.

But striving always to keep within the Christian fold, and laying the utmost emphasis upon the Gospel speciality, we are free to say that the forms and methods of our Liberal congregations seem to us wholly inadequate to the work which they would do.

1. There has been great carelessness in the fundamental work of introducing new laborers into the various fields of the Gospel ministry. We have suffered matters to take their course in this respect, as if each company of Christians were in all ways independent of every other company, thus striking at the root of all union of churches. Any group of believers, worshippers, or hearers of religious discourse, may of course, if they see fit, elect some one to be their teacher and pastor without any conference with other societies; but then they ought not to account it a strange thing if they are asked to have such teacher or pastor unto themselves. They are content with him; they are willing that their children should grow up under his instruction; — very well, so far as they are concerned; — but perhaps others would not be at all content, perhaps others would be very unwilling to listen to what seem to them crudities or denials of vital truths and essential facts, or, at best, discussions more appropriate to the theological lecture-room than to the pulpit. It seems plain that the teacher who is to circulate amongst the churches should have gained the fellowship of the churches, — should have satisfied in some adequate way, not only his own particular hearers, but the connection at large in which he will be likely to labor. Until, then, we have reformed our Councils for Ordination, to the extent at least of requiring a belief and confession of Christianity from all candidates for ordination, we shall have nothing to rely upon or fasten to, we shall have the Gospel in the morning and a criticism upon the Gospel in the afternoon, and if we make a Service-Book, it may be put into the hands of preachers who cannot honestly use it. We want a large

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house. The dwelling which Episcopalianism or Calvinism offers is not large enough. But we do want a house of some kind, and are not going to pretend that we can live in the open air, even though the heavens above us are God's heavens. We must have then a form for the Ordination of Ministers, unless we are ready for that strictest independency which would allow of no ministerial exchanges, and are willing to open our pulpits to a more or less disguised Deism.

2. We want a more congregational form of worship, — a form more manifestly congregational at least. At present the congregation have scarcely any opportunity afforded them for utterance. The preacher finds a great help in the culture of devotional feeling from stirring up the gift that is in him. The word that he speaks profits himself, if it profits no one else, and does not return to him void. The congregation may be profited in the same way by expression; but to this end there must be not only the improvisations of the ministers, but the stated prayers and chantings of the fellow-worshippers. It is common to contrast the freedom and flexibility and personality of the devotions of congregational churches with the rigid, unvarying order of ritualistic societies. But what need of the contrast? Why not secure the good of both methods, and leave a place in the fixed order of service for the introduction of an extempore prayer? The method which prevailed in our New England congregations some twenty years ago did not satisfy the worshippers. In proof of our assertion, take the fact that this order has been very generally enlarged by the addition of selections from the Psalms, read or chanted, sometimes responsively, by voluntaries upon the organ, and the like. Plainly, our service was too meagre before; now it is scarcely the same in any two societies, and the minister must be at considerable pains to explain the method of his church to his substitute. The order misnamed Congregational — misnamed because the congregation can take part only silently — fails to catch the ear or touch the heart of childhood in the majority of cases, makes a demand upon the preacher which can be fully met only in exceptional cases, tends to emphasize the preaching at the expense of the worship, and makes it impossible to substitute afternoon prayers for afternoon preaching, — a change which, if it could be accompanied with an enlargement of our plans of Sunday-school instruction, would be a great gain. And yet we do not like any one of the Liturgies, which one and another of our brethren have prepared, well enough to propose its adoption.

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Admirable as they are in many respects, they seem to us entirely inferior to the English Service-Book, with even less modification than it has received in what is known as "The Chapel Liturgy." This Liturgy, somewhat abbreviated perhaps, would, we are persuaded, satisfy our congregations, could they only be induced to set up reading-desks in their houses of worship, and make trial of it, and, besides supplying a beautiful order of devotion, it would exert an admirable conservative influence, and check at once extreme individualism and a conceited Rationalism.

We speak primarily and specially of our Liberal churches; but the want of an order of public worship is felt in many of the congregations called Orthodox, as well as in our own. We have in our mind no mere Athenian hankering after some new thing, but a desire for a well-ordered and beautiful Ritual, which is widely experienced, and must ever be, at all times save those when the tide of the religious life is at its highest point. When the hearts of men are all on fire with new views of truth, and they are eager in proclaiming them, or in seasons of singular spiritual activity, the praying and preaching minister is enough; but even whilst worshipping in the Roman Catacombs the Church of Christ is forming its liturgy, — a liturgy which should be expanded and enriched as the Church grows, developing ever into new forms, the providential expressions of its Divine life. Let us reconstruct upon the old foundations. We have a portion in all liturgies. We are justified in making them more and more Scriptural. The order of worship, which until lately prevailed almost without exception in our New England churches, is admirably fitted for the exercises of the conference-room, and might satisfy the most devout spirits of a congregation; but it must fail, save in the happiest circumstances, to arrest the attention of the great multitude. Hence the diseased appetite for "sensation preaching," and all the humiliating manœuvres, most fitly called by a quaint friend "*small doings*," which congregations are tempted to employ for keeping up their numbers. We can conceive of a village church conducted upon principles at once so conservative and liberal as to absorb all the various conflicting sectarian elements, and offer to a whole town a religious home at once sacred and cheerful, where the villagers might worship together in peace, sitting at the feet of Christ, and striving through him to enter the Kingdom of Truth and Love, without confusing themselves with discussions of the mysteries of theology or of philosophy.

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3. We need in more ways than can here be specified to magnify the Church for adults and for children, to press the claims of its ordinances, to offer its quiet and beautiful sanctuaries for the various solemnities of life, — the consecration of the young, the marriage union, the funeral office; we need to make our charities church charities; we need to say the form *is* important, ceremonies *are* significant, ideas should be embodied and clothed, — they ought not to go about like ghosts, formless and voiceless, or with only dreary, ghastly lineaments, and a scarcely audible speech. "This ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone," should be our word to-day. We must not send away those who crave something symbolic to other communions. Why not provide for them ourselves? Certainly our large freedom should leave the way open for the satisfaction not only of those who are content with the utmost simplicity, but for those also who love to lean upon something outside of them, and can worship more earnestly where ancient words and forms, and a church-like structure, aid in uplifting the soul.

4. But when shall these things be? Not soon, we fear, though they are greatly needed. It is easy in speech and on paper to express our longings for a better understanding between Liberal Christians, who do not forget their Christianity in their liberality, — easy to talk of a new denomination which shall be more Christian than Episcopalian, Calvinistic, or Methodist, and then, in thought, to provide the new company with an order of service which shall run through the year, and shall constitute a bond of union, a precious heirloom, and an assurance of stability, as the Church passes from father to son. But how are these visions to be realized? The ministers alone cannot achieve so much. The ministers are not the congregations. When anything of the kind is proposed, it is found that some at least are much disturbed, and tell us that the worship of the Church would be spoiled for them by any departure from the simplicity of our Puritan ancestors. Finding that the matter is not vital, the minister refrains from pressing it, and contents himself with some partial approaches to the thing desired, which are open to the serious objection, that they are neither this nor that, and are very likely to awaken a longing and cultivate a taste for ritual which they do not satisfy, and so alienate from the churches the very persons to whom we should naturally look to sustain the new order could it be fairly set on foot. There would seem to be nothing for us, save to

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encourage the freest expression of each one's most earnest and mature thought upon this interesting subject, and wait for what the times may bring forth. It is obvious enough that our churches are in a transition state, both as to doctrine and ritual. The denominations overlap each other on every side. The day invites the efforts of a commanding and constructive mind, too large and earnest and well taught to be the servant of any sect. When he appears, the Spirit will give us order and beauty again through him, the churches shall have rest and a common life, and the sanctuary shall not be the dismal forsaken place it often is now. The heaviest responsibility in this matter rests upon those whose orthodoxy is unquestioned, and whose liberality would be costly and significant. We are inclined to believe that from them rather than from us help must come. Let them welcome those outside of the popular Christianity, who, as they well know, believe in the Gospel as earnestly as they believe in it, and propose to them for a doctrinal symbol a plain Scriptural confession, and for a service-book a Scriptural Liturgy, and they will find many ready to separate themselves from all fellowship with deniers, and to gather into a Broad Church of Christ, which shall offer continually upon its altar the bread that comes down from heaven, and the water of everlasting life. Until that Church shall be opened, we must do what we can; we must use our freedom wisely, neither going about unclad, nor being in any haste to put on garments which our brother-Christians are fast outgrowing. It is something to have expressed a sense of want, — to have given to the expression a certain definiteness, — were it only to signify thus that we do not account ourselves to have attained. It is something to have said distinctly, that we do *not* mean, God willing, to drift away from the Church of Christ, and accept for the Gospel a Naturalism as meagre as it is conceited, as cheerless as it is dictatorial. It is something to have said, that we do *not* mean at this late day to go out into the wilderness and separate ourselves from all that our wise and believing fathers have builded; that we shall *not* leave our dwelling because it needs to be repaired and enlarged; and that, whilst we would exercise the largest hospitality and the most abounding charity, we hold it to be a first necessity of the householder in Church and State to choose his companions and guard his fellowship.

E.

August 11, 1859.

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We received, as we were going to press, this affectionate tribute to the memory of one known to many of our readers.

TRANSMITTED LIFE.

SUGGESTED BY THE STRENGTH AND BEAUTY OF CHARACTER OF THE LATE MRS. MUSSEY, OF NEWBURYPORT.

In the deep places of the soul,
Where hidden springs of being lie,
Ancestral influences roll
Their mingling tide of various dye.

Volcanic, 'mid our even path,
Dashes within some Geyser spring
Of strength or daring, love or wrath,
That o'er our lives a strangeness fling;

Ourselves we praise or blame, or count
It influence from above, below,
Nor trace afar th' ancestral fount
That still wells out its sudden glow.

But here a mother's living stream
Pours through each child its fertile course;
How much of what they are and seem
Is outgrowth from its secret force!

O, how her strong and buoyant tide
Her convoy floats o'er rocks and sand,
On gently through life's ocean wide,
Towards anchorage on a heavenly strand!

Softly, with fond encircling waves,
At ebb or flood, with constant force,
Each kindred keel unceasing laves,
And lifts it on its storm-vexed course.

Fountain of strength within their breast,
Of purest wave, life-giving river,
Thy sacred influence never rest,
But course thy children's veins forever!

W. H. B.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Suspense of Faith. An Address to the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Given July 19, 1859. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1859. — Under the head of "Random Readings" we have set down a few thoughts of our own, suggested by what had reached us through the newspapers of the above Address, which has since come to hand from our friends Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. We have read the discourse with deep interest, but we cannot refrain from expressing surprise that the views of the speaker should have been regarded as novel, even in our Liberal connection. In a very humble way to be sure, and yet very earnestly, this journal has for years been saying that Protestantism in the hands of many Unitarians had reached a false and pernicious extreme; that, in order to resist successfully the fatal tendencies of the denomination without abandoning a true Christian liberality, it was needful to reaffirm under new forms some of the old truths, and to emphasize afresh some instrumentalities which through misuse had fallen into undeserved neglect. In our humble way, we too have again and again said, that "the ideas which lay in the minds of the authors of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds were essential ideas," * "that the centrifugal epoch of humanity has for this swing of the pendulum at least reached its bound," * that the Church is outworn and useless "if the Gospel mean only or chiefly what it now passes for with most noble spirits, a mere revelation of truth," * and that "the common consciousness of God, which is the Gospel, none partake who wilfully cut themselves off from the body of Christ"; * and by so saying have grieved some whose friendship and fellowship were very dear to us, and have been incorrectly supposed to mean that Unitarianism is a failure, as Calvinism or Episcopalianism or Methodism is not a failure. Others, whose affectionate loyalty to Christ has been attested by lives of the most exemplary Christian fidelity, and from whose Christian companionship nothing save their own act can ever divide us, and with whom we pray ever to be joined in all Christian offices of the pulpit, of the congregation, and of the home, cannot see the matter as we see it, but firmly hold and most successfully preach a Gospel which in our own hands would soon lapse into Rationalism; but we must none the less say, that the direction indicated by Dr. Bellows seems to us the only true and safe direction; that if Liberal Christians could take it earnestly and manfully, many who are now in the bondage of sect would be found with them by day, as they are now with them by night, and they would gain a hold upon the world such as has never yet been theirs. There is no need that we should bespeak for so eloquent and so timely a discourse a large and thoughtful company of readers. E.

* Address.

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AND

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
CHARLES WESLEY, by Rev. George M. Steele	217
DIVINITY, REVEALED AND UNREVEALED. A Discourse by William B. Hayden	234
QUIET FROM GOD, by A. M. Sawyer	248
HAMPTON BEACH, by A. M. S.	252
"THE NIGHT ALSO IS THINE," by Rev. J. F. W. Ware	254
EACH DAY IS GOD'S	261
READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. No. IV. By H. M.	263
STRAY LEAVES	269
EDITORS' RANDOM READINGS.	
The Children of the Day	271
Poisoned Arrows a Barbarism	271
Swallow your Disgusts!	272
Obeying God in Hell: — Theology gone Mad	272
Indifference to Fame	278
My Aunt Nettleton	274
Traits of John Wesley	278
Anæsthesia	280
An Old Hymn	281
NOTICES OF BOOKS	282

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Vol. XXII. OCTOBER, 1859. No. 4.

CHARLES WESLEY.*

John Wesley has generally been regarded as the founder of Methodism; and, though it is well known that a younger brother was closely associated with him in the great religious movement with which his name is connected, the history of this younger brother is not so well known.

Charles Wesley was born December 18, 1708, five years subsequent to the birth of John, and was the youngest of three sons. Under the training of his mother, whose extraordinary character was sketched in a former number of this Magazine, were laid the foundations of a life of uncommon piety and usefulness. At the early age of eight years he was sent to the celebrated Westminster School, in which his eldest brother Samuel was even then an usher, under whose care he was placed. He became an excellent classical scholar, and at the same time, under the influence of his brother, imbibed those High-Church views, which to a great extent clung to him through life, and led him to dissent from some

* The Poet-Preacher: a Brief Memorial of Charles Wesley, the eminent Preacher and Poet. By Charles Adams. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1859.

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of John's most important measures in the latter part of their career.

While he was at Westminster there occurred a remarkable crisis in his life. It was one of those turning points from which, on the simple choice of the individual, all his future destiny is determined. Garrett Wesley, Esq., a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, though having no family connection with Charles, proposed to adopt him and make him his heir. Charles's father referred the proposition to the decision of the boy himself. With the latter it was probably a matter of inclination; but he decided not to go to Ireland, preferring a life of poverty, labor, and independence to wealth, luxury, and honor as the adopted son of his benefactor. In the contemplation of this incident, one greatly marvels at the extraordinary results which sometimes flow from apparently insignificant acts. Had this offer of the Irish gentleman been accepted, Charles would in all probability have been separated from those religious influences which were the occasion of his religious character; the incomparable hymns which have thrilled so many hearts in both continents, and been the means of exciting solemn and holy emotions in the minds of so many thousands, would probably have never been written; doubtless the words of that ministry upon which multitudes hung with rapt interest would have been unspoken; nay, more, it is quite likely that, without the co-operation of the younger brother, the elder would not have been instrumental in effecting the great reformation big with results to millions of souls. It is interesting, too, to see how this decision connects itself with some of the most remarkable historical events of modern times. It is very well known now that the boy who was afterward adopted by this Mr. G. Wesley became Baron Mornington, and was the grandfather of the late Duke of Wellington, whose name is so inseparably connected with the establishment of the British empire in India, and still more with the event which decided the political fate of

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Europe at Waterloo. Thus the choice of an impulsive school-boy, in a matter which he perhaps thought of only with reference to his own private interests, involves in its results the very existence of some distinguished personages, and the destiny of whole nations. "None of us liveth to himself."

At eighteen Charles left Westminster School for the University of Oxford. At college he was regular in his habits, and a very pleasant and companionable associate; yet he was at first not at all diligent in his studies, and quite careless about his religious interests. When his brother John, who was of a more serious turn, used to address him on religious subjects, Charles would answer, "What! would you have me be a saint all at once?" The second year John was absent, acting as curate for his father, and Charles, without any special outward cause, became more thoughtful. In a letter to John, alluding to this change in his mind, he says: "It is owing in a great measure to somebody's prayers (my mother's, most likely) that I am come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself how or when I awoke out of my lethargy, only that it was not long after you went away."

He also succeeded in leading two or three other young men to become interested, like himself, in the salvation of their souls. They endeavored to give a religious character to the whole of their life, and to do all their work for God. Desiring to make as much as possible of their time, they were, both in their temporal and their spiritual duties, very diligent, systematic, and *methodical;* hence they acquired the nickname of *Methodists*, and by this appellative they were known all through the University. This was the origin of one of the great denominational names of the present age.

John soon returned to Oxford, and Charles and his friends were rejoiced to have him among them. They formed themselves into a society under his superintendence. Their object was to promote their intellectual, moral, and spiritual im-

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provement. It consisted of four members. They were accustomed to spend three or four evenings in a week together, in reading the Greek Testament and Greek and Latin classics. Sunday evenings they read divinity. This was the first Methodist society, and the mother of all others.

Charles graduated at twenty-one, and forthwith became a college tutor. At this time he received a characteristic letter from his father, in which, among other good things, we find the following: "You are now launched fairly, Charles. Hold up your head, and swim like a man; and when you cuff the wave beneath you, say to it much as another hero did, 'Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.' But always keep your eye fixed above the polar star. And so God send you a good voyage through the troublesome sea of life, which is the hearty prayer of your loving father."

The little society slowly increased. Among others who joined about this time was James Hervey, the celebrated author of the "Meditations," and, two or three years later, George Whitefield. The method of these incipient Methodists is thus presented by the latter. "They carefully avoided all superfluity of personal expense, that they might have the more to give to the poor; they supported a number of destitute and neglected children at school; they instructed the ignorant and reproved the wicked at all opportunities; and for this end went into the cottages and garrets of the poor, urging them to attend the public worship of God, and supplying them with prayer-books, Bibles, 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and other religious publications; they regularly visited the prisoners in the common jail, for the purpose of prayer and religious instruction, Mr. John Wesley preaching to them every Sabbath; they assisted each other in their studies, and watched over each other's spiritual interests with affection and fidelity. At the same time they aimed at an elevated standard of holiness, feeling that they ought to be entirely devoted to God." They were subject to a good deal of ridicule and persecution. They

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were spoken of as the "Godly Club;" frequently they had to make their way to and from their places of religious resort through crowds assembled to insult and annoy them. The Wesleys sought counsel of their father, who heartily approved of their course, and encouraged them to persevere. Much strength they also derived from the excellent advice of their mother, whose influence over them was scarcely less than when they were in the nursery at Epworth.

Yet, with all their efforts, their fastings and prayers, their self-denials and diligence in duty, the young men, after several years' persistence, had not attained to anything like a satisfactory experience. They were still in bondage, — servants of God, but not children. It is not till after further fruitless struggles that they will come into possession of that *conscious salvation* which has been ever the distinguishing feature in the religious character of their followers. The power of the truth which makes "free indeed," had not yet been felt in their inmost heart. The fountain of pure spiritual joy was not yet opened in their souls. Still they struggled on towards the light.

In 1736, when Charles was twenty-seven years of age, the two brothers, in pursuance of a plan they had for some time cherished, went as missionaries to Georgia. John remained at Savannah; the younger brother proceeded to Frederica, on the island of St. Simon, some miles farther south. Here Governor Oglethorpe had established his residence, and Charles acted in the double capacity of his private secretary and as a missionary. The ministerial labors of the two brothers seem to have been unsuccessful. There were several reasons for this: the principal one, doubtless, was their erroneous religious views, and their consequent unhappy style of life and preaching. It was a religion of legal strictness and of mortifications, — a holiness to be attained by careful and painful culture, a piety of unnatural constraint; not the righteousness that comes by simple faith, — a lively, cheerful, unconstrained, and affectionate

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piety, not produced by good works, but the fruitful mother of them, — a religion not of the Law, but of the Gospel.

Yet this visit to America was not without its vastly important consequences to them. On board the same ship with them was a company of Moravian missionaries. In their intercourse with them, Charles and his brother soon perceived the difference between the piety of these devoted Christians and their own. They had observed during the voyage the great seriousness of the behavior of these persons. Their humility had been evinced in the performance of servile offices for other passengers, which none of the English would undertake, and for which they desired and would receive no pay, — doing it as a religious duty. They showed their meekness by the calmness with which they received insult and injury. But there was one incident which more powerfully than anything else awakened the interest of the Wesleys. In the midst of an awful storm, when they were expecting the ship would founder in mid-ocean, while all the other passengers were terrified beyond measure, these devoted people appeared as undisturbed as though in the most perfect security. "In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sang on. I asked one of them afterwards, 'Were you not afraid?' 'I thank God, no.' 'But were not your women and children afraid?' He replied, mildly, 'No, our women and children are not afraid to die.'" To this calm faith Wesley was yet a stranger.

At Frederica, Charles was punctual, diligent, self-denying, and faithful. In his preaching he reproved sin with unsparing severity. A great deal of immorality prevailed in the settlement, and such preaching was not at all to the taste of the people. There were many adversaries and much persecution. His health was poor and his accommodations far

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from luxurious. The Governor was capricious, passionate, and under the influence of wicked people. The mission was soon abandoned, and he embarked for home. The voyage was a very unpleasant and perilous one. After a terrible storm, the weather still continuing adverse, the ship put into Boston, where they were detained about a month. During his stay here he was treated with great kindness, and preached in the several Episcopal churches of the city. One of the churches in which the voice of this first Methodist, and one of the original members of the "Godly Club," was then heard, is still standing, — King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont and School Streets. The very sermons he preached at that time are still extant in an English volume. One of them was from the text (Psalm cxxvi. 6), "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed," &c. Another was on the question of Elijah, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He re-embarked at the expiration of the month in the same ship, it having been repaired and freed from its drunken captain. It was a stormy and fearful passage; but, after a voyage of four months from the time of his first embarkation at Savannah, he reached Deal, and immediately proceeded to London. His brother John returned soon after, and the foreign missionary labors of both were at an end.

The religious exercises of the young man still continued, and still he struggled towards the light. In his soul was yet an "aching void." But his zeal knew no diminution. On journeys he read pious books to fellow-travellers, and endeavored to convince men that religion is an inward and divine principle, and that every one should make it his first concern. In private companies he pursued the same course, and often with the happiest results.

Some months after his return from America he was taken dangerously ill. The excellent Peter Böhler, a Moravian then in London on his way to Georgia, and to whom the Wesleys were greatly indebted for aid in their religious in-

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quiries, visited and conversed with him. "I asked him to pray for me," says Charles. "He seemed unwilling at first; but, beginning very faintly, he raised his voice by degrees, and prayed for my recovery with a strange confidence. Then he took me by the hand, and calmly said, 'You will not die now.' He asked me, 'Do you hope to be saved?' 'Yes.' 'For what reason do you hope for it?' 'Because I have used my best endeavors to serve God.' He shook his head, and said no more. I thought him very uncharitable, saying in my heart, 'What! are not my endeavors a sufficient ground of hope? I have nothing else to trust to.'" He soon got up from this sickness, though it nearly proved fatal to him. He was now obliged to relinquish the design he had hitherto cherished of returning to Georgia. He went to London, and immediately suffered a relapse of his terrible disease.

Hitherto Charles had been much averse to Böhler's doctrine of faith as the condition of salvation; but his sickness, and further conversation with the devoted Moravian, led him to the conviction that he "had not now the faith of the Gospel;" and he determined not to rest without it. So he began to read the Bible with this end specially in view, and to pray for it; and some days he spent the whole time in discoursing on faith, either with those who had it or those who sought it. On Sunday morning, May 21, 1738, as he was praying on his sick-bed, having pleaded the promises and endeavored to rely upon them, and in this manner was composing himself to sleep, a female voice at the door of his chamber said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities." It proved to be the voice of the pious Mrs. Turner, who waited upon him in his sickness, and felt great religious solicitude for him, yet shrank from approaching him openly on the subject. "I never," says Charles, "heard words uttered with like solemnity. I arose, and looked into the Scriptures. The words first presented were, 'And now,

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Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is in thee.' I then cast down my eye, and met, 'He hath put a new song into my mouth, even thanksgiving unto my God. Many shall see it, and fear and put their trust in the Lord.' Afterward I opened on Isaiah xl. 1, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people,' &c. I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ. My temper for the rest of the day was mistrust of my own great, but before unknown weakness. I saw that by faith I stood; and the continual support of faith which kept me from falling, though of myself I am ever sinking into sin. I went to bed still sensible of my own weakness, (I humbly trust to be more and more so,) yet confident of Christ's protection."

Thus, after a protracted conflict, a long period of strict religious effort, yet in darkness and in bondage, he came into the light and liberty of the Gospel. It is remarkable that, only three or four days after this, his brother John, whose exercises had hitherto been similar to his own, met with the same experience. On Wednesday evening he was listening to some one reading Luther's "Preface to the Epistle to the Romans." "About a quarter before nine," he writes, "while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt that I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

It would be interesting, had we space, to dwell upon this experience of these two brothers. In their own estimation, it was the passage from death to life. In all their subsequent writings, they unhesitatingly regard themselves as not having been Christians previous to the happy change above described. Yet few, looking upon their character up to this time, would coincide in this estimate of their own religious condition. That they had entertained some erroneous religious notions, is quite evident; and that their spiritual state

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hitherto had been in many respects a morbid one, admits of little doubt. But that they sustained so dark and unfortunate a relation to God as they seemed to suppose, is hard to believe. That they met with a wonderful change at this time — a joyful and profound one — is as unmistakable as anything in their history. To them it was a reality that they had come into new relations with Christ, and that these relations were personal and actual and right. Out of them arose a clear consciousness of a new state of mind, a freedom from condemnation, a clear conviction that God loved them, and a holy affection for God and holy things and for the souls of men. It was no transient ecstasy, but the beginning of a permanent new life, in which they walked till death. We mention these things, because, as we have before said, this *conscious salvation* was the great distinguishing feature of the Wesleyan reformation, — a lively faith, an assurance of God's approbation, a cheerful, loving, self-sacrificing, and fervent piety.

Within a few months after this, the two brothers began to co-operate in more public efforts for the advancement of true religion. Their plan was to preach in such churches as were open to them, and to hold meetings for conversation, prayer, singing, mutual exhortation, and Scriptural exposition. Up to this time Charles had read his sermons from the pulpit; but now he threw aside the restraints of a manuscript, and a formal, labored style, and soon acquired a boldness and facility in extemporaneous speaking which surprised both himself and others. The influence of his preaching, as well as that of his brother, soon began to be felt among the more openly profligate and wicked. Many were brought to repentance and a genuine reformation of life.

Neither of the Wesleys had at this time the slightest intention of departing from the established order of the English Church, of which they were ministers. Indeed, they were both rigid Churchmen. Hence, when unfavorable reports of their proceedings reached the ears of the higher

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officers of the Church, they lost no time in waiting upon them for the purpose of defending themselves and soliciting episcopal advice and sanction. By the bishops they were on this occasion treated with kindness and without rebuke.

But the fervent spirit of Charles, and especially his doctrine of salvation by faith alone, gave great offence, and provoked much opposition. At one place, while presenting his theme, a part of the congregation retired, and the vicar, though sympathizing with Mr. Wesley's views, became alarmed. At the request of a prominent clergyman, he had become his curate; but there was much opposition to him in the parish, and this opposition was strengthened by the refusal of the Bishop to sanction the arrangement by which he became curate. Finally, on one occasion, the baser sort assembled at the foot of the pulpit stairs, after prayers, and by force prevented his ascending the pulpit. The Bishop justified the church-wardens; so the curate was excluded by violence.

He now sought other fields of labor. But one by one the churches were closed both to him and to his brother. It was not uncommon, after having addressed a congregation, for them to be told pointedly that they could no more speak from that pulpit. One reason was, that their doctrine of salvation by faith was offensive; another, that their preaching attracted such multitudes as to crowd the churches, and give serious inconvenience to the occupants of the pews. It has been said that the clergy complained of the great number of communicants who pressed to the altar on these occasions!

Excluded from the churches, they began to preach in the open air. Whitefield was the first who ventured on this innovation. Then John Wesley followed. "I could scarcely reconcile myself," says the latter, "to this strange way of preaching in the fields. Having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, I should have thought the saving of souls almost a

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sin, if it had not been done in the church." Charles follows the example of Whitefield and of John. First in the field of a farmer he declares the word; then a Quaker urges him to preach in the street, and he does so to about a thousand persons. Soon after, we find him in Moorfields, with ten thousand people about him, whom he invites to come to Christ. At Kensington Common he calls to "multitudes upon multitudes" to repent and believe the Gospel. In this work he finds great joy, and imparts spiritual benefit to very many.

Nor are these his only labors. He visits prisoners, prays with penitents, expounds the Scriptures in private houses, and labors abundantly in many other ways. "He lived in the spirit of prayer; he laid hold upon the strength divine by a mighty faith, and he realized the fulfilment of the promise, 'I am with you always.'" He is represented by his biographers as being at this time a most powerful and efficient preacher, of apostolic unction and persuasiveness, so that the people everywhere fell under his word, like grass under the scythe of a mower. He himself thus describes one of his great congregations: —

"Thousands stood in the churchyard. It was the most beautiful sight I ever beheld. The people filled the gradually rising area, which was shut up on three sides by a vast perpendicular hill. On the top and bottom of this hill was a circular row of trees. In this amphitheatre they stood, deeply attentive, while I called upon them in Christ's words, 'Come unto me, all that are weary.' The tears of many testified that they were ready to enter into that rest. God enabled me to lift up my voice like a trumpet, so that all distinctly heard me. I concluded with singing an invitation to sinners. It was with difficulty that we made our way through this most loving people, and returned amid their prayers and blessings to Ebley."

It was the custom of the Wesleys and their coadjutors to form all seriously disposed persons who were willing to join

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them into little societies, for the purpose of mutual counsel, and the more thorough cultivation of religious sentiments and principles. No thought had as yet entered their minds that these societies would ever grow into a separate church; had they suspected such a tendency, the practice would have been abandoned at once, so strong was their attachment to the Established Church. These societies multiplied as the brothers extended their labors, and out of them grew up a corps of talented exhorters or lay preachers, some of whom were among the most efficient helpers in the great enterprise. Long after these societies had become a united and powerful body in England, and had begun to send forth missionaries to other lands, and the preachers had been formed into a connectional association styled *the Conference*, there was among them scarcely one out of twenty who was an ordained clergyman, and nearly all were still members of the Establishment, neglecting no duty growing out of their relation to the Church, — not even holding their meetings at the same hours with the Church service, but preaching at five in the morning, and other times to prevent all interference with the regular public worship.

Much opposition continues to be encountered by the preachers, and Charles has his full share. Now the Archbishop summons him before him, and rebukes him sharply, threatening excommunication, — which threat, however, he never executes. Now he is met by the dissolute clergy, railed at, denounced as a liar, a madman, and a heretic; but he meekly yet boldly reasons with all, sometimes to their great confusion. Again, the masses of the people are stirred up against him, and he is subject to base indignities and exposed to great perils. At Walsal he walks through the town amid the noisy greetings of enemies. As he preached from the steps of the market-house, the mob roared and shouted and threw stones incessantly. Many of the missiles struck him, but he was not injured by them. "I besought them," says he, "in calm love, to be reconciled to

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God in Christ. While I was departing, a stream of ruffians was suffered to bear me from the steps. I rose, and, having given the blessing, was beaten down again." In another place the clergy had succeeded in inflaming the public mind so that a mob assembled to pull down the Methodist chapel, which had been erected by the liberality of a poor people. In the house, as he commences the service, an officer contradicts and blasphemes. The preacher takes no notice of him, but sings on. Meanwhile the stones fly, hitting the desk and the people. He gives notice that he will speak in the open air; and as he goes out "the whole army of aliens" follow him, and he proclaims the Gospel with much contention, the stones often hitting him in the face while speaking. After sermon he prays for sinners as servants of their master the Devil. Whereupon the officer rushes upon him with great fury, draws his sword, and points it at the minister's breast. The latter immediately threw it open, looking smilingly in the officer's face, and calmly said, "I fear God and honor the king." "His countenance fell in a moment; he fetched a deep sigh, put up his sword, and quickly left the place." The mob follow Mr. Wesley to his lodgings, and strive all night to get him out, and by morning had pulled down one end of the house. He in the mean time desired to go out to them, but his friends would not permit him. Nevertheless the very next day he stands up in the very heart of the town, with a great multitude about him, and discourses on the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" No one lifted up hand or voice against him. These are only a few specimens of the reception he met with for a long period in this part of his career. Yet great success attended his efforts. The depraved were elevated and reformed, the abandoned restored, and the fearfully wicked became meek and quiet followers of the Lamb.

In this manner for ten years did Charles Wesley itinerate through the United Kingdom. At the age of forty he was

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yet unmarried. "I have always had a fear," says he, "but no *thought* of marrying, for many years past, even from my first preaching the Gospel." The thought, however, now began to force itself upon him, and he began to discuss the question, not whether matrimony was right, but whether he had a right *not* to marry. Happily this question was providentially helped to a proper decision. During his missionary tours he had frequently been entertained at the house of Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune in the north of Wales. Nine sons and daughters, twenty servants, a nurse, and a chaplain comprised the family establishment. Mr. Gwynne was a man of fine spirit, deeply pious, kind to his tenantry, beneficent to the poor, and exemplary in all the relations of life. He had been greatly benefited under the ministry of Howell Harris, one of Whitefield's colaborers, and was warmly attached to the Wesleys, whom he gladly welcomed to his delightful home.

Sarah, one of the daughters, is described as beautiful in person, of genial temper and agreeable manners; above all, of deep and genuine piety, having early consecrated herself to Christ and his cause. It was this young lady that won the heart of Charles Wesley. The attachment was reciprocal, and the consent of the parents to his suit was readily gained, notwithstanding the disparity in the pecuniary positions of the parties. The marriage took place at Garth, the old family residence of the Gwynnes, on the 8th of April, 1749. John officiated, and the following characteristic entry is found in his journal of the above date: "I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, and such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage."

This marriage was an eminently fortunate and happy one. Mrs. Wesley was all that her beauteous and guileless girlhood had promised, and she made her husband's house a little heaven on earth. But we have not space to follow their domestic history, nor to describe in detail the sorrows

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as well as joys involved in it. The little home was made glad by the voice of childhood; but it was darkened also by the shadow of death, and five different times did the parents mourn the departure of an only child. After many years God gave them little ones who lived to be a blessing to their parents, and who survived to a good old age.

At the age of forty-eight Charles Wesley had nearly ceased his itinerant labors, though he still preached, and manifested much zeal in the general work. The increasing cares of his family probably constituted one reason why he at first circumscribed his travels, and finally nearly abandoned them. Another reason was in the feeling he found existing in many of the societies towards the Established Church. Charles was a High-Churchman, and whatever appeared like a tendency to a separate ecclesiasticism in the Methodist connection was looked upon by him as little short of sacrilege. This tendency became discernible somewhat early in the history of the movement, though for many years it made no great progress. But it became more and more evident that after the death of the Wesleys a separation must take place. John himself would not consent to a secession during his life, but he made such provision that it should take place after his departure. These things were a perpetual grief to Charles, and the continually increasing liberality of John in respect to innovations and progressive ideas greatly vexed his soul.

The latter years of his life were passed in great feebleness and many bodily infirmities. Yet he lingered to a very advanced age, and was in his eightieth year at the time of his death. This event approached gradually, and with many premonitions of its coming. His experience was at this time peaceful and joyful. While in great weakness, a little while before he expired, he called Mrs. Wesley to his bedside and requested her to write the following lines at his dictation: —

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"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

"For fifty years Christ had been the subject of his effective ministry and of his loftiest songs, and he may be said to have died with a hymn to Christ upon his lips."

His chief characteristic is that of a religious poet. Whatever may have been the superiority of John as a reformer and organizer, and however much the Methodistic movement may owe its efficiency to the form given it by the elder brother, yet inestimable has been the influence of Charles Wesley's hymns, and it is certain that these more than any one thing have made the great enterprise successful. He probably wrote more and a greater variety of these lyrical compositions than any other man, not even Watts excepted. It is said that those which he published during his lifetime would fill ten ordinary duodecimo volumes, and that he left as many more in manuscript. The number of his different metres in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book amounts to twenty-six. His whole soul was imbued with poetic genius. He wrote with great ease and freedom, as well as singular simplicity and variety. These hymns strike the popular heart with great force, and are wonderfully fitted to express the varied religious emotions of the masses. Nothing can exceed the heartiness with which vast congregations join in the music of these inspiring strains. Yet with their popular character there is nothing of a doggerel or vulgar element in them. They are remarkable for their vigor and energy, and there is a classical finish about many of them which has been attained by few writers of hymns in the English language. Their crowning excellence is the spirit of deep and fervent spirituality which they everywhere breathe.

G. M. S.

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DIVINITY, REVEALED AND UNREVEALED.

A DISCOURSE BY WILLIAM B. HAYDEN.

EXOD. xxxiii. 20, 11: — "And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live." — "And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."

IT is a doctrine of the New Jerusalem Church, that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only God of heaven and earth. Circumstances of late are tending to bring this doctrine into wider notice; and its discussion, therefore, always important in itself, is, as related to the public mind, growing daily more timely and appropriate.

How many earnest minds are there that start back at this proposition, unable not only to receive it, but even, as it seems, to give it that rational entertainment which might lead to a clearer view of its meaning and proportions! Much of this attitude, we are persuaded, is the result of misapprehension. The language in which the doctrine is frequently couched probably misleads the minds of a majority, the first time they hear it pronounced. We know that it is extensively misunderstood. One conception is in the thought of the speaker, while another and a very different conception arises in the thought of the hearer.

Our discourse, therefore, on the present occasion, will be explanatory. Few and brief must be the illustrations of a theme so vast in a space so short; but every sincere believer may have a mite to offer to the common stock, and a few sentences will sometimes suggest a direction which inquiring thought will follow out.

Two parallel lines of representation concerning God run through the Scripture.

On the one hand, he is said to be above sight and knowledge. And the Lord said unto Moses, "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live." "I

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will cover thee with my hand while I pass by; . . . . . but my face shall not be seen." And Moses, recalling to the Israelites the promulgation of the law, "And the Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire: ye heard the voice of the words, but saw no similitude; only ye heard a voice." And Job asks, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as the heights of heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?"

So in John: "No man hath seen God at any time." And in another place, speaking of the Father, "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape."

And, on the other hand, he is frequently said to be within sight and knowledge. In the wilderness, when the cloudy pillar descended, he stood at the tabernacle door, and "talked with Moses;" — "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Moses not only heard a voice, but also saw a form. While they were yet encamped before Sinai, "Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness."

This is the predominant representation of Scripture; that of appearance, visibility, *theophany*. The intercourse was kept up through the wilderness journey. Almost daily, for some periods, went Moses up into the mount to hold converse with Jehovah standing there in human form. Thus he came to Abraham, and the patriarchs; to Joshua, Gideon, Manoah; thus, too, he appeared to the prophets, when he gave them his Word and sent them to utter it. Joshua, Ezekiel, Daniel, and several others, describe leading features of the personal appearance. How numerous are the instances in the Old Testament!

So, also, our Lord, in the New: "The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath brought

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Him forth to view." "I and the Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Follow to the Book of Revelation, and you will hear the same One saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty."

Now what is the central truth veiled behind these contrary representations? These seemingly divergent statements we believe to be harmonious: contrasted views, necessary to bring out the double truth relating to the Divine Nature; describing to us two different aspects of one infinite Being.

The explanation is simple.

Supreme Divinity is above our knowledge. God, as he exists in his own essence, is beyond the reach of our faculties. The finite cannot grasp the infinite. Dwelling in his own plenitude and perfection, he is equally above the heavens as above men. Transcending the limitations of space and time, being "in all space without space, and in all time without time," he is not an object of definite thought. "What proceeds immediately from the DIVINE ITSELF cannot be comprehended even by the angels of the inmost heaven." Here the highest archangel is brother to ordinary man; the Absolute Consciousness — uncreated, self-existent Will and Thought — dwells in a region of being infinitely removed from the ideas of both.

This is a great truth, never to be lost sight of. It is to have a constant effect upon all our subsequent teachings, standing as a mighty lamp in the background of all theology, casting its light over the figures we project upon the curtain.

But this is not the whole truth in regard to the Lord our God. With this alone, we should have but half an infinite. There is another region of being in the range of his own consciousness, equally a constituent of himself, in which we have far greater interest.

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This is the capacity which he has of adapting himself to his intelligent creatures. "Though Jehovah is high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." If men and angels cannot go up to him, yet he can come down to them. "The Divine is capable of passing from its supreme seat, and becoming manifest to sight and hearing." He can accommodate himself to finite minds, descending from his state of absolute Will and Thought, into states of thought and affection which relate him to them, — within the range of their apprehension and appreciation. This is the revealing process. On this plane he becomes an object of thought. He can make known his sympathy to us, and we can have feelings of sympathy with him. While thus manifesting himself, his interior Divine is veiled, and a more exterior thought and feeling put on.

Let us take an illustration of this from the human consciousness. Immanuel Kant is a good instance of a profound philosopher; in him the human mind reached a high order of development. He delighted in grave questions, and revolved in his thought the deep problems of the universe. This was his abiding habit, the quality or characteristic by which he is chiefly known to us.

A little child at his side, however, would have no sympathy with those deep things. His little mind could not enter into that region of thought, nor take in the conceptions which formed the mental landscape of the other. So long as the man dwelt in the region of philosophic thought and will, the two would remain spiritually far apart. There would be no access on the part of the child, no reciprocity, no mutual interchange of thought and feeling between them.

But as soon as the man should descend from his philosophic elevation, putting on the father, condescending to the little one, accommodating himself to his childish states, by clothing his superior mind with adapted thought and feeling, access would be opened. Reciprocity would begin, and mental interchange go on.

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Now this faculty, which, as we see, man has, of descending from the central region of consciousness proper, or peculiar to himself, and accommodating himself to those below him, the Lord has in a super-eminent degree. He is the Universal Father. Every finite spirit is a creation from himself, momentarily upheld by his effluent life; and whose thought shall conceive, or what language express, the nearness of approach, or the fulness of sympathy, that may possibly exist between the human soul and its Maker!

This Divine faculty, inasmuch as it is that portion of his nature by which he relates himself to human beings, is called, in the language of the New Church, the Divine Human, or Divine Humanity, of the Lord. Not something separate from and out of himself, but a region of possible thought and feeling lying within the circumference of his own personality.

We then have, as a key to these contrary statements of Scripture, that the Lord as to his *Supreme Divinity* is incomprehensible and unintelligible to men, but that in his *Divine Humanity* he reveals himself to his children.

One thought more. This faculty of fatherly condescension in man is very limited, traversing only a narrow range of sympathies and capacities. Not so in the Divine Mind. There it is unlimited. It is adapted as nearly to one as another. It reaches from the lowest state of conscious love and wisdom to the highest. It meets every finite mind at its own level, varying according to recipient states, going forth in love and thought to all peoples and nations, taking in every planetary family in the realms of space, with all their variety of genius, ascending and descending into all spiritual worlds, accommodating itself to every grade of intelligence, and embracing all generations of men. The humanity of the Lord, therefore, is not like the humanity of another man, but an Infinite Humanity.

By denying this capacity to the Divine One, should we not in reality limit his infinitude, and in idea shut him out of a very important realm of his own being?

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Have we not here, then, the reason why, when the Lord reveals himself to his creatures, he reveals himself as a Divine Man? It is in accommodation to their states, — to the indispensable conditions of finite will and thought.

Thus far we have viewed this Divine faculty only in its potentiality. But as existing only thus, it is no actual medium of communication from God, nor of access for man. The childlike states of thought and feeling existing potentially in the mind of the philosopher were no medium of intercourse between him and the child until they were put into actual operation, and embodied in word, expression, and gesture. So the Divine-Human states of thought and feeling existing potentially in the mind of Jehovah cannot become a medium of communication and access, a door opening down from God to man, and up from man to God, until they are embodied, — presented in a form, put into actual operation, and so manifested and expressed. Without this revelation, man would have no knowledge of their existence, and they could not directly affect him.

How shall this be effected? How shall the Divine Humanity realize itself in space and time, presenting itself as an object of thought and feeling to finite minds?

In the Scriptures we have the method described. Under the Jewish dispensation it was effected by means of an angel. When a communication was to be made, — a direction given to the lawgiver, or a vision shown to a prophet, — the Lord flowed in, with his Spirit, taking possession of an angel. The proper will and understanding of the angel was for the time quiescent, or held in abeyance, while the Supreme Will and Understanding operated through him. He was then a perfect medium of the Divine Mind, and was called the Angel of Jehovah. The animation that appeared in that form was the animation of Divine Life. The words it spake were spoken by Jehovah, the acts it performed were performed by Jehovah, dwelling in and operating through it; and they who saw it were said to

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have seen Jehovah. And these literal expressions we do not think calculated to mislead, — they were manifestations of God, in states of his infinite condescension.

When the communication was ended, in each particular case, the Divine possession was withdrawn, and the angel that had been employed returned to his ordinary state.

Have we not now obtained a point of view from which to see the Incarnation?

The time came for a completer manifestation; something more permanent and abiding; something that should embody the Father's Love and Wisdom in a form to express them and give them lasting effect in the world of men, as well as in the world of spirits. Hence the assumption of humanity by the process of natural birth. It is for an abiding theophany, appealing to the human thought and affection of all ages, and states, and worlds.

The child Jesus was born of one earthly parent. By conception he was Divine. This fact distinguishes and discriminates him from all other beings, — men and angels.

That Jesus was human is beyond doubt. Externally he possessed the ordinary elements of our common humanity, inheriting from the mother its tendencies and infirmities. That which proceeded from her was no whit more pure or immaculate than the native constitutional inheritance of Peter or John, of Paul or Silas. In its first state that outward human mind and form were no perfect medium for the Divine, — no more so than are the faculties of any other man. This is to be remembered, for it is apt to be lost sight of. When we say that we worship the Lord Jesus Christ, do you suppose us to mean that we worship the son of the Virgin Mary, the earthly humanity that came from *her?* We hope not, for nothing could be further from our thought. It would be as if we should worship the individual angel through whom an ancient theophany was made, instead of Jehovah himself. We should as soon think of worshipping any other human being.

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No; by the Lord Jesus Christ we mean Jehovah in his Divine Humanity, descending and dwelling in the son of Mary. The son of Mary is to disappear; his powers are to be laid asleep; therefore he is to be forgotten, and left out of view.

As we have seen, there was within, in the inmost soul of Jesus, a spark of truly Divine fire. The spiritual substance of Jehovah himself came in and dwelt there. Essential Divinity, passing from its supreme seat above the heavens, modifying, attempering, veiling, adapting itself, — clothing itself in states of Divine Humanity, in states of Divine childlikeness, — came and stood at that inward door, for the sake of entrance through it into the world. Jesus felt within him the stirring of the Divine impulse. Jehovah came thus, moved by infinite love for saving the human race. And as this love was admitted, it began to manifest itself in and through Jesus. It was contrary to the native tendencies and inclination of Jesus, and he was sorely tempted. But the native propensities were never allowed to operate. The inflowing Divine quelled and subdued them. Not unfrequently the struggle of mind was most severe. The sufferings of the natural humanity were often intense. The hereditary feelings prayed sometimes that the cup, if possible, might pass; and sometimes felt themselves forsaken of God.

But the process of glorification went steadily on. As the hereditary human was put off, the Divine Human was put on. That is, as the old native tendencies — the natural affection and thought — were expelled, room (so to speak) was made, and the Father's Spirit flowed in and took possession. The Divine Humanity came in and inhabited the form.

The Divine part never suffered, never prayed, was never tempted, never strengthened by angels, — never came into limitations, did not expire upon the cross.

The Lord's glorification of the humanity he assumed in the world was a spiritual process, and must be so regarded

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if we would rightly apprehend it, — a change of constitution wrought out by action and reaction between two totally diverse qualities of mind. From its very nature we cannot know it intimately; we can only see it as it is reflected in images and symbols. That which is most like it in human experience is the regeneration of the believer. Not the instantaneous regeneration sometimes theologically spoken of, but that thorough renewal, or sanctifying process, — the life-long work of the faithful disciple, — in which the selfish propensities, the lusts of the flesh and the love of the world, being successively denied, are thus more and more subdued and subordinated to the spiritual nature within, to the holy principles of heavenly life, to the conscience enlightened by the precepts of Divine Truth.

In Paul's "inward man" and "outward man" we probably have the best representative picture we are capable of forming of the relation between the Divine Human and natural human in the person of Jesus. We know that in human experience, when the "inward man" is made to rule, he takes entire possession of the whole person, gradually subduing all things unto himself, while the "outward man," with his peculiarities, is suppressed and driven out.

So in Jesus, as the outward human was denied and expelled, the inward Divine came forth into manifestation, taking possession.

By virtue of those temptations, and the operations of spirit put forth in them, he acquired the power of affecting faithful men in similar states, and becomes the great Helper, unto whom all men look. "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." In and through those conflicts, and the spiritual *sphere* emanating from them, the soul of diseased humanity touches the hem of that garment in which Divinity enrobes itself, and is healed.

Personal religion — the denial of the selfish propensities — forms a basis in the individual for an apprehension of that

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divine process. As the life of the Church is deepened, the better will this "Doctrine of the Lord" be perceived (there is no other glass through which it may be rightly seen), until it comes to be loved as the central TRUTH of the moral universe, — the spiritual Magnet around which all things of the Church will gather, and to which they will cling.

We have now the key to all the contrary language Jesus used in relation to himself; especially the language of subordination and humiliation. At first, the natural humanity was no perfect medium for the Divine; on the contrary, there was a native oppugnancy thereto. The Divine lay concealed as a germ within; the human occupied the external and the visible. But the "outward" inclination was not to rule; it was to give way before the Divine impulse coming down from within. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me."

Hence, too, there was growth and development, for all this could not be accomplished in a moment. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Jesus claimed no Divine mission while the Divinity was concealed, and the "outward" human had not been sufficiently removed. For thirty years he remained silent. For thirty years was "the old (hereditary) man" being "put off," and "the new" Divine Man being "put on." Not until the Father's Spirit — the Divine Humanity — had gained predominant possession could he say, "Before Abraham was, I am;" — "I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven;" — "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

So the process went on, until the natural was displaced, and the Divine, flowing in, became the occupant. More and more true did the words become, "The Father is in me;" — "I and my Father are one;" — "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" — "The words which I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father, that dwell-

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eth in me, he doeth the works." So long as he was in the world remnants of the infirm human appear and reappear. At the transfiguration much had been done; but it was not until after the resurrection that the entire residue was put off, the whole form glorified, and the theophany made perfect. Then we hear the words, "All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth." And as the Voice, speaking through the angel, under the old covenant, could say, "I am JEHOVAH, and beside me there is no God," so the same Voice, speaking through this glorified Form, after its ascension, before the "opened" eyes and in the "opened" ears of the beloved disciple, could say, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, who is, who was, and who is to come, — the Almighty."

That Glorified Form is the Messenger — Angel — of the New Covenant, the medium of conjunction between God and man; the point where God comes and speaks. In this case it was a visible human form that was thus taken and used; for, as we read, in this last great manifestation of himself, he no longer "took on him the nature of angels," as under the old dispensation, "but he took on him the seed of Abraham."

The same One who came and stood on Mount Sinai before Moses and the elders of Israel, and with a living voice spake forth the words of the Law in their ears, came again and stood on the Mount of Olives, on the Mount of Transfiguration, in the isle of Patmos, speaking the words of the New Covenant, and saying, "I send mine angel unto you to testify these things in the churches."

Is that Glorified Form, and the thought and affection, the love and the wisdom, visible in it, the Supreme Divinity? Certainly not. No man could view the splendors of Supreme Divinity, and live. But Supreme Divinity dwells in Divine Humanity, as the interior soul of a man dwells in his outward form and manner. It is where our Heavenly Father, condescending to our childish states,

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comes down and meets us, in adapted forms of emotion and thought. That Form is the only object in the universe that personally reveals Him. If we approach that, we approach Him; if we turn away from that, we turn away from Him. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." *There* is access, *there* is intercourse between God and man. Elsewhere there is none. "Canst thou by *searching* find out God?" Ponder well this thought; — how can you know anything about God, or get any spiritual access to him, by always endeavoring to contemplate and approach him on the Absolute, the Supreme, the Infinite — and therefore the confessedly unknown, unknowable, and unapproachable — side of his being? Surely such effort of mind is labor lost, — a vain attempt to "climb up some other way" than by the only "WAY" that has been opened. It is like directing the sight of the body out into the empty spaces, where no object meets the eye, to discover the Invisible.

To thought sent out in that direction, He never comes; while affection has nothing upon which to fasten itself. No, that Pure Essence must be veiled, and accommodated, and so brought down to us; and thought must be directed to the point where the manifestation appears.

Did Jesus say, "The Father is greater than I"? Surely that natural form and "outward" mind, assumed as a vehicle for bringing Divinity into the world, was inferior, — far enough below the Father; how could *it* claim equality with him? And now, glorified as it is, is it not still subordinate to Supreme Divinity? — as a man's body and outward manner are subordinate to his inward soul, — a mere instrument of his will and wisdom.

Did he say, "All power is *given* unto me," and do you ask, how can one be Divine to whom power is only *given*, being derived from some one else? We ask, in reply, how could it be otherwise? How could that frail humanity, proceeding from the Virgin Mary, have anything of the kind

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except it were given it from above? Power came into it as Divinity came in, — as Divine Love and Wisdom successively took up their abode in it, — coming forth thus from the Father, and coming into the world. The humanity thus glorified and rendered Divine of course received almighty power by endowment, and not by native inheritance. It had it not in itself; but as Divinity flowed into and occupied it, it had it by having it communicated.

But mark the result; having had it communicated, it now has it in actual possession. This is the main fact for our consideration. That glorified Humanity *is* now gifted with Omnipotent Power, by virtue of the Supreme Divinity dwelling in it.

The sun of our solar system, viewed as mere matter, has no warming, illuminating, or fructifying power. Whatsoever force of this kind it has, it receives by communication from its Maker. But, receiving this communication, and being thus endowed, it *is* the actual, and only, source of natural light and heat and vivification to the whole planetary system.

So with that humanity, the Father in glorifying it changed its constitution. The original substances were all put off, until he had filled the whole form with his own substance. Thus by his Presence in it he endows it with every Divine attribute. It is now the very, and only, Source of life to angels and men, — the Source of mental light and heat, the Sun of the spiritual world. "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself."

We are not to think of the Essential Divinity as shut up in, or confined, or in any way limited to that Glorified Form, but only as flowing in and occupying it with His Presence, — animating it with His Life. Essential Divinity is always the Unconditioned; knowing nothing of the limitations of space or time; filling immensity with His outflowing Spirit and Operation.

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Does the question of Divine omnipresence trouble you, in view of such Personal Manifestation at a local point? Think a moment of the fact itself of omnipresence; — what is it? Is not God everywhere? Was he not present in Judæa, and at Jerusalem? Is he not present here to-day, — at a local point? And why should a simple *manifestation* of that presence withdraw it from anywhere else? Did the appearings of Jehovah among the Jews, to Moses and the prophets, affect the Divine omnipresence? Did it withdraw him from other peoples and places? Certainly not.

Physicists tell us that the electric fluid is very evenly distributed about the planet, forming an invisible and intangible ocean, or atmosphere, circumfused everywhere around us. But the visible, local manifestation of that fluid in the *lightning's flash* does not disturb the general equilibrium, nor withdraw it from other places.

And so, be assured, the Lord may manifest himself in *any* place, when he chooses, in a Visible Form, and that manifestation shall not remove, or disturb, the absolute immanency of his spiritual presence in other parts of the universe.

Does not the derivative origin of the theological word "person" help us in the solution of this question? — *persona*, *per* and *sona*, — a thing that is *sounded* through, — the mask worn by actors in the old amphitheatres, with a speaking-trumpet for a mouthpiece, by which the man could send his voice forth with the greater effect, and be heard by the vast concourse assembled. Thus could he manifest himself at a distance, speaking audibly to those whom he could not otherwise reach.

So the Son is the *Persona* of God, the Father. The Glorified Humanity is the *Mask* of Supreme Divinity; the veiling garment in which Jehovah appears, and the prepared mouthpiece through which he himself speaks to men and angels; the audience of the universe, a concourse of minds which he could not reach nor be audible to without such covering, — such veiling and masking.

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[Is not this the analogy that was in the mind of the primitive Church?]

The great point is, to preserve, in idea, the absolute unity of the Lord; "neither dividing him into distinct persons, nor separating his human essence from his Divine." Simple, undivided *oneness:* — one Being, one Individual Mind, one Person, — not more.

Such is our idea of the Lord Jesus Christ: Supreme Divinity robed in Divine Humanity; a glorified and transfigured Personal, Human Form, having, in the words of the Apostle, all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling in it bodily.

When this idea is achieved by the mind of the Church, then is realized the prophecy, — "In that day the LORD shall be One, and his name One."

QUIET FROM GOD.

"If God give quiet, who then can trouble?"

CLOSE under my window is the thronged and dusty street, with its myriads of anxious faces, quick feet, and beating hearts. All the long summer morning this steady tramp of humanity has been sounding in my ears, telling me of the toil and strife that this world holds for her children. Upon the north side of the street stands a row of trees, — maples, elms, with a stray horsechestnut or two, — and, inspired by this gentle wind, they have sung away up in their topmost branches a quiet, holy anthem, this many an hour. Sometimes soft and sweet as a mother's lullaby; then the maples would bend their stately branches together, and the chorus come, not loud, but strong and clear; and the noisy feet underneath would stay a little, as if even toil and strife loved the tree-song, that murmured thus: "Of what account is all your bustle? Listen to us, but a little way

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above you; yes, you, all noise and confusion, we calm and quiet, with a great peace, of which your human life has never dreamed." What this tree-whispering is to the struggling crowd, what the measured roll of the ocean or a solemn strain from Mozart or Beethoven is to me, the words that introduce these thoughts must be to a Christian. No, I am wrong; no type of earth can image, can do more than faintly suggest, what these words of the Master's may be to any one soul among his children.

The infinite peace of God! Words to rest upon, words to breathe, as we do the prayer our Saviour taught us, — words whose deep meaning only Eternity can fathom.

Infinite love, — I can dream of that. My human love is so strong, that imagination cannot conceive anything strong enough to weaken its hold upon its beloved. Neglect, injustice, perhaps positive alienation, might be its portion, but it would still love and wait; the false would surely return, would give as much as they had taken. And so, poor, weak as is my human compared with God's Divine, it is still love; and deep in my heart I feel that all love is Divine, and I know that some day mine too will be perfected. Perfect justice, perfect holiness, — yes, of these, too, some conception comes to me. I know the first when my better nature cries so loudly against the wrong, — demands for the truth's sake that the wrong-doer be cut off; I know it by the thrill that quickens the heart's beating, by the flush that mounts cheek and brow, when I read how the just God once dealt with his peculiar people, — how awful judgment followed awful sin, — how at such times the quick "Amen!" follows the stately words of their sentence. And holiness, — are there not moments when one's own sin-stained soul rises, strong in the consciousness of a Saviour's death, and says, "I am not of earth. God helping me, sin shall never defile me again!" Alas for us! the moments are but few; but in that brief space do we not catch a glimpse of the holiness, perfect, unsullied, of the God who made the soul?

But rest, entire, lasting, — I form no idea of it. I think

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of sleep, of death, but it is not either of these; for God never sleeps and never dies; and as I reject similitude after similitude, I find I can say but this of it, "It is the coronation of the victorious soul. It is the final strain in the music of existence, the great calm after the mighty storm." And even as I speak thus, I whisper, "Ah yes! all this and infinitely more. I shall know all in heaven." And until heaven is mine I wait for it, just as the traveller waits who sees in the early dawn a distant mountain rise proudly, grandly before him. He sees it not plainly, — it is far away; besides, a veil of mist shrouds its fair proportions. But he knows it is the one object of his weary, toilsome journey; he knows, too, that when he stands entranced upon its summit, it will not matter to him how long the veil hung before its face. So he keeps on, and by and by it is his. With his rapture we have nothing to do, — we are still in the Valley of Humiliation; but while the veiled figure is ever before us, surely somewhat of the blessing that will be wholly ours at the last may calm our souls and dignify our lives. Of course God will not give it us to any great extent, but that he will in some measure the words of my title show. I speak not for other lives; but my own is in sad trouble sometimes, — is well-nigh distracted with the conflicting paths that open themselves before it, — while its own voice is almost unheard among the din of voices that clamor loudly, each one for its peculiar duty, and each one sure that the doubting soul will be fearfully guilty if its call is unheeded; and so, when all such perplexities weigh me down, I look up, and seem to hear from out the blue heavens, "If God give quiet, who then can trouble?" "If God give," — and will he? Most certainly. The moment the burden is so heavy that we say, "Lord, help!" just when we lay all the perplexity at his feet, then do we obtain a foretaste of the rest that remaineth for the children of the Most High.

It would be great, glorious, to be a Paul among the Apostles; but to be that quiet, symmetrical Christian over whose

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head God has breathed his peace, would be more to me. One whose life should be to a weary world as the fragrance of white lilies to a heated room; one who has hidden himself so closely in the pavilion of the kingdom, that the strife of tongues never reaches his ears; one who has no need of man's help, because he always has God's, — can we wonder, as we think of such an one, that most lives seem so poor, so little worth the living? We pray often for the rest of the grave: why not pray instead for God's rest in our hearts? Why not gather our holiest thoughts into some quiet hour, and pray as men pray in the great emergencies of their lives, that somewhat of this blessed calmness of Infinity may descend upon us, that so we may learn of how little comparative value are even the largest of these things temporal, if through them we lose the things eternal? We all need a balance-wheel for our characters; may we find it in God's quiet. We know that in wildest tempests, when the surface sea is raging furiously, but a few fathoms below the water is still as a midsummer day. And so it is with a godly soul; the outer life surges around, but the soul has cast its anchor deep down in the unvarying calm of God, and is not moved. A. M. S.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

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HAMPTON BEACH.

I BROUGHT no shell or graceful weed
From Ocean's side that day,
Nor cooled my flushing brow and cheek
Beneath its blessed spray,
Nor touched with foot its shifting sand,
Nor once ungloved my hand.

But words of mine can never tell
How gleamed that wondrous sea;
And hearts best loved will only dream
How thrilled the heart in me,
As o'er the tide-worn rocks the roll
Of breakers filled my soul; —

Nor how, as white and phantom clouds
Went flitting through blue sky,
I caught their trace on Ocean's face,
And shared their ecstasy,
That they, the airy, shadowy band,
Could mark a thing so grand.

And cheek flushed high, and heart beat quick,
As tossed the southern breeze
The foam that on the ocean's breast
Floats like a child at ease, —
A child who, in a sportive hour,
Plays round a sleeping power.

O gleam of cloud! O breath of wind!
So like an idle thought!
Full well I saw, but cannot tell,
The changes that ye wrought
Upon that power of wondrous might,
Yourselves so small, so light!

And phantom cloud, and fairy wind,
We were akin that day, —

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Akin in very nothingness,
And in our fearful sway:
O'er ocean's breast ye held control,
I o'er a human soul!

For sweet above the sounding sea
Some words came low, yet clear, —
Words which the wildest hour ne'er dreamed
My quiet life would hear.
They told me — (and I humbly speak
With tears like rain on cheek) —

They told me that another life
Was lonely, needing mine;
They pictured what that life might be,
Should my smile on it shine.
O life of mine, the grace, the power
That crowned you in that hour!

My smile, my foolish, childish smile,
Loved, waited for, and missed!
I thought it not, — before I spoke
The wind a white wave kissed.
The dreamy clouds above were stayed,
And haunting shadows made.

So I spoke not, but prayed instead,
As ne'er I prayed before:
"Dear Lord of wind and cloud and wave,
Thy great grace on me pour;
Hold me as they, close in thy hand,
My wayward life command,

"That never thoughtless act of mine
This love for me may chill, —
This purposed life fail not its aim,
Through my weak woman's will:
And so at last upon Thy breast
We both find perfect rest."

A. M. S.

August 30, 1859.

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"THE NIGHT ALSO IS THINE."

It is not the province of poetry, or of romance, or of sentiment, or of science, alone, to speak of the night, but quite as much of religion. These may exhaust their powers of expression, and yet not touch that which is most true and valuable in the theme. That is too high for them; they cannot attain unto it. The soul will turn from them unsatisfied. They have not declared all. There is in the nightly unrolling of that illuminated scroll above us more than man can tell us or his extremest searching reach. "The heavens declare the glory of God," is the opening burst of the Psalm. Faith lifted up the Psalmist's spirit to see a deeper depth in that dark vault than any human thought or investigation could discover. The night and its hosts may be a beauty and a mystery, may be silent and sublime, may reveal increasing marvels to the exploring eye and the investigating mind; but they shall reveal but little until the spirit, touched with a living faith, reveals them as they stood to David, the work of the finger of God.

Not the day, with all its manifold tasks, is more essential to man, does a more needed or more various work. Fully its half does the night in all the economy of nature; fully its half in all that is best for man. It is not the accident of the earth's revolution, not the turning away of its face from the glory of the sun, not a mere consequence of natural causes, the mere obedience to a law; but it is the appointment of God, — a great boon of his living wisdom, which the Psalmist could see and recognize, but which we whose eyes are dimmed by material things, whose hearts are dead under our mercies, fail to connect with Him. We take our religion from our Bibles, or from theories and customs of men. God's other revelation, in this great volume of Nature, we neglect. Our religion has somehow strangely divorced Nature from God. Too many look at her as hostile to him.

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Too many think that knowledge and contact with her degrade or divert, — that pure religion is to be found only in Bibles and prayers and direct acts of worship, — and frown on and suspect those who go to Nature, and insist upon her too as a revealer of and a helper on toward God. David had no such narrow views. David's songs of the night were no mere rhapsodies, no flights of language, no emotions of sentiment, but the outgushing of a faith that detected God behind the curtain of darkness, and his influence with the sons of Arcturus, the belt of Orion, the mysterious grouping of the Pleiades. I do not remember that Jesus ever said anything of the night, or the moon and the stars; but we know how he used the night, and we cannot doubt what would have been the language of Him who made the lily and the evening cloud immortal. Religion has become formal and cold, for want of the infusion of some Nature into it; Nature has become material, for want of some infusion of God into it; and one great mission of the Gospel to-day is to reveal the sublime harmony there is between the utterances of God as we see them and as we read them. "Truly," says some one, "God cannot equivocate, and say one thing in his Christ and another in his creation;" — to which we may add, that he cannot create and array against each other two great hostilities. Nature is one revelation of God, as the Bible is another. He has impressed himself upon one, as upon the other. This harsh earth we furrow with our activities, this wide ocean we plough with our traffics, all creations visible about us, are God's; and of this spangled mantle, hung in gorgeous magnificence above our dwellings and our slumbers, we know nothing till we can say of it, as the Psalmist said, "The night also is thine."

How did the Psalmist know that the night is God's? I find no answer save this: He knew it because the Lord had revealed it to him. To him all created things spoke at once of God. He had no doubt about it, perplexed himself with no questions, satisfied himself with no other cause, but freely

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and gladly and unreservedly at once gave God the praise. When he considered the heavens, the moon and the stars were God's ordaining; the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, had his tabernacle set there of God; and though there was no voice or language, yet to him always the heavens declared the glory of God. He felt fully what we painfully bring ourselves into. For I doubt if to us, driven hither and thither by a thousand perplexing things, there comes clearly and directly, and at once and always, as we stand under these skies, the conviction, My Father made them all. We may know it, but we do not realize it, and between knowing and realizing there is a difference almost infinite. The Psalmist realized it all.

He must be a dull clod indeed who does not feel the beauty of the night. That is patent to every one who has the gift of vision and a soul not wholly dead. Familiarity, which so blunts perception and sentiment, may render him insensible too many times to what is about him and above him; yet, ever and anon, some unwonted beauty wakes him to a sense of the lavish display ever before his eyes. I think we are all too little impressed by that which, if only displayed once in a season, would fill us with wonder and delight. Even a few dull nights teach us how insensibly we depend upon these nightly visions. And how various these visions are! The snap and twinkle of the stars in the clear, crisp night of autumn, the sharp and stinging night of winter, — the brilliancy of the aurora, as in wavy dances it flashes along the northern horizon, or shoots to the zenith in brilliant pencils, or forms above our heads its crimson coronal, — and when the moon is added to the nightly host, crescent or full-orbed, pacing the highway of the heavens as a queen, and throwing over the summer's landscape, or the autumn's glory, or the winter's waste, the fascinations of her smile, there is a feast of beauty which never palls upon the senses, if it fails to reach the heart. Nor only when the night is fair, — when

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"No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven."

How beautiful is night when the clouds, emptied of their burden, scatter before the pathway of the moon, — when those fleecy flocks occupy the broad overhead expanse, — when the delicate but storm-prophesying ring, and the still rarer lunar bow, display their fleeting shapes and shades! No wonder that the Psalmist burst out so frequently of the night, and much wonder that we are so silent before it.

But the night has more than beauty. It has its grandeur and its awe. There is something in the silence of the night, especially if one is alone under the stars, or if he is troubled or watching by the sick, which impresses the soul as it cannot be expressed. And when the storm is up, the winter's storm, and you hear it come swooping down from the far hills, hurling and roaring and shrieking, and wrestling with the naked branches of the trees, and knocking at your windows as if it would burst their frail barrier and hurry you with it out into the darkness, — or when the summer tempest, sudden and swift, rides crashing through skies all canopied with inky blackness, shaking the earth's foundations, waking the echoes of the air, and sending into the darkest recess its wild and livid glare, — how terrible, how grand, how solemn is the night!

We have lately had rare visions both of the beauty and the grandeur of the night. The beauty was such as is repeated monthly when the skies are clear, and perhaps has attracted nothing beyond the moment's passing thought; the grandeur was such as comes scarcely once to a generation, and has drawn the attention alike of religion, science, and indifference. For several nights, as a thing of life, in regal beauty the harvest moon has walked the cloudless sky, shedding a quiet, inexpressible glory over the hills and fields that lay panting with thirst, and hushing under her influence the murmuring of the leaves that whispered to one another of their pain. At your feet lay the yellow leaf,

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decayed before its time; all around, dry and crisped grass; in the streets and in the air dust, nothing but dust; — men's hearts were questioning, and hope grew faint. The earth seemed sick and worn, her mantle sere and old; but the heavens still declared the glory of God. Fresh and fair were they, cloudless and serene; and, with a glory that quenched the lesser light of planet and of star, in solemn silence, in seeming solitude, over the arch of the midnight sky trod the moon, — not as earth's satellite, but her queen. To be remembered is the beauty of the last month's moon, — a thing of joy for memory, a thing of strength for faith.

A few Sabbath nights ago a vision of grandeur, such as night now and then assumes, burst upon us, declaring with new emphasis "the glory of God." Who shall describe a scene only the Divine Limner could paint, of which only words mortal lips cannot utter could adequately speak? Faintly rising in the east, a slightly crimson column, just as the last sunlight faded, with many a pause and many a fitful change, it took possession of the night. No longer the stars ruled, but this mysterious stranger, stalking from east to west, flashing from horizon to zenith, and claiming the whole wide canopy as his own, till, as if curtained within a crimson tent, open just above it toward the infinite blue sky, the earth lay calmly, wistfully looking up, while in many hearts the words of the devout Psalmist rose with new power and meaning, — "The heavens declare the glory of God;" — "The night also is thine."

I do not know that all this magnificence so impressed me as a scene quite different. I stood looking into the heavens with the telescope. At its magic touch the star-dust of the Milky-Way was resolved into clusters of worlds, so that I fairly shouted at their beauty. Jupiter, with his fair company of satellites, and other of the heavenly host, passed and repassed before my gaze. At last, a single satellite of his alone remained within the field, a solitary speck of light in that far immensity, and all about it — all that I could

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see — a deep, mysterious solitude and silence. It seemed as if there were no other things in creation than myself and that one tiny point of light, which my unaided eye could not detect; and then I felt as I have never felt, and as the whole mighty host of suns and systems could not have made me feel, the unspeakable — I had almost said the terrible — sublimity of this creation that God has hung and balanced in the unfathomed space above.

The night is more than these. It has its direct uses to man. It is not merely an interpreter of God, an open and illuminated volume, but it is a benevolent agent, doing for man that which the day could never do, that without which man could not exist and do his work in life. It is a season of general rest. The coming of the night is a signal for repose which even Nature hails with satisfaction. If there is one general necessity, it is the necessity for rest. No form or grade of life but requires it. The vegetable world needs it as a relief from the excessive light and heat; and while a few, and those the most delicate and exquisite of the flowers, open only in the night, for a brief and brilliant existence, the majority fold up their petals and hang their heads, as if weary of the day's labor and rejoicing at the benediction of the night. The shrubs and trees, though they may be said to sleep only in the winter, yet need the quiet of the night and the refreshing of the dew. The brute needs the night, — the weary horse, the jaded ox, the useful cow, the singing bird. The body needs the night, and the delicious soothing and strengthening that sleep brings to its aches, and the worn brain needs to wrap itself in the calm oblivion of dreams. And yet, for certain mental occupations, as for certain spiritual conditions, the night is not merely the best, but the only time. There are things that seem to live then that cannot be dragged into the light of day, as in nature there are flowers and beasts and birds that cannot bear the sun. They are, too, the best things in us; and he who knows not the night — has not waked and watched and

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wept, despaired, resolved, and prayed, in its still hours — knows not what his soul has to say to him, and life to develop, which he much needs to hear and know.

And it is for this that man should prize the night; not merely that its beauty and sublimity speak to his senses or declare God to his soul, not merely because it is rest from labor and from care, but because it offers a season for a class of emotions and reflections, and provokes to devotion as no other does. The heart is tender under the influence of the night. What the duty or the deceit of the day concealed, the night reveals. It puts its acts, its thoughts, its purposes, in a true light. If a man wants to know what he really is, what his life accomplishes, and whither he tends, let him not trust the verdict of the day, but wait till the night hath gathered about him soberly; and when she has stripped everything of its falseness and pretence, he shall know what is the manner of man he is. There are voices of the night unheard by day. They come up from the long past, — the voices that make no sound, yet ring so within the chambers of the heart, and wake to such life the memories slumbering there. They have all tones, — some sad with that sadness which comes of love, some with that sadness which comes of sin. They are voices of the distant and of the dead, of friends that have grown cold and friends that still are true. They are rebukes from our childhood's innocence, they are reproofs of our manhood's follies. They are tender, they are harsh, but almost always they are wholesome; and if only we will heed them, they will do us good. Then the resolves of the night, — I think them the most genuine and the strongest that we make. Especially if, waked you know not why, and not disposed to sleep again, great thoughts of your own being and destiny come before you, and you realize, as you do not when the thousand things of day are about you, what a frail and uncertain thing this present is. Penitent and remorseful, the soul cries aloud for help, and resolves to turn again from sin; and I believe such resolves

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are long remembered. But more valuable than all, perhaps, are the songs of the night such as David speaks of, such as awoke the slumbers of the fellow-prisoners of Paul, — outgushings of the spirit of devotion, praise and prayer irrepressible, which are the companions of many waking hours, and make the night-watches vocal with a worship such as the day cannot witness. Happy is he who shall turn the hours too many give only to restless tossings and useless fretting, to wise thought and true devotion. If it be only sleep he craves, he may feel sure God will give it to his beloved.

Our Saviour knew the uses of the night. It was his season of refreshing, and many times his only season of privacy. While men slumbered, he watched, and the next day he came down from the mountain or out from the desert place to do greater works and bear heavier burdens. I think this teaches us that the night is not merely for slumber, but that our spirits need a refreshing which can only come through sometimes watching. It will give a hardiness to faith and conduct they both now greatly need.

"The night also is thine." Let us use it as God's, for our best good; and let each new morning see us setting out afresh in our journey, bodily and spiritually renewed, so that we may

> "Nightly pitch our moving tents
> A day's march nearer *Heaven!*"

J. F. W. W.

EACH DAY IS GOD'S.

EACH day is God's, — the beautiful, the tranquil time of rest,
When the still soul communion hath in secret with the blest,
Whose holy hours of worship and joyous acts of praise
Draw forth all hearts in unison, to Him who guards our ways.

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Each day is God's. Believing, we consecrate to Thee
Our Lord's first day, O Father, in solemn sanctity.
We bless its sacred quietness, its hours for fervent prayer,
Its call to high endeavor, to suffer and to bear.

Each day is God's. Dear Jesus, we 'll seek at early morn
Thy holiness, thy spirit, enshrined and newly born:
As from the darkened portals thou didst to life awake,
Let us from sin and languor to life's full freshness break.

Each day is God's. How cheerily the busy days begin!
More pure, more clear, more beautiful, to strive, to run, to win,
For those calm hours, all sanctified, in seeking for the True
To lead us, guide us, raise us, this earthly journey thro. gh.

Each day is God's. Now gird us in courage for the strife;
We need the soul's full armor on this battle-field of life.
We 're pledged to serve our Master, with God to lead us on;
O, never, never falter, till the great strife is won!

Each day is God's. How sweetly the circling moments bring
Some deed of love and duty, of which He is the spring!
Man's praise is good, O Father, but he who dwells in Thee
Finds only in thy sunshine his full felicity.

Each day is God's. Awaken, O earthly, slumbering soul!
Put on thy heavenly garments; press onward to the goal:
Live for thy daily life-work, with faith serene and high;
Do what thine hand can find for thee, and do it manfully.

Each day is God's. Whenever thy latest day doth come,
Rejoicing stand, and welcome His voice, that calls thee home;
Thy life a holy offering, all consecrated, pure, —
Thy death a blissful opening to joys that shall endure.

Each day is God's. O rally, my soul, thy fullest power!
Devote, with bounding spirit, to God thine every hour.
So shalt thou walk in blessing, in sunlight or in shade,
'Mid the pure heart's sweet Paradise, where ill can ne'er invade.

* *

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READINGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

No. IV.

BAPTISM.

In no respect did Christianity, during the Apostolic age and that immediately succeeding, present a stronger contrast to Paganism, than in the simplicity of its outward modes of worship, and the rites enjoined upon those who accepted the faith. Baptism and the Lord's Supper were observed by all true believers during the time of the Apostles and the first age of the Church, being consecrated by the Saviour's own observance, and thus regarded as binding upon all of his disciples.

Baptism was not an unknown rite among the Jews, having been long practised by them, as a form of initiation into the Jewish faith for proselytes from among the heathen who came into their fold and fellowship. But with the preaching of John the Baptist and the commencement of the public ministry of Christ, marked by his baptism in the waters of the Jordan, a new spiritual and Christian meaning was attached to this rite. Henceforth it became typical of the soul's death to sin, and its rising to newness of life through the renewal of the Divine Spirit, — of the putting away of mere earthly lusts and desires, and of the putting on of the new man, created in Christ Jesus, in righteousness and true holiness. It was the sign and seal of the entrance of the individual into fellowship with the Redeemer, and with his Church, — of that purity of soul to which the disciple aspired, by an entire freedom from sin, through the renewing and sanctify ng influences of the Spirit.

During the first ages of the Church, the rite seems to have been generally performed by immersion; but as circumstances sometimes prevented the possibility of this, sprink-

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ling with water was often substituted, the mere form of observance being regarded then as non-essential.

At first, the only confession of faith required previous to baptism was the acknowledgment of faith in God, and in Jesus as the Son of God, the Messiah. All who believed thus in his divine mission and authority were gladly welcomed into the fold of the Church. Gradually, however, it was regarded as essential that those who wished to be received into the Christian fellowship should be subjected to careful preparatory instruction, and to a stricter examination. At an early period, such were designated as catechumens, and were permitted only to hear the reading of the Scriptures and the preaching of the word, not being permitted to be present at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. This period of probation differed in different churches, though it generally continued for two years. For the private instruction of these catechumens, a distinct office was instituted. At Carthage the duty devolved on some individual who, after a period of probation, had distinguished himself among the Lectores, or church readers. At Alexandria, where a higher standard of qualification was demanded than in most places, as men of education, and those accustomed to philosophical reflections and discussions, often applied for instruction in Christianity, it was necessary that the catechists should be men of liberal education, qualified to meet their opponents on their own ground, and to refute their often vain sophisms. Able and learned laymen were therefore selected for this office, and this class of catechists led afterwards to the formation of an important theological school among the Christians.

After the time of the Apostles, a simple confession of faith, in answer to distinct questions, seems early to have been required of candidates for baptism, the formula of baptism being, "Into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." With this act several symbolical customs were early united. As in the Old Testament anointing was the

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sign of consecration to the priestly office, so oil, which had been blessed expressly for this purpose, was applied to the newly baptized, as a sign of consecration to that spiritual priesthood to which all Christians were to regard themselves as belonging. At the close of this rite, the presiding officer of the church laid his hands on the head of the baptized, invoking the Divine blessing on the act, and praying for those influences of the Spirit that should renew and sanctify his whole being. After these rites, in the churches of North Africa and Alexandria, a mixture of milk and honey was given to the individual, as a symbol of union with the Divine life, and of that heavenly country to which the baptized now belonged, typified by the promise concerning the land flowing with milk and honey made in early times to the Patriarchs.

The individual was then received into the church by the kiss of Christian brotherhood, the salutation of peace. But Clement, as early as his time, speaks of this act having become in many places a mere form, and advises its discontinuance, saying, that "true love evinces itself, not in the brotherly kiss, but in the disposition of the heart."

After the first century, as we have already intimated, the idea gradually gained ground of a peculiar spiritual character and sanctity belonging to the bishops or successors of the Apostles, to whom they traced their authority, communicated to them by ordination. It was considered, therefore, their special prerogative to seal by the consecrating act of the imposition of hands, afterwards denominated Confirmation, the whole rite of baptism. The presbyters, and even the deacons, were empowered to baptize, but the bishops only were authorized to consummate the act. As early as the third century, we find, therefore, that it was the practice for bishops to go through their different dioceses in order to administer the rite of confirmation to those who had previously been baptized.

The custom of infant baptism appears to have been early

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introduced into the Christian Church, though there is much difference of opinion whether it formed the practice of the Apostles or not; such expressions as "he was baptized, and his household," being regarded by some as including young children and infants, by others as referring only to adults. Yet the spirit which would lead parents to the early consecration of children, thereby bringing them into the outward visible fold of the Church, was one springing from the very essence of the Christian faith, and typified by the Saviour's taking little children in his arms and blessing them, and himself becoming a child, that thus the earliest years of life might be consecrated to him. The child was not to be regarded as an alien from the Church, to come into it or not, at will; but as a child consecrated to God, sealed by the Redeemer's covenant and the promised sanctifying influences of the Spirit. This practice early led to the custom of having sponsors for the child at baptism, who, in his behalf, pledged themselves that he should be instructed in the Christian faith, and trained up in a life corresponding to the vows given at baptism. The child of Christian parents was thus, from the first dawning of consciousness, to have his powers unfolded under the influence of a pure and sanctifying religion; so that the new birth into the spiritual life, instead of constituting a crisis, as it were, in his maturer years, after much wandering and sin, should begin with the natural life, and proceed through the whole of it, transforming and renewing, — so that his first choice should be the choice of the right, true, and good.

Where infant baptism was practised, the rite of confirmation was usually observed about the age of fourteen, the individual then taking upon himself the vows of self-consecration offered in his behalf by parents or religious friends.

Baptism, whether observed in infancy or in mature years, thus constituted an individual a member of the visible Church of Christ, and to all such the participation in the

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Lord's Supper was freely opened;* — the one being typical of self-consecration, a confession of faith in God and in Christ, and in those sanctifying influences of the Spirit by which the soul was freed from sin and renewed in the Divine image; the other, of growth in the Christian life, and of the Divine nourishment and strength brought to the soul through Christ in the path of Christian obedience and holy living. "I am the bread which came down from heaven; he that eateth of this bread shall live forever."

Of the early celebration of the Lord's Supper, and the forms used in its observance, we have spoken fully in a previous number of this Journal.†

But turning from this imperfect consideration of the outward rites and observances of the early Christian Church, the thought forces itself upon our attention, of the spiritual power by which, in the first age of Christianity, such mighty revolutions were effected by the agency of a few true-hearted, honest, zealous men.

The truths of this faith presented themselves to their minds, not, as to so many in our day, as mere cold formalisms, or mystical dogmas, or doctrines to be received by the intellect alone, but they were inwrought into their inmost souls, renewing and recreating. The consciousness of the Christ ever with them lifted them above all earthly applause or obloquy, and the divine life flowing through their souls, sustaining and purifying, was felt to be a reality; and thus the heavenly sympathy and approval became far more to them than the favor of earthly king or ruler.

The Gospel message of pardon and reconciliation, its trumpet-calls to repentance and newness of life, "Christ, and him crucified," were no barren theories of a calculating morality, estimating how far sin and worldliness might be

* After the rite of confirmation was introduced into the Church, those baptized in infancy were not permitted to come to the Lord's Supper until they had observed this rite.

† July, 1857.

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indulged in and yet at last an entrance into heaven gained; but they became part of their souls' very being and life, and so their hearts were filled with the fire of inspiration, and their words became pregnant with life. Earnestness filled their spirits, and its magic power ever touched their lips and breathed through their lives. They knew their high calling, and, with the crown of life in view, they shrank not from the conflict, but ever pressed onward and upward; and, being transformed into the Master's image, their lives as well as their words were pregnant with a winning, persuasive, all-conquering power.

Were there even now, in the hearts of those who call themselves disciples of the same Lord, a like earnestness, faith, and self-consecration, who can estimate the power that would flow from *such* lives, to renew and elevate, to sanctify and bless the world? How would creeds and dogmas, and outward rites, and differences in intellectual faith, fade into utter insignificance before the felt reality of Christ's presence and indwelling spirit!

The dove of peace would then hover over the Church, and the Holy Spirit, like the soft gales of the early spring, would breathe over its now barren wastes, causing verdure and bloom, the flowers of faith and the fruits of holy lives, to spring forth and gladden its desolation; while over all the Sun of Righteousness would beam with its soft and effulgent glory, melting the icy walls of creeds and of sects, and quickening into newness of life and vigor every heart that sought its holy and divine influence.

Revolutions as great as in the first age of Christianity would then be effected; and sin and evil, degradation and crime, ignorance and selfishness, would vanish like the dark clouds of the night, before the simple grandeur, the holy, purifying, persuasive power of earnest, consecrated Christian hearts and lives.

H. M.

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STRAY LEAVES.

"THE shady side of life." — And why should *virtuous* age be called "the shady side"? True, the gay dreams of childhood have long since fled. The bright romance of youth is chastened. Many a brilliant vision has faded away. Many a shadow of disappointment has fallen darkly and heavily across the pilgrim's path. The dear companions of his youth are gone. Those to whom his childhood looked so trustfully for guidance have been called away; and he has been summoned himself to gird on his armor, and go forth into the front rank of the great battle of life. Worse than all, the pure white robe of innocence has been sullied.

Yet, if for every vanished dream some high and holy purpose has arisen, if disappointed hopes have shown him more clearly the Father's hand chastening in love, if the severed ties of earth have drawn him more closely to heaven, if even through occasional moral defeat he has gained a more steadfast virtue, then is not the brightness dimmed that shone around his happy childhood. A radiance not of earth is on his pathway, and to the spirit's eye his silver hair and furrowed brow are gilded with the glory that streams through the opening gates of the "celestial city."

Grieve for thy past sins. Mourn over them in true contrition. Let the memory of them keep thee deeply humble, and make thee truly charitable toward the erring. Harden not thy heart against the anguish of repentance. Shrink not from any pang which is necessary to thy entire sanctification. But "let not this sorrow make thee weak." Let not forsaken sins be a clog upon thee now. Throw thyself into the arms of the forgiving Father, and gird up thy spirit to resist all temptation in the future, to overcome the world and thy baser self. Let the forsaken errors of the

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past give thee wings to rise, through more earnest effort in the time to come. Go forth bearing the precious seed of holy resolutions. Water it with the dew of penitential tears. Warm it into life with the breath of fervent prayer and the sunlight of faith and hope; and thou shalt return in the harvest-time with rejoicing, "bringing thy sheaves with thee."

Endeavor to live with those around thee, especially with the dear ones of thy own household, under a constant sense of the shortness of the time in which thou mayest be able to gather them visibly about thee. Reflect how soon the day may come when thou wouldest regard it as a priceless boon to render them the slightest service. Let this thought give gentleness to all thy words, cheerfulness to every sacrifice, and constant vigilance lest by any unkindness or neglect thou lay up cause for repentant sorrow when there remains no more opportunity for those tender offices of love which every day affords thee now.

"They shall have judgment without mercy, who have shown no mercy." Let this solemn sentence sink deeply into thy heart, and be a voice of warning when thou art tempted to judge thy brother harshly. O frail man! frail woman! does it become thee thus to judge? Look through thy own life, and consider how often thy conduct would have been most falsely judged by the outward appearance alone. Remember how often thy heart has rebuked thee for rashly judging another, when thou hast afterward learned *all* the circumstances of his conduct, and his hidden motive. Remember, too, most humbly, how often thou hast thyself sinned, and how greatly thou needest lenity from man and God.

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE DAY.

SOPHOCLES, who, be it remembered, was a great teacher of religion and morality, as well as poet and dramatist, in his Electra shows us the guilty Clytemnestra telling to the sun a dream of terror, in the hope that the god of day may avert the evil omen. What the outward and visible sun cannot do for our sinful and fearful hearts is abundantly provided in Him who is the Light of the world, and whose true children leave the night and its terrors behind them, and, casting off the works of darkness, walk evermore in blessed sun-paths. It is beautifully significant of the influence which the true Light should exert upon our souls, that our morbid fancies lose much of their vitality when we have opened our shutters to the rays of the morning, or, better still, have gone out into the dewy freshness of dawning day. Light — what the Saviour calls the Light of life — we must have, or we perish; and so, in deep compassion for our weakness and waywardness, the Lord saith, Follow me, and in God's good time you shall pass out into the perfect day!

POISONED ARROWS A BARBARISM.

WHEN we celebrate the just, let us not forget the old Gentile Ilus, grandson of Jason and Medea, of whom Homer sings, leaving upon his immortal page this honorable record, that when Odysseus came to him, asking poison for his arrows, he refused his request, "because he revered the immortal gods." Pity that so great a warrior as Odysseus should have sought such unhallowed aid. The use of poisoned arrows is always stigmatized by the writers of Greece and Rome as a barbarism; for they had a moral sense, those Gentiles, and the Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world shone in their souls sometimes very brightly. Let them teach us still how to conduct our struggles. An earnest conflict may be needful and healthful, but let it be waged with manly, honorable weapons! Let there be no bitterness or malice, no backbitings, no evil speakings! Let

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us use the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and deal the blows and inflict the wounds of a friend, which are said to be faithful, and better than the kisses of an enemy!

SWALLOW YOUR DISGUSTS!

THERE is a world of wisdom in this sentence by Thomas Carlyle: "To swallow one's disgusts, and do faithfully the ugly commanded work, taking no counsel with flesh and blood: know that 'genius,' everywhere in nature, means this first of all; that, without this, it means nothing, generally even less." Many a life might have been saved from becoming a failure simply by virtue of this counsel. The lion in the path is often no fierce and formidable animal, — often only a *bore*, at the worst. Our fastidiousness is offended. We find, or think we find, that we are some man's man, obliged to consult and defer to a tedious, and withal confident, opinionated, and officious person. We who would exercise authority are under authority. We must be civil when our souls are filled with contempt. We must be silent when it would seem as if the very stones would cry out. Nay, we fear lest in trying to be patient we shall cease to be manly, and shall grow oily-tongued and hypocritical. There is danger of this last issue; nevertheless, it is good to bear the yoke in youth, and to accept the hard and disagreeable conditions of life as so much needful discipline. These thorns in the flesh are providential. These wearisome men and women have an office to discharge, a work to finish for our good. If we were really superior to them, they would not annoy us; indeed, their heaviest blows fall upon our vanity. "Let us not think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think." A year's service of Admetus will do even Apollo no harm; he will be all the better singer and poet for a little drudgery and sharing of the common lot. "Swallow your disgusts!" By no means go about proclaiming them to the wearying of your friends! "Swallow your disgusts!" They will be bitter; but bitters, not sweets, make good tonics.

OBEYING GOD IN HELL:—THEOLOGY GONE MAD.

MUST not theology have been in a bad way, and did it not greatly need to be brought back to Scripture and common sense, when it

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could drive so noble a man as Henry More to this pass? Read what he writes, as quoted by Masson in his admirable Life of John Milton: "On a certain day, in a ground belonging to Eton College, where the boys used to play and exercise themselves, musing concerning these things with myself, and recalling to my mind this doctrine of Calvin, I did thus seriously and deliberately conclude within myself, viz.: 'If I am one of those that are predestined unto hell, where all things are full of nothing but cursing and blasphemy, yet will I behave myself there patiently and submissively toward God; and if there be any one thing more than another that is acceptable to him, that will I set myself to do with a sincere heart and to the utmost of my power; being certainly persuaded that, if I thus demeaned myself, he would hardly keep me long in that place.'"

INDIFFERENCE TO FAME.

THE author of that fascinating prose-poem, "The Ages of Faith," claims it as a distinction of the old ascetics, that when they wrote books of devotion they studiously hid the fact of authorship. The vain moderns, says Digby, do not so. There will be no dispute as to who wrote "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," or "The Saints' Rest," as there has been about "The Imitation of Christ."

Perhaps not. It is not so easy in these days for those who would to remain hidden, and we think sometimes that there would be more saints if there were no newspapers. They are announced, and then spiritual pride steals over them, and the beauty of simplicity is gone forever. And yet I find, spite of this assertion of the vanity of moderns, that the charming biography which Professor Parsons has given us of his gifted father is much occupied with testimony to the authorship of one and another admirable production that proceeded anonymously from the pen of the Chief Justice, who, it would appear, never published anything in any other way. Even the authorship of the "Essex Result," and of the paper which secured the adoption of the Constitution of the United States by Massachusetts, must be argued for, though the argument is perfectly conclusive. The great man was not anxious lest he should not weigh full weight.

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MY AUNT NETTLETON.

I HAVE an aunt who is troubled with wakefulness. She is tall and neat and nervous, and loves cats, but hates children and crinoline. She always wears dark calico, sometimes with a small white sprig in it not bigger than an eye-bright, these representing the white and dark proportions of human life. Her husband died some time ago. She never had any children; hence her want of philoprogenitiveness and her corresponding development of *philofelinity;* for you will observe that human nature must have about the same quantum of outcropping somewhere, — if not in one direction, in some other. She is very religiously disposed, calls herself a great sinner, — and is not far out of the way. Not that our Aunt Nettleton ever committed a great crime; but she is always committing little ones, and always repenting of them. She is conscientious, self-accusing, and self-analyzing to the last degree. She reads her Bible, attends the prayer-meetings, keeps the Sabbath, reads good books a great deal, examines her heart every night, sometimes all night when she cannot sleep, — and yet no one can live with her except Whisker and Whitefoot. Her help always leave her the next week; her tenants always get sick of their bargain before the season is half over. At present, however, there is a very good and respectable family living in the other part of the house in a state of non-intercourse with Aunt Nettleton. One of the children, the other day, ventured upon her side of the premises, and was threatened so terribly with dark closets and Giant Grim, that the little girl had a fit in the night, and has not yet recovered from the effects of it, and some think she never will. This, reader, is a fact.

The problem has pressed upon me a great deal, — Where lies the seat of the trouble with Aunt Nettleton? So conscientious, so penitent, so determined on getting to heaven, and yet so unhappy beforehand, — at least, so sharp and prickly that nobody can live in her sphere. Determined, if possible, to study out this puzzling chapter, I happened in, last Sunday evening, after service. I made an errand to smooth the way a little. She wanted me to get her a Bible with the "Comprehensive Commentary," wherein the text is buried so deep under theological learning, that you only get at the truth like a child diving after blackberries through a thicket and getting scratched with thorns and briers.

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Aunt Nancy came to the door. A projecting solemnity struck me as the door opened, and I fancied I could see it pass clear out over the grass and the trees, and that they took on a darker green in front of the door while she stood there, and that a little sparrow who was coming along with a skip and a hop dropped his note on purpose till he got by. As I went in, I could see the solemnity investing the furniture. The wood in the fire-frame burned dim and without noise, as if afraid of its own crackling. Whisker and Whitefoot lay upon the floor together. The *genius loci* seemed to be upon them. Whisker kept up a low growl, and Whitefoot kept up a response, pounding the carpet with his tail. Their theology evidently was "simmering," and "about to boil."

"I thought I would call, Aunt Nettleton, to see about that Comprehensive Commentary."

"That looks a little like doing business on the Sabbath."

"O no, I don't mean the business part of it. I want to know a little what sort of a Bible you want, and how you enjoy your mind, and how you are getting on."

"Well, I trust I am on the rock of safety. I don't expect to be saved by my own works."

"What do you expect to be saved by, Aunt Nettleton?"

"By just what Paul did," — speaking a little sharp, — "not of works, lest any man should boast."

"You mean by faith, I suppose?"

"Certainly. The righteousness reckoned to me through faith, — what our minister says is 'imputed' to us."

"Well, do you enjoy your mind and sleep well, and rejoice and sing praises, and does your heart flash sunshine upon all about you?"

"O, I'm a dreadful sinner! I don't expect heaven in this world. But I can indulge a hope."

"Is n't this righteousness you speak of imputed to you already?"

"Certainly, it 's imputed to me through faith."

"Well, if it does n't make you happy *now*, how is it ever going to? Why should n't it give you heaven already, if that is what it depends upon?"

She was looking in mute surprise, as if a new thought had struck her; but, dreading the jungles of metaphysics, I turned off on another track.

"You don't look very well, Aunt. What seems to trouble you?"

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"O, I've no sleep, no appetite; and those Hobson children worry me almost to death!"

"Do you think, Aunt, that heaven is a social state, or do people live alone there?"

"O, I suppose it's a social state, for a great company have gone there."

"Well, now, as you can't expect to take Whisker and Whitefoot up there, would n't it be a good preparation to take somebody into your family, — a few children say, by way of getting used to them? A great multitude of children have gone there, and keep going; and if they trouble you so here, how is the 'imputed righteousness' going to prevent it hereafter?"

Aunt Nettleton looked blank, as if another new idea had struck her, and said, by way of turning the conversation, that she thought of trying homœopathy, and that Mrs. Johnson considered hyoscyamus a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness.

"I think I can give you a better receipt than that, Aunt Nettleton. Excuse me if it sounds a little personal. The poetry is n't quite in the vein of your hymn-book, but highly medicinal touching this important matter of sleep: —

'There 's Morbid, all bile and verjuice and nerves;
When other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruits into pickles, —
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

'But a child that bids the world good night
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite,
A cherub no art can copy, —
'T is a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,
(An ancient classical dish, by the by,)
With a sauce of the syrup of poppy.

'O bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!
That heaven on earth to the weary head,
Whether lofty or low in condition!
But instead of putting our plagues upon shelves,

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In our blankets how oft we toss ourselves,
Or are tossed by such allegorical elves
As Hate and Creed and Ambition!'"

I do not think my receipt was exactly relished by Aunt Nettleton, but I did not wait to get her opinion. I sent her the Comprehensive Commentary, in which the text occupies a small space in one corner of the page, say two inches square, — the notes and observations bristling up on two sides, like a Macedonian phalanx, over all the rest of the page, looking fierce and exultant at having the Word of God so closely cornered up, and nearly driven from the field. I slipped in the following note.

"MY DEAR AUNT: —

"I have procured the Comprehensive Commentary. You may not know that 'comprehensive' comes from the Latin *con* and *prehendo*, which mean, when put together, 'to seize with both hands.' You see it has seized God's Word pretty closely, but I hope you will get something out of its grasp for your comfort and peace. Pray remember that St. John and St. James, as well as St. Paul, are included in the canon.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"ORLANDO NETTLETON."

It was perfectly clear to me how the case stood with Aunt Nancy. When Deacon Nettleton died, she was left with a competence, was in deep mourning, and she determined to devote all her time and energies to saving her own separate soul. This she has done ever since. She takes herself to pieces every day, and examines herself to see how the work progresses. She is bent on going to heaven, whether anybody else does or not. She grows thin, nervous, is always anxious, and rather irritable. When a vessel is on the verge of shipwreck and the life-boat is got out, there is always a rush for it, each man jostling his neighbor and pushing him off; and very likely the boat swamps, and does not save him, after all. It is very much so in the life-boat of our spiritual safety. We can be as selfish in working out our salvation as in any other work, and no man in fact *is* working it out who makes that an exclusive business. *No one is in a way to be saved, the end of whose life is not out of and beyond himself.*

After all, there were some grains of truth, I think, in the maxim of good old Dr. Emmons, — that, in order to be saved, you must be willing not to be. You must not make that your solitary end, but use-

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fulness rather, and the happiness of others. You must not take the Bible and the Commentaries to make stairs of for yourself alone, but rather as helps to kill off your own self-love, that the heart may go out to the neighbors and the children, and the hand be stretched out to serve them. O. N.

TRAITS OF JOHN WESLEY.

In the History of Methodism, by Mr. Stevens, — which every one ought to read who loves the records of self-sacrificing piety and benevolence, — we get a full impression of the moral and intellectual greatness of its founder, and the secret of his power. He preached, on an average, *fifteen sermons a week*. Instead of breaking down under it, when seventy-three years old he writes that he is far abler to preach than when three-and-twenty. His brow was then smooth, his complexion ruddy, and his voice strong and clear, so that an audience of thirty thousand could hear him without difficulty. This vigor he ascribes to continual travel, early rising, good sleep, and an even temper. "I *feel* and *grieve*, but by the grace of God I *fret* at nothing."

Wesley had not a particle of the morbid or fanatical in his nature, and never knew what it was to be "depressed." His piety was as serene as it was deep. It may be doubted whether there was ever a nature greatly and richly endowed which had not a vein of humor that illuminated even its more serious moods. Wesley had this, and it was intimately allied with the pathos and tenderness that melted his hearers, or the faithfulness that rebuked sin without bitterness.

There was one Michael Fenwick that travelled with him as a sort of groom, nurse, and occasional exhorter. The good man was vain enough to complain, one day, that his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published Journals. In the next number of the Journals he found his name in a connection that probably did not serve to increase his vanity. "I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, *who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick*."

As a leader and organizer he was imperious, and, like Paul, re-

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quired submission from others, as one born to command. But this was under a solemn sense of his responsibilities, for no one had a more meek and forgiving temper. One Joseph Bradford was at one time his travelling companion. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post. Bradford wished to hear the sermon first. Wesley insisted. Bradford refused.

"Then you and I must part," said Wesley.

"Very good," said Bradford.

They slept over it, and the next day Wesley was at first inexorable.

"Will you ask my pardon?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will ask yours," said the great man; and Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child.

Wesley's Christian liberality was as conspicuous as his piety. He was eminently a "Liberal Christian." He writes, near the close of his life, "Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession, are not only the main, but the sole inquiries I make, in order to his admission into our society." His only restriction on opinions was that they should not be introduced for discussion and wrangling in their devotional meetings.

In one of his mass-meetings a brutal man passed through the throng and struck him in the face. Wesley, the tears starting into his eyes, turned the other cheek. The assailant slunk away, and became his steadfast friend, and even perilled his life to save one of Wesley's chapels from being destroyed. But again Wesley met a man of the same class, who attempted to push against him and throw him down. "I never make way for a fool," said his assailant. "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

He died at the age of eighty-eight, preaching almost to the last day of his life. Probably no life impressed itself more deeply or beneficently upon the age. Whitefield had no gift as an organizer, and no trace of his work remains. Wesley could not only preach, but organize the results of his preaching; and so his word is as effectual to-day as when riding through his circuits and preaching sometimes to thirty thousand hearers. Mr. Stevens's book is an invaluable contribution to religious literature, showing as it does the almost miraculous efficacy of the Gospel in transforming human nature and

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setting free its noblest powers, changing insensate and brutal men as if by the touch of Christ, and giving them not only the love of Christ, but a gift of eloquence that schools of learning and elocution had never imparted.

ANÆSTHESIA.

THIS Greek compound, which means *without perception*, is the word now appropriated to describe the state of insensibility produced by chloroform and similar agents. As these are used extensively in surgical operations, and there is a common impression that they involve some risk of life, it is a relief to know precisely how much the risk is. An article in a late number of the Westminster Review makes this computation. Within the last ten years the number of surgical operations which have been performed under the influence of ether and chloroform in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and France is about 1,200,000. The number of deaths ascribed to these agents is about 74. If this calculation be any approximation towards the truth, then when you put yourself under the influence of ether or chloroform there are 16,000 chances for your safety and one chance against it. It is to be borne in mind, moreover, that a great many of the successful operations would have been otherwise, except for the use of these agents; so that they are to be credited with a vast saving of human life, as well as prevention of suffering, the 74 fatal cases notwithstanding.

It is curious somewhat to read over the theological objections against anæsthetics. These agents are now applied with great success to prevent the suffering entailed upon woman during the most fearful crisis which she is called to pass through. This in some places is deemed impious and unscriptural, and an attempt to shirk clear of the curse pronounced in Genesis iii. 16. A section of the Scotch clergy are set against the innovation, one of their body declaring it "a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless woman, but that in the end it will harden society, and rob God of the deep, earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help." The same class of objectors opposed winnowing-machines as inconsistent with John iii. 8, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and some persons were excluded from the Lord's table for thus irreverently using "the Devil's

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wind." The writer in the Westminster calculates that the risk to woman in her peculiar sufferings is much less than in any other cases, since the insensibility need not be so profound; and that the time will be, therefore, when, under skilful hands, the "curse" will be totally removed and annihilated, conservative theology to the contrary notwithstanding.

All great improvements or signal discoveries in the realm of physics are almost always the harbingers of a new and a brighter spiritual era. Copernicus discovered that the earth moved round the sun, not the sun and the stars around it; Newton, that each particle of matter was drawn to every other, and every other to it; and lo! the truth is dawning upon us that the same law applies to humanity, and takes up the least of its members, binding each to all and all to each, and authenticating the brotherhood of all the races. Who shall say that the discoveries of the philosophers were aught else than this great truth, pressing into the world and casting its adumbrations on before it down into Nature herself? The electric telegraph and the new methods of communication will make the antipodes as our next-door neighbors; but to what end, unless they shall bear the messages of good-will, and make human thought and love swift and far-reaching as the lightnings that bear them around the world? And may not conservative theology take comfort in believing it possible that "Adam's sin" is not a hopeless entail, that hereditary evil shall grow less and less as the race advances, and that to annihilate physical suffering may be the prelude of that era when the causes of suffering shall be removed which lie deep in the spiritual nature? Anæsthesia may be the first faint sign towards the fulfilment of the prophecy that "pain shall be no more."

AN OLD HYMN.

THE following version of the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, by Richard Rolle, a hermit of St. Augustine, written as early as A. D. 1350, we think incomparably better than any of the modern ones. It has the genuine Hebrew pathos. We modernize the orthography.

Near Babylon's waters we sat down and wept
When we thought of our own fatherland,

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Where the vine in its beauty on branches had crept,
Where Zion's bright temple did stand.

Neglected, our harps on the willows now hung;
Yet they that had spoiled us came near,
Saying, Come, over your harps let your fingers be flung;
Sing a song of your Zion so dear!

But how can we sing, when far, far away
From the spot where in gladness we knelt, —
From Jerusalem bright in its gallant array,
From the shadows on Lebanon's belt?

Yet when we forget the dear land of our birth,
May each right hand its cunning forego,
And each tongue shall be still ere to gladness and mirth
We shall change it from accents of woe.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources. Edited by LADY SHELLEY. *To which is added an Essay on Christianity, by* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: *now first printed.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — This modest duodecimo is by no means a complete memoir of Shelley, and is not offered to the reader as such. The volume is little better than fragmentary, and seems to have been hurried into the world of books from a desire to correct some grave misapprehensions which previous memoirs have caused. We cannot help thinking that more completeness would have been desirable, even at the expense of a little longer prevalence of misconceptions real or fancied. There are some portions of the book, small as it is, that might have been omitted. The story of Shelley's death and cremation had already been fully told, though we do not remember to have seen it stated before that the burning was demanded by a quarantine regulation intended to avert the plague. The closing chapter should have been suffered to remain in manuscript. A mere fragment, and crude at that, it was an error, as it seems to us, to have dragged from the poet's portfolio, and

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spread out before the eyes of the world, an essay which can edify and comfort no soul of man, and really throws no light upon the great subject that it assumes to treat. Why think it necessary to print all the writings even of a man of genius? How much better for his fame to display only the jewels! The best writers write very many poor things.

The extracts from Mrs. Shelley's journal are singularly interesting, and animated by a deep and tender faith. But what a sad story it all is, from first to last! We do not see how any one can read it and be moved only to indignation at Shelley's denials and audacities. There was that in him, we cannot help thinking, which, had more time been given, might have prevailed over the evil which now stands forth so conspicuously. It is to be remembered that he died at the age of thirty, when most men are just beginning to do their best work, and that amidst all his confusions and conceits he still held fast in life and in conduct by many things excellent, lovely, and of good report. He needed in his youth not so much dogmatical censors as wise and fatherly spiritual advisers, — such men as Arnold of Rugby or Robertson of Brighton. It is a sad comment upon our popular Christianity, that a mind and heart like Shelley's should have been left to such utterances as those of the notes to Queen Mab and of this Essay on Christianity. We are persuaded that it would not be so now in England, — that there are those now in her halls of learning and in her pulpits who would know how to minister to a mind diseased, and save an earnest and gifted young man from first caricaturing and then reviling the Gospel of the grace of God, — the treasure of the world, albeit it has been contained in an earthen vessel. If we wish to silence the honest unbeliever, we must admit the truth which he is trying to press upon the world, freely allowing that much *which is called Christianity* is not of Christ, and is a thing to be ashamed of. Was there no man in all England who could lead the young Shelley to the living God, for whom the soul panteth as the hart panteth after the water-brooks? — no man who could show that between the Lord in heaven and the Christ dying upon the cross there is no antagonism, — that Love is the meaning of the Atonement, the lesson taught by all that mystery of agony? How Shelley could read the New Testament, and fail to see that the Christianity which it teaches is not the system of the notes to the Queen Mab, would be

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amazing, if it were easy to be amazed at anything in the history of religious opinion. It is plain that he was restless and dissatisfied from the beginning to the end of his days, seeking for what he did not find, little enough content with his own solution of the mystery of life and death, and joy and sorrow; and yet all the while the Lord was saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The book is far more instructive for what it suggests, yet lacks, than for what it contains; but, after all, there is much in it of sweetness and faith. E.

Walter Thornley; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida." New York: Harper and Brothers. — "Allen Prescott" and "Alida," as is very well understood in literary circles, were written by Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, of Stockbridge; so that "Walter Thornley" is not the production of Miss Catharine Sedgwick, as many of the newspapers have erroneously stated. It is a tale the scene of which is laid partly in Massachusetts and partly in New York, and is descriptive of the manners, habits, and tastes of a past generation. Walter Thornley, the hero, is a finely-drawn character, over whose origin and destiny a strange mystery hangs, in the clearing away of which the plot finally develops itself, as the character of the hero ripens into vigorous manhood. He becomes a private tutor in a wealthy family in New York city; Eleanor Meredith is his fair pupil, whom he guides in her studies from thoughtless girlhood till she appears in the rare personal and mental and spiritual charms of the young woman. By accident the dangerous secret becomes mutually revealed to them that they are in love, — the poor tutor with the wealthy heiress; and, in obedience to his keen sense of honor, he sunders the relation. Eleanor goes away and resides for a year with a family relative up the Hudson. It was before slavery was abolished in New York. Mr. Lawrence's antique mansion is full of slaves, which gives the writer a fine opportunity to exhibit the "institution" as it existed in York State. This she does with admirable skill, touching off the negro traits of character most amusingly. Jed Cooley, the Yankee pedler, comes in, — a character sketched with exquisite truth and unfailing humor, and bringing out the noblest traits of the Yankee without his meanness. The interest of the story never flags; the narrative flows on in a

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quiet stream of pure and graceful English, till the mystery finally clears off that hung over the fate of Thornley. Whoever has a few spare hours which he wishes to make shorter will be pretty sure of doing it with this book, and he will be also sure of enlarging his knowledge of the social customs and institutions of a past generation. S.

Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip. By CAROLINE PAINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. — This is one of the most entertaining and instructive books of travel that has fallen under our eye for many a day. The style is clear and unaffected, and much which would have escaped the notice of a man has been put within our reach by woman's cleverness. E.

The British Novelists and their Styles. By DAVID MASSON, M. A. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This volume comprises the substance of six lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in 1858. They give a history of the novel, as a distinct form of literature, — of the English novel especially, — a full delineation of the genius of Scott and its influence, and a description and classification of the British novelists since his day. The lectures are rich in historical information. The style is clear and affluent, sometimes beautiful; indeed, the same amount of discriminating yet genial and scholarly criticism can rarely be found in the same number of pages. S.

Moral Philosophy, including Theoretical and Practical Ethics. By JOSEPH HAVEN, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — The nature and foundation of right, an historical sketch of opinions respecting it, the duties which the law of right imposes, personal, social, domestic, civil, and religious, — such is the range of topics which the author has handled in this treatise. He grounds his philosophy on the essential nature of right as it is in itself, authenticated by the human consciousness, not on utility, or human or Divine law. Right is such not because God commands it, but God commands it because it is right; not because government creates it, for it does not; not because it tends to happiness, for the moral nature decides without making the calculation of consequences. From this foundation the treatise unfolds with clearness of method, applying the law of right both to duties and wrongs. The work is designed as a text-book, and we think is admirably adapted to its end. It was originally prepared as a course of lectures to the Senior Class in Amherst College. S.

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Ettore Fieramosca; or, The Challenge of Barletta. The Struggles of an Italian against Foreign Invaders and Foreign Protectors. By MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1859. — Everything relating to Italy has an interest at the present time, even during this temporary pause in what seemed to be her hopeful progress towards emancipation. Ettore Fieramosca is a very lively picture of a bygone phase of life, — a story of the sixteenth century, when there were no railroads, telegraphs, or gas-lights to be excluded with modern ideas from Roman ground; but the pictures of a world which has long since faded into darkness, or crumbled into ashes, are admirable illustrations of modern Italian experience. The book seems to be well translated, at all events is well written, and is instructive as well as entertaining. E.

The Roman Question. Translated from the French of EDMOND ABOUT. By MRS. ANNIE T. WOOD. *Edited, with an Introduction,* by REV. E. N. KIRK, D. D. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1859. — We have read this book with interest, and yet with a certain distrust. The Frenchman resolved to be witty, the partisan who can see no good in the position and views of his opponent, the pamphleteer eager to hit the nail that will go, not the philosophic statesman or the large-minded Christian, addresses us in these pages. We are amused rather than edified. We say, there must be another side. All the fools are not dead yet; nevertheless, those whom Edmond About criticises cannot be such utter fools. There is wickedness enough in the world, even in sacred places, — Satans without number amongst the sons of God, — but we do not believe that Italian priests are so bad as About represents them. We should have enjoyed the book more, if the author had been more just to the other side. E.

Idyls of the King. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — The Idyls are only four; and when they were finished, we were only sorry that there had not been forty and four. Arthur and the Round Table supply the characters, and there was not much to engage attention in this announcement, which somehow carries one back to the things of the child; but from the first page onward the poems were read with ever-increasing interest, until the sweetest and the saddest proved to be the last. The tales are in a certain sense distinct, yet they are bound to-

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gether by even more than an outward band; the wrong wrought by the Queen and Lancelot is the fatal mischief that ever makes itself felt, — the cause of all the woe, — the little cloud, no bigger at first than a man's hand, which in the end covers the whole sky, and shrouds the earth with blackness, until the storm bursts and scatters desolation through the land. We wish that our limits would permit us to transfer a few passages to our pages, and yet the book can do its work only when it is read as a whole. E.

A Commentary Explanatory, Doctrinal, and Practical, on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By R. E. PATTISON, D. D., late President of Waterville College. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — A very faithful exposition of the words of the Apostle Paul, from the expositor's stand-point, which, we must add, is not ours. The book is intended for the Sunday-school teacher, and for the laity generally, rather than for the learned, and even those who will not be persuaded to accept the commentator's explanations may derive assistance from his valuable and earnest labors. E.

Kind Words for Children, to guide them in [*into?*] *the Path of Peace.* By REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — Loving and well-meant words, and yet somewhat in advance of the experience of the child, as we have found children. Is it true to speak of a *natural disposition* as a sin? E.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL. D. Vol. II. From the Death of Whitefield to the Death of Wesley. New York: Carleton and Porter. 1859. — The Methodists, more than any company of Christians in these last days, have brought back to the Church the cardinal doctrine of the immanence of the Holy Spirit in the Christian world. They have more than taught, they have illustrated it in truly apostolic labors and joys. They have been singularly successful in emancipating Christianity from the torpor and mere routine of establishments, and all denominations of believers are indebted to them more than they yet know, for the persuasion that our God is a living and loving God, the Helper of our infirmities, our Friend more than our task-

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master. We have not yet been able to give to this second volume of Dr. Stevens's History the careful examination which it deserves; but we can see, at a glance, that it is full of the most interesting matter, and may furnish facts and illustrations not merely for a paragraph, but for many an article. It is a little annoying that the changes and chances of editorship should have detained the work from us until it had reached the second volume. The mechanical execution of the book is exceedingly creditable. E.

Introduction of Methodism into Boston; a Discourse delivered at the Formation of the New England Historical Society, by Rev. S. W. Coggeshall. Boston: George C. Rand and Avery. — Mr. Coggeshall claims that Methodism originated the revival system and introduced it into the American churches, and that it only works naturally with the Arminian theology. His pamphlet is very interesting, and is a valuable contribution to New England ecclesiastical history.

"*God in his Providence*" is the title of a work by Rev. W. M. Fernald, to be published in October. We have read some of the chapters in the sheets, and had marked some extracts for which we hoped to make room. The treatise is grounded on the New-Church theology, but the subject is treated in a popular way, and adapted, we think, to bring home its great themes with a soothing unction to many hearts.

OTHER PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Infant Baptism; a Sermon preached on Sunday, May 29, 1859, *in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Watertown, Mass.* By George M. Steele, Preacher in Charge. Published by Request of the Official Board. — An excellent sermon upon a most important topic, by one whom we are happy to number amongst the contributors to these pages.

Eighth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Presented April 13, 1859. — We wish that we had space to say a word here in behalf of a truly Christian organization, which, without availing itself of any spiritual or moral clap-trap, (for we must be permitted to use the phrase,) is doing quietly a great deal of good in our city of Boston.

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GOULD & LINCOLN,

59 Washington Street, Boston,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

The Puritans; or, The Court, Church, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. $2.50.

This work, it is believed, will be found the most interesting and instructive history of the Puritans ever published. It brings to light many new facts, penetrates with keen insight into the complex relations of English society, and, by a highly dramatic style of portraiture and description, makes the reader at home with the statesmen and preachers and people of England. Any one who begins it will find it hard to lay it down till the end is reached.

The Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox. By J. TULLOCH, D. D., Author of "Theism." 12mo. Cloth. $1.

"The volume is highly remarkable. We are not acquainted with any work in which so much solid information upon the leading aspects of the great Reformation is presented in so well-packed and pleasing a form." — PETER BAYNE, *in Edinburgh Witness.*

British Novelists and their Styles; being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction. By DAVID MASSON, M. A., Author of "The Life and Times of Milton." 16mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

This charming volume will find its way to many American homes, and win for its author a place by the side of the masters of English fiction of whom he discourses so pleasantly. It is entertaining and instructive, indicating a large acquaintance with the works of British Novelists, and a sharp discernment of their merits and their faults. English reviewers speak of it with unqualified commendation, as one of the most genial and entertaining books of the day.

Historical Vindications; or, the Province and Uses of Baptist History. By S. S. CUTTING, D.D. 12mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

NEW AND POPULAR TEXT-BOOKS.

Mental Philosophy; Including the Intellect, the Sensibilities, and the Will. By JOSEPH HAVEN, D. D., late Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Amherst College. Royal 12mo. $1.50. Cloth, embossed.

This work has been commended by many of the best educators in our country as superior to any other text-book in use in our colleges. It combines many advantages. It treats of the whole mind, instead of a single class of faculties, and gives a careful analysis of all its powers. It is strictly scientific in its method. It gives the latest results of the science, and the history and literature of each topic is discussed.

"It is distinguished by a complete and exhausting division, lucid arrangement, and a style at once concise and clear, simple and elegant." — *N. A. Review.*

"If others judge as favorably as we of Professor Haven's work, it will become *the* text-book in Mental Philosophy for colleges and higher seminaries of learning." — *Christian Review.*

Moral Philosophy; Including Theoretical and Practical Ethics. By JOSEPH HAVEN, D. D., late Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Amherst College; Author of "Mental Philosophy." Royal 12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

The high reputation gained by Prof. Haven in his "Mental Philosophy" will be increased and confirmed by the new work on "Moral Philosophy." It is eminently scientific in method, and thorough in discussion, and its views on unsettled questions in morals are discriminating and sound. It treats largely of *Political Ethics*, a department of morals of great importance to American youth, but generally overlooked in text-books. In the history of ethical opinions it is unusually rich and elaborate. Instructors in Seminaries and Colleges will find it an excellent text-book.

Lectures on Metaphysics. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Prof. of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by H. L. Mansel, B. D., Oxford, and John Veitch, M. A., Edinburgh. Royal Octavo. Cloth. $3.00.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Life of John Milton. Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By DAVID MASSON, M. A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. From 1608 to 1639. 8vo. Cloth. $2.75.

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Agnes Hopetoun's School and Holidays. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Margaret Maitland." 16mo. Cloth. 63 cents.

This is a charming story, full of fascination to all children and youth, and teaching the best lessons of virtue and piety. It will carry sunny hours and nobler aims into many family circles.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES,
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CONTENTS.

	Page
The Old Testament in the Sunday School. By Rev. Rufus Ellis	289
"The Sound of a Shaken Leaf." By Rev. J. F. W. Ware	306
Sermon after the Death of Rev. George W. Burnap, D. D. By Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D. D.	313
"God and my Country"	337
Memoirs of a Saintly Friend. No. X. By E. P. P.	338
The Early Apologists for Christianity. By Rev. F. W. Holland	345
Obituary of Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D. By Rev. Rufus Ellis	347
She is not Motherless	350
Editors' Random Readings.	
Squirrels and Laughter	351
Man-Hunting	353
Songs in the Night	353
Song from the Inner Life	354
The Weaver	355
Notices of Books.	
The Puritans	357
Leaders of the Reformation	358
Highways of Travel	358
Sword and Gown	359

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THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WHEN our Lord and his apostles or disciples speak of the Scriptures, they refer to the books of the Old Covenant, to what we call "The Old Testament;" and whatsoever they say of the inspiration of the Scriptures, of their profitableness "*for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness*," must be understood of those venerable Jewish writings. The sacred literature peculiar to the Christian Church was then only in process of formation. It is a fact which should be well considered by those who seem to regard the depreciation of the Jewish Scriptures as a part of the honor which they should pay to Christianity. It is a fact which can be reconciled with such contempt only upon the very violent supposition, that what was eminently instructive and useful for one race of men, and by its steady prophecy of a Divine Redeemer supplied an outward basis for a universal religion, has no significance any longer for the human mind and heart, but must be laid aside as conventional and obsolete. If it is true that the Jewish Scriptures in our Saviour's time and amongst the Jews were available for spiritual purposes in some ways which are no

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longer open, except perhaps for those Christians who accept a part of them in a double sense, it is equally true that Christianity has enabled men to discern the deeper meaning of law and prophecy, — a meaning hidden from unanointed and merely Jewish eyes. The Old Covenant needs the New to follow and interpret it. The Law, says an Apostle, made nothing perfect. Had it not been so, we should have had no Gospel. But, in its time and place, it taught the children of God. It was a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ, and at all times and in all places there are conditions of the mind and heart to which the ancient Word is providentially fitted to minister. The Church is right in giving to the Lawgiver, the Historians, the Prophets, the Psalmists, the Moralists of the Jews, as well as to the Evangelists and Apostles of Christianity, a place upon the reading-desk of its house of prayer. I hold that no public service is complete which does not include lessons from both Covenants; certainly the whole day of the Lord should afford opportunity to the well-instructed scribes for bringing out from the Lord's treasury things new and old. Moreover, what is given to the whole congregation, to the child and the adult together in the great assembly, should be brought into the Sunday school, and made use of in all its large and excellent variety for the instruction of the young. It is my wish to set down a few words in advocacy of the use of the Old Testament for the religious training of the pupils of the Church, — those to whom she has virtually or expressly bound herself to give a Christian education.

The Scriptures of the ancient Covenant have suffered about equally at the hands of friends and of enemies. On the one side claims have been set up for them which they nowhere set up for themselves; and, partly perhaps in inevitable reaction against these unfounded demands, they have been underrated and even vilified. One who attempts in this case to keep the middle way of truth between the worshipper of the letter and of unauthorized tradition, and the

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scoffing unbeliever, will be liable to suspicion from one and the other extremist. To the one, he will seem to be an underminer of essential articles of faith; to the other, the half-emancipated and inconsistent votary of an obsolete superstition. He cannot satisfy the one unless he is ready to put the Old Testament upon the same level with the New, and allow of both the dogma of plenary verbal inspiration; and he will be an offence to the other unless he is prepared to yield at discretion every point in the criticism of the older books which has heretofore been reckoned tenable. Would he content the one, he must stick at no assertion; would he content the other, he must shrink from no denial. Nevertheless, it is plain that, spite of these opposite extravagances, the time has come for a wiser and fairer estimate of the Old Testament than is put upon it by the popular belief or the popular unbelief, and every fresh word concerning the Law and the Prophets should be an attempt in this direction. Enough, and more than enough, can be said of them to justify their employment amongst the instrumentalities of Christian education as chosen and commended of God; enough to stamp them as in a peculiar sense sacred and providential. If, besides what can be put almost beyond question in this way, we ask for more, let it be distinctly understood that it is not of necessity.

I believe that I am answering the essential demands of the truth in the case, when I reaffirm for our age, in the sense of the words which seems to be the most obvious one, what the Apostle wrote for the instruction of Timothy. Much ingenuity has been spent upon this sentence, for the sake of toning down and lessening its meaning; but, nevertheless, the drift of it seems to be very well indicated by the common English translation. All Scripture is animated by the Spirit of God, and is profitable for the uses of the teacher, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. I cannot think that the Apostle meant to so much as hint at any distinction between inspired and unin-

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spired Scripture; the word Scripture seems to have gained a technical sense, and was applied, not perhaps with scientific definiteness, but accurately enough for popular uses, to a collection of books, sacred and set apart like the people from whom they came, — the history of God's dealings with them, the record of his revelations to them, the utterance of his word by them in law and prophecy and sacred song, in aspiration and petition. Speaking of the collection as a whole, allowing for here and there an exception, we are satisfied that the plain reader, not preoccupied by any theory, superstitious or sceptical, would perceive at once that it proceeded from men possessed with the thought of God, resolved upon putting him first, firmly persuaded of his presence and providence. It is the story of the outward and inward experience, of the fortunes and the thoughts, of a nation whose history all pointed forward to the crowning event of time, — the coming of the Redeemer to restore to man his faded image and recover for him his lost estate. The ancient record is significant in its least as well as in its greatest, because in the least also the breathing of the Holy Spirit is felt. It is eminently sacred literature. This is its distinctive characteristic. Other excellences and graces are abundantly added, but this glory of sacredness is the chief. The poetry of the Word would have secured the attention and admiration of scholars, but it is the burden of the Lord rolled from the souls of prophets that has rooted it in the hearts of the world forever. The Scriptures of the Old Testament are on every account singularly attractive. He must be prejudiced indeed who can resist the charm of their great antiquity, — the simple dignity of the narrative through which we catch a glimpse of primeval days, — the sublimity, refinement, force, and beauty of the great masters of Jewish wisdom, — the magnificent descriptions of the natural world that gem the pages of psalmist and prophet. But the crowning beauty is the beauty of holiness: this makes the books of the Old Cove-

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nant classics in religion, as Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles are classics in the domain of the imagination; nay, though the opponents of the use of Grecian and Roman writers in our methods of education should be able to make their case good, and banish them from our week-day schools, it would still be plain that the Sunday school would be robbed of a mighty instrument were the Old Testament to be no longer numbered amongst its text-books. It is an eloquent witness for a present God, Creator, Sustainer, Providence, Governor, Inspirer. The Divine Spirit breathing through it is its life, — and it is an everlasting life. Invaluable for the ground which it covers as a manual of history, a treasure — whether in the old Eastern speech or in our noble Saxon translation — for the young student of eloquence, indispensable as an instrument of intellectual culture, the secret of its power, after all, is the Divinity that beams out from the page.

I am satisfied that what apostles claimed for it would be received with far more than a formal assent, as something more than a venerable tradition, would the lovers of the Old Testament only be content to take it for just what it is, and to claim for it only what it claims for itself. Employed for strictly spiritual purposes, — to quicken the religious and moral nature, to reveal God in the world, to show his power and love in all events, to prepare the way for the Christ by awakening those longings which he alone can satisfy, — it is sure to do its work; but, as if this were not enough, men have asked that the book of religion should be a book of science also, and that the record of moral experience in the days of the world's childhood should anticipate all progress of the conscience and the heart, and give us a Sermon on the Mount, and perfect examples of its lessons, before the coming of the great Teacher and Exemplar. It is of the first importance that the parent and Sunday-school teacher should recognize the precise place which the Old Testament is adapted to fill. Taken beyond its sphere, the book is exposed at once

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to difficulties and objections very embarrassing, to say the least, if not insurmountable. Let them understand that the book of religion is not a book of natural science. Why should we ask natural science and religion from the same record? In the education of the human soul, it is the great matter to know and learn that the world was *made by God. How* he made it, through what successive stages of creation, whether in six days or in six million, is of secondary importance; indeed, strictly speaking, has no religious interest whatever, save as the apparent affirmations of the Bible upon these points may be thought to affect its general authority and reliability. But if it pleases God to inspire one heart with wisdom and love, and so to reveal himself to us, shall we not joyfully accept that revelation, even though it should appear that he has not made his prophet a teacher of human science? This human science comes in other ways. It is to be acquired slowly and laboriously by the use of our human faculties. It is not essential that we should have it. We can wait until it has been earned. The prophet may speak touching such things the language of the multitude. Indeed, is it not positively better that he should? He is sent, not to read lectures upon astronomy or geology, but to bear witness that by the word of God the heavens and the earth are created, upheld, and guided. Inspiration is to be distinguished from infallibility. It is not equivalent to omniscience. The Sunday-school teacher will find large material for illustration in the books that aim to reconcile the Bible with the modern discoveries in geology; he will be surprised to find how much ancient traditional science harmonizes with the results of modern investigation; but let him beware of regarding any of these pleadings as vital, and above all things let him be on his guard against any concealment of facts or straining of arguments for the sake of avoiding an unwelcome conclusion, and making out the ancient man of God a modern professor. The sublime story of the creation with which Genesis

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opens is not dependent, for its effect upon the child, upon its greater or less conformity with science. Its value resides in the fact that it brings the heart near to the personal Creator, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light." That word stands, whether the days be of twenty-four hours' length, like ours, or geological eras. Hugh Miller, the sad story of whose heroic but unjustifiable martyrdom to science has not yet died away from the ear of Christendom, says, in his last work, the book to which he sacrificed his life: "The conclusion at which I have been compelled to arrive is, that, in exact accordance with our most philosophical geologists, we must accept the Mosaic days as periods, must expect no scientific revelations in the Bible, must receive without fear the proved facts of geology, — must admit, for instance, the belief that the whole earth has not at any time since man was made been covered by a universal deluge." This, it is to be noted, is not from a careless thinker, a loose observer, a rash sceptic, but from one whose name is eminent in science, and who at the same time has the entire confidence of the religious community. Only let the Sunday-school teacher make this distinction between the truths of religion and the truths of natural science, and the pupil may be met, not timidly, but with a courageous frankness, and every question which involves a point in physics may be fairly and fully answered.

I say again, that we must recognize the human element in Old Testament Scripture, not only in its theories of natural science, but also in the lives and lessons of its great personages. God is a reality in the Bible, and so is man. God is seen to be working by and through man, aiding him, indeed, and yet also suffering him to be much in the dark, to interpret imperfectly the great laws of conscience, to go astray in his freedom, to bear witness for a truth and goodness which is very far above and beyond him, to prepare for the Divine kingdom without entering into it. The men of the Old Testament are not machines, — they are not merely

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passive under the power of God, made to be and to say wholly and by mere force of mechanism what he would have them. They are inspired men, indeed, but men nevertheless, — knowing in part, prophesying in part, obeying in part, — lifted at times high above the natural level of their lives, but not in any way which could make them either sinless or infallible. In no department of religious instruction have greater mistakes been committed, than in the use which has been made of old Bible characters. The history of religion is full of the records of unauthorized assumptions, — matters taken for granted without so much as a shadow of proof, mere fancies which pass current because no one challenges them. Conspicuous amongst these assumptions, and by no means the least harmful, is the opinion that the lives of the eminent personages in the Old Testament are to be regarded as examples for us. Signal instances and illustrations they are of the Divine Providence; wondrous witnesses for faith, penitence, and the desire of the heart towards God; all the more manifestly Divine instruments because of their own human ignorance, perversity, and weakness; great representative personages, but not examples for any men, least of all for those who have one Master, even Christ, in whom all lesser lights combine to show forth the glory of the only begotten of the Father, the perfect manifestation of the grace and truth of God.

Let me endeavor to urge and illustrate this point. A life may be of great service to us as representing some single special trait, as embodying some spiritual or moral element, and yet may not be an example for us in any exact sense of the word. Many conspicuous and justly eminent lives, delineated in Scripture for a great religious purpose, are not presented as exemplary, as lives to be copied. They have their sufficient effect when they stamp upon our souls a conviction of the glory, beauty, and worth of the one spiritual quality which animates and guides

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them. To use them as examples is a misuse, and calculated to bring undeserved contempt upon the Bible and the religion which it contains. You will find a multitude of persons who never, in their employment of Scripture, old or new, pay any regard to this simple distinction between a representative and an exemplary life. Strangely enough, they seem to take it for granted that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Elijah, David, Peter, were perfect men, — that somehow this claim must be made good for them; they seem to imagine that we in this nineteenth century, and here in America, are called upon literally to imitate the Patriarchs and the Judges, — Joshua, Samson, Gideon, and the rest, — to copy their deeds and follow their customs, as we have taken their names. Availing himself of this confusion, the unbeliever maliciously numbers up the faults and sins of eminent Biblical personages, and pretends to have gained thereby a great advantage over revelation. But the Bible authorizes no fancy of this sort; indeed, we gather from its truth-telling pages the facts which completely refute it. It makes known at once the piety and the impiety, the virtues and the vices, of those whom it commemorates. It witnesses for the light, and at the same time shows us how it shone in darkness. It sets forth the Hebrews as from first to last a stiff-necked and untoward people, fittest of all nations on earth to illustrate a salvation, not of works, but of grace, by a redeeming Word, not developed up from humanity, but sent down from the heavens, the hiding-place of Divine Power and Love. Moses is constantly reminding the tribes, as indeed he had reason to do, that the Lord made choice of them for no comeliness of theirs, — that they had ever been a rebellious generation. It is to the Bible that the infidel goes to collect his charges against the great men whose lives are there recorded. But it affords no authority for the confusion which holds up the old patriarchs, judges, and kings for our imitation. Their lives are not delineated as exemplary, as lives to be copied, for the plain reason that

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they were imperfect men, — some of them even according to the standards then acknowledged. And yet, on the other hand, God gave the eminent men of the Old Covenant to the world to be the representatives of great spiritual truths and facts. The great Father of our spirits, in the earlier days of the world, the time of childhood, when the visible guiding hand is specially needful, raised up men after his own heart, men fitted to accomplish his designs, and he gave them the belief, the convictions which their case demanded, — so much special illumination as they needed for the contemplated purpose, — so much, and no more; for it is manifestly a part of the great plan of Providence, in ordering our world, to interfere as little as may be with the slow processes of intellectual and moral growth, and it is often the case that men in many respects unworthy fulfil the will of Heaven.

Take Abraham, for example. His story is a remarkable one, and well fitted to engage the interest of the child. The figure of the old patriarch towers up graceful and dignified before the eyes of the adherents to three distinct religions. He is the father of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan, the ancient monotheist, believer in one God, the parent of all who are found in that simple and sublime faith. We believe that God is one because Abraham so believed. He represents trust in that higher Power and Love, that invisible Person. He found grace to confess the Almighty, though he could not rise above the moral darkness of his time in all particulars, and anticipate the movements of centuries, and forestall the gradual unfolding of the roll of conscience. We must not confuse the moral sense of the child by attempting to justify his falsehood in denying his wife and asserting that she was only his sister, because the fear of the king of Egypt was before his eyes; we may rather make use of his very falsehood to show how much better, as the event proved, the plain truth would have been, in that case as in every case; and yet, while we admit his

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culpable weakness in this particular, we should not fail to recognize his general truthfulness, his singular courtesy and kindliness, but chiefest of all his spirit of trust, the spirit which led him to confide in what could not be seen, and to believe in that of which he could have no demonstration. It is the more remarkable, and the more significant of Divine interpositions, that this distinguished confidence should have been manifested by one who was not in other respects superior to his age; it helps to make the picture of the patriarch very instructive to us, as we follow him in his wanderings, summoned forth as he was by a Divine voice, and going he knew not whither, trusting only in a mysterious promise, worshipping one Supreme amidst idolaters, and in the wild wilderness of that primeval world looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Cease to demand perfection of the old Arab chieftain, half warrior, half prophet; take him for what he was, the representative of faith, and you will find his life singularly beautiful and profitable; you will be drawn to him who saw the Saviour's day and rejoiced; you will find a meaning in the Scripture which speaks of the Christian as dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, — as cherishing in his heart a divine trust, for which nothing actual, visible, tangible, demonstrable, temporal, affords any adequate justification. Indeed, where should we look, save to days early and in many respects dark and forbidding, for shining illustrations of religious trust? I ought, perhaps, to add, as I have alluded to the patriarch's double-dealing with the king of Egypt, that the story of a similar course pursued by him towards Abimelech is regarded by some competent critics as only another version of the same incident, and not as another untruth. Not patriarchal institutions, then, nor the examples of the patriarchs, but their faith, are we to study and admire.

Take another instance, — that of Moses, the majestic lawgiver of the Jews, the emancipator of the bondmen in Egypt,

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the man of visions and revelations, learned in all the wisdom of that mysterious Nile-land, filled with the oracles of God, and skilled to put abstract truth into social and civil institutions. What a glorious story for child or for adult, from the day when the feeble babe, upon whose life hung the destiny of a nation, and that nation the hope of a world, floated in the little ark amongst the bulrushes, to the hour when

> "God made his grave, to men unknown,
> Where Moab's rocks a vale enclose,
> And laid the aged seer alone,
> To slumber there in long repose."

What a significant life in itself and in its issue! The work which the great lawgiver began is still going forward; the seed which he sowed in the world, often with a hesitating hand, is still springing up and bearing fruit. That long struggle of his with his wearisome countrymen, that patience and faith which changed the slaves of centuries into men, we may well meditate upon. And yet it is not for us, on many accounts, directly to copy, or to try to copy, the deeds of Moses, or of those who followed after him. It is the spirit in which they lived that is everlasting, the property of no country or age, strong and youthful now as ever. In Moses we see one who seeks to build all life, public, social, private, upon the faith and fear and love of God, — one called of Heaven to make religious faith the central, living idea of a nation, to exclude idolatry, to make the laws of men identical with the laws of God, to exalt Divine wisdom above earthly policy, to make a purer truth the cement of the social fabric, the strong bond of union, the mighty walls and bulwarks of defence, the genial sky above, the everlasting arms beneath! A truly stupendous idea! The Son of God must come to fulfil what the servant of God was competent to announce. It is an idea which will ever make the mission of Moses significant. He shall be a guide of life to us also, as he contends with hard-hearted

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Pharaoh and his cunning priests; as his own people weary him out with their childishness and unbelief in the wilderness; as he himself, losing heart for a moment with pardonable weakness, presently recovers patience and courage for a fresh effort. Moses and all the prophets after him strikingly represent a religious and moral faith seeking to make itself effectual, practical, and substantial in the world, — to shape real lives and mould real institutions. "Prophets," said Moses to his countrymen, "shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, like unto me;" and the word was fulfilled. How the spirit that was in them still speaks to the heart, and how readily, when they utter their warnings and their burdens touching Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon, do we translate the words into the same tongue wherein we were born, and Jewish prophecy becomes Christian preaching! They are utterly mistaken who treat Moses and the prophets as if they were obsolete, — as if their spirit had done its work in the world, and might go to its rest. There are peculiarities of imagery and specialities of application, — things of the letter, which we cannot make much use of; but we are indeed prodigals of spiritual treasures, if we allow externals of this kind to separate us from the great quickening spirit that animates the prophetic words. We seek to share the aspiration and the purpose of the prophet, but we recommend no servile commendation or copying of his deeds. Of Moses, for example, we read as follows: "And it came to pass, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand." We may well hesitate whether we should go and do likewise, and yet Moses and his Law are none the less our schoolmasters.

Take another example, — that of David, the warrior poet, the great king and sweet psalmist of Israel. In him surely

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we have no exemplar; and yet in the awful experience of his life he became, and is, the representative of penitence, — heart-broken, yet hopeful, — and in his great penitential psalm we see the Divine compassion descending into the lowest depths of human sinfulness and misery, and saving, though as by fire, a soul almost ruined. It is a sad lesson taught in that royal life, — a lesson which has had so many illustrations, — that great men are tempted as the lowly are not, and, even because they are first in this world, may be last in the world to come. Yes, and the same life illustrates yet another law of our nature, — that religious sensibility without moral culture and stern endeavor is no defence in the hour of moral peril. But see how, under the marvellous providence of God, good has been wrought out of evil. The spirit which made the days of David's youth beautiful and glorious, and got for him the victory in his conflict with the Philistine, the spirit that made him long-suffering and magnanimous in his relations to tyrannical and jealous Saul, the spirit which led the king's people in the wilderness, and made him greater than he himself knew, and clothed the king's lips with immortal words, the sweet fruits of prayer and praise, came through brave Nathan to redeem and save the royal criminal in the fearful catastrophe of his life, — and the vilest of sinners becomes the psalmist of penitence, and no extreme of sinfulness shall ever lack its prayer to God for pardon, if only a better feeling has been aroused in the heart! In such a world as ours we cannot dispense with the penitence of the Psalmist. The missionary teachers, whose good work it is to carry the Gospel beyond our churches into the quarters where vice reigns almost uncontrolled, and who are doing their uttermost to reclaim those that are not yet confirmed in vice and crime, though they have taken the first steps, must carry with them something more than smooth-spoken moralizing. Wicked as the world is, they have learned that they are not to turn away from it as ruined beyond hope. They need old things as well as new to illustrate

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the justice and the mercy of God; they must have a psalm of contrition for the convicted soul, as well as a Gospel of pardon; and in the great Book of life there is just such a living, glowing word, — a word which the Spirit of God spake from the burning core of a sinful human heart! Who can tell how many souls have been aided in a true confession by the penitence of David?

Take one more life, — that of Solomon. In him we have no exemplar, yet a singularly representative and instructive man. He shows the fearful perils of prosperity, the need of perpetual watchfulness, the possibility of decline from early piety; and that, instead of dogmatizing about the perseverance of the saints, we should rather say that he is no saint who does not persevere. He teaches the utter insufficiency of the highest earthly good, power, wealth, wisdom, combined, to satisfy the soul: the burden of his unredeemed life is this, — Vanity of vanities! He asks questions which Christ alone can answer. The Book of the Preacher, which gives us the result of King Solomon's meditations upon life, is one of the most interesting books of ancient Scripture. It is as fresh at this day as ever it was; and many a man, should he come to sober reflection towards the close of a successful worldly career, would find his tale told upon those few pages. Let the young ponder it betimes, before the silver cord is nigh to be loosed, or the golden bowl to be broken; and whilst their hearts cheer them in the days of their youth, let them remember the days of darkness, — that they too must be taken into solemn account. The latest and most fashionable philosophy of worldliness hardly goes beyond the Book of Ecclesiastes. Try that way of life out to the end, and you will find just what is written there, and just what prosperous and wretched Solomon represents.

I might largely multiply illustrations; but enough has been written to indicate the way in which, as it seems to me, the teacher may avail himself of Old Testament in-

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stances, and quicken the spirit without confusing the moral perceptions of the learner.

It has been my aim, in these too desultory observations, to magnify the Divine element in the Old Testament Scriptures, and to commend them as God-breathed to the teachers of youth. Like every good gift from above, they may be perverted, and demand discretion on the part of those who would employ them. They are not to be put on a line with the Gospel, for which they prepare the way, or with the words of the Christ, concerning whom they testify. Christ is the perfect Exemplar and the final appeal. He is the Life and Light of men, and the home of the child is in his loving arms. And yet, though the New Testament stands first in value and authority, we need not always place it first in time, as the young study the Word. The more ancient volume contains stores of beautiful illustrations, and the utterances of genuine heart-melody. How many of its eloquent pages may fitly be impressed upon the fresh memory of the child, far more to the advancement of true culture than when the beauties of Grecian and Roman eloquence and poetry are made familiar by laborious study! Let the dear old Family Bible keep its place in our dwellings! Let us have no extracts, and yet let it be used with discretion. There are portions of the Old Testament which the Jews never allowed to be read by any save the most mature. We may well imitate that sound judgment. We may also, without irreverence, recognize the earthen vessel, as well as the treasure of God which it contains. We may thankfully admit that the Old Testament was made for the Christian, without feeling obliged to allow that the Christian was made for the Old Testament. And when we have placed the child at the feet of the Master, we shall find that, now as of old, the Spirit of that blessed Lord will open the youthful mind, and interpret the lessons of ancient time, the records of the chosen race. Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he shall expound unto them

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in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself, until they shall believe all that the prophets have spoken, and how the Christ ought to have suffered those things, and so enter into glory. To bring the student of the Old Covenant to this living heart of the matter should be the grand aim of all the external criticism or exposition to which the attention of teachers and friends of Sunday schools is invited.

One word more. The Bible was written for the heart of man. The heart of man alone can do justice to it, and the same Spirit which wrote must guide us into the meaning of the word written. It is as true of the Old Covenant as of the New. One glory shines out from both, and the unsealed eye can behold it. In the Christ it becomes the very Day-spring, the regal, blessed Sun; but though there be but one Sun in the system, all the lesser orbs receive and give back the radiance thereof, and the lesser testify unto the Greater, and the Greater exalts the less. God grant unto us, then, the Christian heart! This shall make the Jewish Scriptures Christian Scriptures. The Father of the Christ shall breathe through them, and that Spirit shall call up bloom and fruit from our souls, even as the rain that falls so gently makes the earth to blossom and bud.

E.

SUFFER not thy mind to dwell on the *irritating* trials of life. Though petty in themselves, they will be instruments to thee of much good or much evil, according to thy use of them. If thou dwell on them as sources of annoyance, they will enervate thy body and corrode thy soul. Turn thy thoughts resolutely from them, or learn to look beyond the human medium, when they come to thee through thy fellow-man. Receive them as a part of thy heavenly discipline, and they will help thee to control thyself, and draw thee upward.

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"THE SOUND OF A SHAKEN LEAF."

Each season has its respective and peculiar sounds, well defined and separate. We know its coming quite as much by the ear as by the eye. Sometimes before the eye can detect any symptom of approach heralds have proclaimed it to the ear. When the reign of winter is broken, while yet the east wind lingers, making the meadows cheerless and keeping back the flowers, it is the singing of the evening frog, or the far-up cronc of the returning waterfowl, which first assures us that the spring is really near. As spring wears on, and glows with all its freshness, it is the murmuring of the leaves over our heads, as they turn themselves to the sun, — as Bryant says,

"The light whisper as their edges meet," —

it is the busy hum of the insect, that tells of summer reasserting her empire. The cricket under your window or at your hearth chirps out the first suspicion you have of autumn, before a leaf is yellow or a grape is purple; while, as the eye gazes enraptured with the full maturity of her garniture, it is the "sound of the shaken leaf" that suggests that harvest is passed, and summer ended, and winter again nigh. The sharp, shrill cry of the winter wind, as it sweeps by your window, or in deeper tone howls down your chimney; the gushing melody of spring-time birds; the bees' coquetting addresses to the flowers; the lowing of the cattle in the summer twilight; the rustling of the corn, the dropping of the nut, the parting song of robin and bluebird in the autumn, — these are sounds distinct and peculiar, belonging to no other season, not to be confounded with any other. Should you wake from some long sleep, before your eye had looked abroad on nature, the ear would tell you of the season, through some sound peculiar to it. God has voiced the seasons as man voices the organ. Not only colors and shapes and perfumes peculiar to each has

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he arranged and appointed to their places, not only these has he made welcome to man, but sounds also has he clothed with meaning, made prophets and interpreters of his way. He who has never thought how varied are the voices of the seasons, how separate each from each, has never looked into one of the vast provinces of benevolent design which Nature stands ready to unfold.

The leaf has a spring and a summer, as it has an autumn sound. Did you ever notice it? When the leaf is tender, and the evening of the late May permits you to stand under the stars, do you remember how gently the evening breeze strays among the leaves, as if fearful, by too rude a grasp, of injuring their delicate texture or marring their form? It is a soft and gentle murmur, as the first sweet cooing of an infant's lips. Then when summer comes, and the storm marshals his forces and scowls upon the landscape, hark! how crisp and rugged and bristling the response they make to the merciless handling of the wind! And in autumn still another tone, as of the kissing of dry lips, — a parched and lifeless rustle. And yet another voice have they, as they go skipping along the path, or eddy in companies about the fences, or lie uneasily in beds about the way; and still another, as the children passing to and fro to school shuffle them with their feet, in thoughtless merriment kicking them right and left, or ourselves we scatter them before our manly tread or grind them under our weighty heel, with a sort of pleasure brought from childhood, yet with that half-tender melancholy with which manhood always invests the coming of the season. "The sound of the shaken leaf" is to us a sound of some sadness. It is the sound of a finished work. It is the emblem of decay. It is the prophet of change.

I do not know that there is anything which God has made which bears a clearer witness to his wisdom than the leaf. A seed is dropped into the earth, and after a little, two tiny shoots are pushed out from it. One strikes down-

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ward, seeking nourishment from the dark soil about it; the other stretches upward, searching for the air and light. This last soon bears a bud, and from the bursting bud is born the leaf. Till it hangs gorgeous from the autumn bough, or falls withered to the ground, nay, long after we call it dead, it is one of the busy agents of the Almighty, — not merely a thing of beauty, leading an idle life, but always at work for the good of the tree and the safety of man. Leaves are the lungs of trees. Through innumerable and almost invisible openings they inhale the air, using for the life of the tree the air from which man has exhausted all the qualities vital to him, and returning to him again air which is wholesome for him. If there were no leaves, there could be no human life, as there could be no vegetable life; and this may be one of the reasons why man was not created until God had made the herbs and the grass and the fruit-tree. They absorb the carbon which man cannot breathe, and furnish in return the oxygen without which he cannot exist; so they are among those myriad servants that wait on man, of which he takes no notice.

Besides this, the leaf is a drawer of water from the atmosphere, through a little canal extending from the tip to the base; and the drier the soil, and the more need for water from the air, the deeper are these canals. From the leaf this water passes to the stem, then from branch to branch, then to the trunk, whence, by means of deep furrows in the bark, it is carried to the roots. Nor all this for the plant alone. See how man is blessed by it. In one of the Canary Islands there are neither springs nor rivers, but there grows a large, tall tree in the recesses of the mountains, called the *Saint*. It keeps its head all night long wrapped up in mists and clouds, from which it dispenses its never-ceasing moisture in little rivulets, running merrily down from the leaves. Small reservoirs are built for the purpose of catching the water, and thus only is the island rendered habitable. So the huge cactus of the desert, which is called *the vegetable*

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fountain, the rainy plant of Brazil, which drops water from the points of its leaves upon the parched ground, and *the pitcher-plant* of South America, with its lid to prevent the water from evaporating, are among those plants whose leaves are for the healing of man's distress, and make existence in his journeys and his rests possible. So, too, the various shapes of leaves are not merely for the good of the tree, but for the good of man. In the northern climates, where man cannot live in the open air, where he does not need the shade, the leaf is the long, thin, highly polished, needle-shaped leaf of the pine; but at the equator it is the broad leaf of the Ceylon palm, capable of covering a family, while the leaves of a palm in South America are used as coverings for houses, and have been known to stand, unchanged, for twenty years; nor do I think it should be forgotten that the great triumph of modern architecture was suggested to Mr. Paxton by the under side of the leaf of the *Victoria regia.*

One who has written well of leaves says:* "The innumerable leaves of our forest and arbor trees form a vast summer laboratory, in which the great work of plants is incessantly carried on, which contributes to an incalculable extent to the support and the health of all animal existence. They afford another proof of creative design. They labor and work for themselves apparently all the time, but render the earth and all life thereon incalculable service. Even when they draw up all moisture, they become our benefactors. The despised mosses hold up their little cups to collect the waters of heaven, and make most ample return for its bounty. They clothe the steep sides of hills, and their dense crowd of delicate leaflets attracts and condenses the watery vapors constantly floating in the air, and thus become the living fountains of many a proud stream. The

* The quotation and foregoing facts are from a book read some years since, bearing the title, I think, "Stray Leaves from Nature."

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heavy, damp air gathered by the woods sinks down as fog or mist when the cool evening comes, and rich dew pearls the morning meadow and refreshes the field."

It is a wonderful history, that of the leaf, and its benefits to man are without number. It rejoices his eye with its beauty, it quenches his thirst in the wilderness, it spreads its protection over his head, its medicinal qualities repair his system and lengthen his life, while the ceaseless activity that goes on in its delicate structure makes this atmosphere about us so pleasant and so safe. Nor in its death is its mission closed; for the rich mould of new countries rescued from the forests, the fatness of new lands, and the reclaiming of lands long exhausted, is largely because of the regenerating power of the mouldering leaf. In the perpetual circuit of influence, what more wonderful and benign than that of the leaf?

And the sound of the shaken leaf has a lesson for man, whether it be the sound of the new leaf of May, or of the leaf shaken by the wind of November. What, in nature, seems, at first thought, of so little value as a leaf? You pull it off, you crumple it, you tread upon it, you think nothing of it. A flower you think of. That is pleasant for its beauty or its fragrance, or it will by and by change into a fruit; and that you care for, so you think of and protect both. And yet we men might better be deprived of flowers and fruits than of leaves. They are among the busiest and best, though in one sense among the least, of man's friends. And they may teach him this salutary lesson. If he has the hearing ear and the understanding heart, he will hear it in every shaken leaf. No man may stand aside, or think that he is to be excused from beneficent exertion, because he is of no importance. That is what men sometimes say, and one of the most hopeless things to undertake is to make a man work who has got this notion into his head. God teaches us by the leaf, as he has taught us by his revelation, that it is not the great and gifted ones to whom he looks as

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co-laborers with himself. He does not throw the burden upon the men of five talents only, he does not ask usury of them alone, but he throws obligation upon all; no one talent does he allow to lie hid useless in a napkin. He makes but few great men; he intrusts but few with five talents. The work of the world, all its beneficent agencies, all its kindly charities, are to be carried on by the humbler men, who in their aggregate, as in the aggregate of the leaves, shall produce a mighty result. The voice of the shaken leaf is, — God can spare no man from his post.

The shaken leaf, too, speaks of industry. There is no pause to its life, no spare time, no wasted energy. From the moment it bursts the bud till it drops, it is doing something, and then it has a mysterious eternity of activity in the ceaseless round of transformation through which it still passes. Again, the sound of the shaken leaf says to man, It will never do to be idle. — But its industry is better than this, and its teaching still higher. Always at work is it, not for itself alone, but for man; and in that wide-spread charity teaches, not only that we should always labor, but that we should not labor selfishly. He understands little the virtue of industry who makes his industry subservient only to his own selfishness. It is a broad and generous industry only that God loves. It is charity of which the shaken leaf speaks.

But the sound of the shaken leaf has just now another word. As it drops languidly from its place on the bough, or is borne roughly by the wind, it seems to say, "Behold! a few days of mingled sunlight and storm, a short, bright life, not without its cloud, culminating in a brief glory, and then the earth whence I came. See in me, O man! the symbol of thy career. Youth is thy spring, summer is thy manhood, autumn thy old age. Flourish as thou wilt, few and fleeting are thy days. Swift upon the steps of thy perfected life comes decay. Learn of me fidelity to thy sphere and thy duty. Rejoice in thy promise and in thy

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strength; and when the hour of departure comes, drop as I drop, after a completed task, and pass silently from men, not to slumber in the ground, but to take thy place anew among the ceaseless energies of another sphere." If that last voice of the shaken leaf have a saddened tone, it will at any rate have a salutary influence.

The glory of the season is passed. The freshness of its beauty is gone. A few more bright days, some short lingering of gentler airs, and then will come the killing frost; the limbs will all be stripped, the skies look cold, and not a vestige of beauty remain in those late so brilliant leaves, as they lie huddled in corners and beneath hedges. A few more days we shall have the sound of the shaken leaf, and then it will play no more part in the landscape or in our thought, till God breathe upon the face of nature anew, and awake the slumbering power of shrub and tree, and spread new verdure and beauty over the earth. Let us take the lesson of fidelity, of industry, of charity, we have received; and though the teacher be dumb and vanish, may the lesson abide forever.

J. F. W. W.

I HAVE need oftentimes in my tribulations (said Luther) to talk even with a child, thereby to expel such thoughts as the Devil possesseth me with; and the same is done, to the end we may not boast, as if of ourselves we were able to help ourselves and to subsist; but should know that the strength of Christ in us ought to be extolled and praised. Therefore sometimes such a one must help me, who in his whole body hath not so much divinity as I have in one finger, to the end I may learn that without Christ I am able to do nothing.— *Luther's Table-Talk.*

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SERMON

PREACHED AT BALTIMORE, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1859, AFTER THE DEATH OF REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP, D. D., BY EZRA S. GANNETT, D. D.

JOB i. 19: — "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

THE old Hebrew piety, from which the Book of Job, by whomever written, derived its tone and complexion, was fond of ascribing all effects directly to God. Having no knowledge of a spiritual Redeemer or a future existence for man, it expended its strength on a practical interpretation of the ineffable name of "Jehovah," — the Self-existent and Supreme, the Author and Upholder of all things. Providence seemed to the devout Jew an immediate expression of the Divine will. "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" was a question which, in his judgment, contained its own answer. His incurious reliance on the elementary truth of a religious life enabled him to apprehend the final result of scientific inquiry; which, leading us back through the problems of experience and the doubts of the reason to the simple trust of childhood, authenticates faith in God as at once the first and the last conclusion of the human mind. The Hebrew piety, however, in its treatment of the questions which Providence placed before it, being thrown on its belief of the Divine sovereignty as the solution of life's experience, could not satisfy the demands of inquisitive thought or of anxious affection. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth, let the earth rejoice," may have silenced complaint, but those were not words by which the anguish of bereavement could be soothed. That submission might triumph over disappointment, it was needful to inform man in regard to the Divine character and to human destiny. There is an undertone of calm despair, to me very mournful, in the explanation which the king of Israel gave of his conduct, when, after the death of his child, he dried

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his tears and said, as one who saw nothing beyond the inevitable decree which consigns us all to the grave, "Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again?" Christ came into the world, and taught man to see a Father's love in the discipline which wrings the heart, and a beneficent ordination in the event which removes one from earth to a better life. Not with a timid ignorance or reluctant consent, but with a soul uplifted into a participation of the Divine purposes, may the Christian exclaim, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Those elements of confidence and hope which the ancient piety lacked are given through Christ. It is not a sovereign will only, but a fatherly goodness also, which we recognize alike in the joys and the sorrows of life. It is not in the beginning alone, but in the close likewise of a mortal career, that we see the great law of existence accomplishing its design. Man lives through love; through love he dies; and death becomes at once an explanation and an expansion of life. "To live is Christ;" for, receiving through him the spirit of adoption, we are able with him to say, in the darkest hour, "Father, not my will, but thine be done:" "to die is gain;" since, having a consciousness of spiritual relations quickened by him, as well as a positive faith in immortality justified by his instruction, we know — that is the Apostle's word — we "know" that a release from the body must introduce us to a closer acquaintance with Divine realities. At the grave in which we leave the dearest form our eyes ever looked on, we can say, with a depth of gratitude unknown to them of old, unknown to ourselves before, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

"The Lord gave," — we are grateful for that; grateful for the life he gave to our friend, grateful for the friend he gave to us. What should we be thankful to God for, if not for a human life? What is there better, what worth more?

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Consider what it includes of faculty, capacity, and opportunity, of personal endowment and social privilege and various blessing. The wonderful organism which the mysterious principle of vitality animates; the more wonderful constitution of intellectual and moral powers of which that organism is both the prison and the instrument; the multiform dependence by which the human being is bound to his fellow-creatures and to the material universe, to receive and reciprocate benefit at every moment of his existence; the exposure to trial that strengthens, the enjoyment of experience that enriches; the delight of growth, the livelier pleasure of acquisition, and the still higher satisfaction of useful service and social influence; — all this enters into the life of man, even of the least favored. But to how many does that word import yet more; as it suggests to them a Divine care in which they are enfolded, a parental discipline by which they are educated, a consciousness that rises from the first faint perception of self to a communion with the Infinite Source of truth and good, an ability that has no limit, a duration that has no end. To the Christian what does not this word "life" disclose, even as a key which, in the hand of him who knows how to use it, unlocks apartments reaching far beyond his eye, but filled each and all with untold treasure, — what riches of grace which God has bestowed in Christ! "I have come," said Jesus, "that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly." "Life," a word easily dropped from the tongue, but oh! what depths and heights of meaning has it for the Christian believer, what solemn, tender, majestic, delightful revelations for him whose experience becomes its interpreter, through his obedience to "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus"! When the babe enters the world in which it may become a possessor of all these contents of that little word, life, we are thankful. Shall we not entertain a yet deeper sense of His goodness who bestows the gift, when one who has realized its worth and been to our

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eyes in his daily life an exposition of the Saviour's promise, has passed beyond the possibility of ever contradicting that Divine assurance, "Because I live, ye shall live also"?

The Lord gave. He gave us the friend in whom we found so much to love and admire. Among the means of satisfaction external to ourselves, what is there more worthy of grateful mention than a friend, whose example furnishes encouragement to every good purpose we may form, and whose society yields us refreshment under the toil or perplexity with which we are burdened? God has scattered blessings around us in profusion, but the pleasantest and the dearest of all, after his own love, is the intercourse we may hold with them who strengthen and cheer us even when their lips or their characters rebuke our scanty goodness. Nature is instructive and beautiful; but there is more beauty in living excellence than in the fairest scene which the Creator has made out of material elements, and more instruction in Christian integrity than in all the lessons of the forest or the field, the ocean or the sky. Enjoyment may be found in silent hours, when we sit in the companionship of our own thoughts, and weave the meditations that constitute the fabric out of which good resolutions and virtuous actions are afterwards made; but there is a keener relish to our enjoyment, when in the free interchange of thought we add another's wisdom to our own, and forget our own weakness in leaning on his strength. Books are agreeable teachers and precious comforters; yet better than all books, but one, is the testimony of an actual life to the conclusions which lie at the basis of a sound or happy experience. Chief among the sources of satisfaction or benefit for the soul, too great for comparison with any other, is the privilege of communion with the Father of spirits; but such communion our feeble nature can bear only in its best states. We need fellowship with beings of a kindred mould. We long for the sympathy that comes from an experience like our own. Friends are God's gifts to our weak, yet

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capacious humanity. They help us to bear and do his will. They lift us over the rough places, and climb with us the steep ascents. What should we do without them? When we are happy, how do they brighten our days! When conscience makes us uneasy, what relief do we find in their counsel! When disappointment oppresses our hearts, what fresh energy do we gather from their kind words! When faith needs to be enforced, and hope to be rekindled, how does God use them as his ministers to our souls! *He* gives us our friends. He implanted in our nature the sympathies that draw us together. His providence supplies the opportunities of mutual acquaintance. He gives us them whom to love is our delight, and by whom to be loved makes us feel that we are not altogether unworthy. He gives them. Blessed be his name!

But he takes them from us. Yes, he — the same who gave — he removes them from our sight. In the way, too, and at the time, which he chooses. Our will and our wish avail little. Our prayers neither defeat nor delay his purpose. He surprises us by the bereavement which we thought, if it ever came, could not come at present. The arm on which we leaned has lost its strength; the eye that regarded us with affection is closed; the voice to which we listened as it poured instruction into our hearts is silent. Sorely do we grieve. Yet let neither complaint nor unbelief be a consequence of our suffering. For just at this moment of our greatest need the Gospel of Christ offers us its Divine consolation; here, where our lot seems hardest, the relief is greatest. What says the Gospel to the mourner? That which nature did not dare to announce, and reason was unable to discover. It speaks of the Father's love and the believer's rest. It discourses of discipline and recompense in words which give equal solace and support. Linger with me for a moment over these great themes.

We suffer, and it is meant that we should suffer. God mixed the bitter cup which we are forced to drink. The

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Christian faith is as ready to acknowledge this truth, as was the faith of a period long antecedent to the coming of Christ. But mark how the Divine Providence is described by him who has shown us "the Father;" — as watchful over every incident of our lives, and as addressing the most tender persuasion to our hearts. It is "for our profit" that we are chastened, "that we may be made partakers of his holiness:" Marvellous words! I never read them without fresh amazement. What an explanation of human experience! Man led by earthly sorrows into a participation of the highest attribute of the Divine nature! Who will murmur at afflictions which yield such a result? Let the ground resist the ploughshare that lays it open to the warm sunshine, but let not the soul refuse to be softened and enriched by the chastening of the Lord. Follow now him who has gone. Whither? To the mansions which Jesus has secured for them who love him, to the innumerable company of "the spirits of just men made perfect," to the nearer presence of God and the everlasting light of his countenance, to that world for which all that the soul endured here shall have been a preparation, and of which all that it enjoyed shall seem to have been but the gray dawn. To such happiness is the follower of Jesus taken, when he may no longer remain in the flesh. Come, ye departed, and tell us of the joys into which ye have entered. Nay: why shall we call them back? Have we not knowledge enough, and the full assurance of faith, through him who "hath brought life and immortality to light"? Why ask for more? Rather let us show our confidence in the teaching which came from Heaven, as our grief shall adopt the language of gratitude, — "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

He hath taken our friend from our side, but he has not stripped us of all we possessed in him. Let us see what remains, that our grief may be yet more tempered by gratitude.

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All that recollection brings before the mind, of past days, is still ours. That has not perished. Nor shall we ever lose it. How much that we once enjoyed has now a sweeter flavor than it had when familiarity blunted perception! The free communication, the reciprocal confidence, the pleasure heightened by participation, the satisfaction of a conquest over difficulty through the assistance of one whom we loved, the nameless offices which affection delights to render and not less to receive, the brief or the long period of domestic happiness or guileless intimacy, — these have left their record in the chambers of memory, ineffaceable by time.

The example of those we have lost remains. For that, too, is laid up among the treasures over which memory watches with a jealous care. They have shown us what force and purity of character may reside in a human soul; have illustrated the beauty and reality of a Christian consecration; have elevated and enlarged our conceptions of the end for which we should live; have taught us not to succumb to temptation nor yield to discouragement; have given that practical refutation of the doubts and fears by which the heart is beset, that is more satisfactory than the most compact argument; have set before us, to be read by daily observation, a commentary on the New Testament, more instructive than volumes of industrious scholarship. And their example of meek yet vigorous piety, of generous and strong self-denial, of triumphant though modest perseverance, remains, the legacy which they have left, ignorant themselves of its value, unconscious as they were of the excellence we attributed to them; a bequest made in no written document, but in the facts of a well-remembered history.

Therefore their influence abides with us. That is not taken away, when they leave us. Nay, it gains new power over us by their absence. We acknowledge and cherish it as we were perhaps slow to do in former days. It may

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have penetrated our characters without our knowing it, and now acts within us to ripen whatever excellence we have, even as the grain confesses the beneficent influence of the sun after it has disappeared from the heavens. Who does not know that we are more ready to be guided by the dead than by the living? Who has not been persuaded or checked by the remembrance of counsel to which he listened with a reluctant attention, but to which death has added a tender as well as sacred authority?

In a still wider sphere of usefulness they yet live on earth who have been received into the heavenly habitations. For that which they did and said and wrote — if they had used the press as a channel of communication with their fellow-men — is still in the world, a part of its intellectual wealth and its moral force. The author lives through generations and ages. Even when the incidents of his personal history are forgotten, the thoughts which he transcribed from his own meditation upon the pages of an imperishable literature instruct and benefit mankind. The Christian preacher addresses an audience whom he never saw, the expositor of holy Scripture unfolds its meaning to children that were unborn when he went to his reward, the advocate of a higher civilization than his own times had reached still leads men on to more just thought, sounder practice, and a happier experience. We say the world is poorer for the death of its teachers; but let us not forget that their removal often makes the world more cognizant and more receptive of their instruction.

The Lord hath taken away the visible presence of our friend; but not his invisible continuance with us, through what he has been and what he has done; nor has he destroyed those sympathies of spiritual connection which unite all the children of God in a household that disowns the limits of space and time. Separated to the eye, we are still partakers of the same Divine love. They who are in heaven worship the same Being to whom we pray on earth;

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the redeemed above cast their crowns at the feet of Him whose praises we celebrate here. Life is one and the same on this side and on that of the line which divides what we call time from the rest of eternity. Have we *lost* those whom we mourn, because the Father has drawn them into the closer protection of his bosom? Are they taken from us in any other than an earthly sense, because they have dropped the garment of the flesh a little sooner than we? No, oh no! Not taken from us, as one is robbed of treasure of which he shall never hear again. Gone before us, — that is more pleasant and more just to say. Not died, bu "departed," as the inscription on the Moravian graves one everywhere tells us. If lost to sight, still present to our faith.

Learn, then, with what interpretation we should receive the words of our text. Observe what large occasion we have for thankfulness in the midst of sorrow. The Lord gave, — how much to our friend in the gift of life, — how much to us in the gift of a friend. The Lord hath taken, — the same sovereign Disposer, the same tender Father in whose goodness we have rejoiced, has taken him whom we so much miss to a higher life. Yet we are not despoiled of all we possessed in him; for recollection restores the past, the example on which we gazed with fond admiration has gained a more distinct outline, the influence which he exerted over us is deepened, his usefulness continues and grows, his being is still held with ours in the arms of an infinite grace. With no sad passion nor mournful discontent may we speak of his removal. It is a hard word to utter, "Farewell!" if we use it only as the sign of privation and separation. But if we take it in its primitive meaning, as the heart's prophecy of good for them who leave us, we may repeat it with mingled emotions of gratitude and hope.

"Farewell! Thy life hath left surviving love
A wealth of records and sweet 'feelings given,'
From Sorrow's heart the faintness to remove,
By whispers breathing less of earth than heaven.

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"Thus rests thy spirit still on those with whom
Thy step the path of earnest duty trod,
Bidding them make an altar of thy tomb,
Where chastened thought may offer praise to God."

With this subdued sensibility to our great loss, may we, my friends, now come together as mourners under a common bereavement. While your hearts were staggering beneath the shock they had received, you could only pray for submission to God's will. But now that you can think as well as feel, may you not lift your eyes to see the streaks of light across the dark cloud under which you are walking? We have obeyed the spirit of our religion, and, I believe, have kept ourselves in sympathy with him who has gone, by finding occasion still to bless the name of the Lord, rather than by surrendering ourselves to sadness; for he maintained, alike in theory and in practice, the efficiency of religion as a tranquillizing and cheering influence. With him, faith in God meant filial trust; faith in Christ, calm and patient hope. It may give us a clearer apprehension of that faith in both its relations, to review some of the impressions which his life and character have made on us.

Dr. Burnap's life was divided into two portions, distinctly marked by a change of residence and employment, as he passed from one to the other, but intimately related through the influence which the former exerted on the latter. Born in New England, nearly half of his years were spent at the North; called to this city in 1827, he remained here till his death. His father was the minister of a Congregational society in Merrimac, a small rural town in the State of New Hampshire. Like many of the ministers of that region, he was a man not only of good sense, but of considerable learning, well acquainted with the original languages of the Bible, and thoroughly conversant with its pages. Of a mother's influence the son felt but little, as she died when he was a child. In his boyhood he gave promise of the tastes which prevailed in later years. Intense delight in

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natural scenery was among his earliest recollections, and a desire for intellectual improvement began to seek gratification as soon as he was old enough to devote any part of his time to study. Through the assistance of relatives he was enabled to prepare himself for college, and had the satisfaction of entering the Freshman class of 1820, at Cambridge. The death of his father the next year, and the narrowness of his pecuniary resources, involved him in anxieties, which he surmounted by a resolute will and an eager love of knowledge. Before his graduation he had decided on his future course. From his school days it had been his purpose to enter the ministry, and when the time for a final determination arrived, "no other pursuit," as he himself has said, "had any charm for him," nor did he "feel that he could be happy in any other." The three years which he spent in the Divinity School gave precision to his religious views, as well as maturity to his character, and established him in the doctrinal conclusions to which he ever afterwards adhered. Although brought up under what might be called comparatively Liberal influences, he had imbibed the prejudice against Unitarianism common where the opinions which have that name were not understood. Always fond, however, of theological inquiry, and from his childhood disinclined to Calvinism, "at which every feeling of his moral nature revolted," his mind was prepared for the effect which a careful and critical study of the Bible would have on one who came to it dissatisfied with the popular belief, but uninstructed in any other. "We began," he says, in a memoir of the earlier part of his life which I have been permitted to read, — written at the request of one whose wish had with him the authority of a command, — "we began at the beginning of Genesis, and scrutinized every passage to the end of Revelation. Passage after passage, which once had seemed to me to teach the Trinity, was explained, till at last the Unity of God came forth from the pages of the Bible like the sun shining in his strength." In the course

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of the second year of his attendance in the Divinity School he "made out a pretty full and satisfactory system of theology," — "and my opinions," he adds, "have changed very little since." Before completing his theological studies, he was invited to occupy the pulpit in which he was afterwards ordained to the Christian ministry. How justly he weighed the opportunities and the trials which such an invitation set before him appears from his own words. "It was to me wholly unexpected," he writes, "and the source of no little embarrassment. I was comparatively young, and wholly without experience. My chief knowledge was of books. I had not more than five or six sermons. The idea of going to a strange and distant city, where there was but one church of our faith, and that just struggling for existence, might well make a young man pause. On the other hand, the very magnitude and peril of the enterprise made it attractive to a youthful mind, somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. My theological education and careful attention to criticism and dogmatic learning had fitted me for a place where the peculiar doctrines of Unitarianism would need explanation and defence. Besides, an idle life never had any charm for me. It was my preference, to place myself in a situation in which my powers would find full employment."

"After long and solemn deliberation," he accepted the proposal you had made, and at the close of the academic year left Cambridge for this city, where he preached for the first time in September, 1827. An acquaintance of eight weeks resulted in an invitation on your part, and an assent on his, to a permanent connection. Returning to Boston after a few weeks more of service among you, he made arrangements for the ordination, which, on account of the inconvenience of travelling at that season of the year, was deferred till the spring. On the 23d of April, 1828, an ecclesiastical council assembled in this place, and set him apart, by the simple yet solemn offices which Congregation-

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alism adopts, to the work of the Christian ministry. It is a circumstance not unworthy of notice, as showing the interest which was felt in your position, and the confidence reposed in the man whom you had chosen as your pastor, that three of the most venerable ministers of New England, — if I mistake not, the three oldest of the Unitarian clergy, — were members of that council.

Here, then, terminates the first part of our friend's life. From the rough, yet pleasant hill-sides and academic groves of New England, he is transferred to a city full of Southern life and commercial activity. He brought hither the tastes and habits which had ripened there. If he displayed in subsequent years the granite firmness of his native State or the scholarly discipline of one who had been trained in the University over which Kirkland presided and in which Norton taught, you know whence he derived those traits. If the clear, logical action of his mind and the persistent integrity of his life secured for him universal respect, you may not be unwilling to ascribe something to the influences beneath which he grew up to his manhood. If independence was held under due restraint by reverence, while yet faith walked with a free step through heavenly places, are we not reminded of the scenes and the society in which he spent his early years?

On his removal to this city Mr. Burnap entered upon his work with a decision, and yet with a quiet industry that were characteristic of his whole life. He regarded this, we have seen, as a place for the vindication of a misunderstood and traduced faith. Perhaps he looked at it too exclusively in this light. But if his judgment erred in this respect, it was an error almost unavoidable. The origin of the society and its relation to the community around it seemed to impose the necessity of much doctrinal and controversial preaching. The sermon delivered at the ordination of the first minister had brought Unitarianism before the country, and had drawn upon it the severest criticism. He who

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with so much ability defended the truth while standing in this post, had left an example which it was not strange that his successor should feel himself moved, if not bound, to follow. It certainly cannot surprise us that a young man, entering the ministry under such circumstances, and at a time when controversy had not yet fallen into disrepute, should have given his strength to an "explanation and defence" of the doctrines which he believed to be alone sound, profitable, or Scriptural. Dr. Burnap's mental constitution, moreover, I cannot but think, disposed him to this kind of work. He loved investigation, and could not consent that the judgment should be misled by mysticism or sophistry. He soon, therefore, became one of the prominent defenders of the Unitarian faith, and at the time of his death stood behind no one of its champions.

For more than thirty years he has lived and preached in this place. How diligent was his toil, how careful his preparation for the pulpit, how sincere his devotion to the ministry which he had undertaken, how single-hearted his interest in your welfare, how true his sympathy in your sorrows, how earnest his prosecution of the purposes which he esteemed paramount to all others, you need not that I should say. My words, the expression of a judgment formed on distant observation and incidental though concurrent testimony, must seem to you cold or inadequate. You who have listened to his familiar voice and seen his daily deportment, can bear stronger witness than other friends, however much they valued him, to his faithful and irreproachable life.

Of the wider relations which he filled it may not be improper for one, who did not enjoy the privilege of immediate intercourse, to speak. Of the estimation in which he was held by this community, of the support which he lent to the various social interests with which he was allowed or solicited to connect himself, and of the influence which he had built up in a city to which he came an unheralded and

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youthful stranger, you are best informed. Still, it is impossible to have witnessed the spectacle presented at his funeral, or to have passed a day in this place since his death, and not have found evidence of the hold which he had gained on the general respect. No more decisive proof could be given of real and solid worth, than the fact that, while the religious opinions of which he was the zealous advocate placed him in antagonism to the body of the people, and subjected him to a scrutiny eager to detect occasion for censure, not a word is uttered in derogation of his character, but, on the contrary, every voice acknowledges that Baltimore has lost one of its strongest and best men. An intelligent community is seldom wrong in its estimation of those whom it has had sufficient opportunity to observe; and when, after thirty years' residence, it can speak only in terms of high regard of one of its inhabitants, especially if at first it was necessary for him to disarm prejudice and conciliate distrust, we may accept that judgment as conclusive. The frequent demand made on our friend for services which he always cheerfully rendered, the cordial and even intimate acquaintance which he had formed with many who differed from him widely on questions of controversial divinity, and the emphatic testimony borne to his character as a citizen and a scholar by placing him in the Direction of that noble Institute which will cause the name of its founder to be repeated with gratitude through future generations, declare in what appreciation he was held.

Beyond the limits of your city, or of the denomination to which he belonged, he was well and honorably known. His printed works had given him a wide celebrity. We should do him great injustice if we passed them over in silence, for they were the fruits of patient study, and bore the marks of that clear-sightedness of purpose by which he was distinguished. They would deserve notice as proofs of ability and industry; but as illustrations of the personality whence they proceeded, they claim our present attention. They

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were not written for a temporary effect, nor thrown off under the impulse of a sudden thought. Carefully considered, deliberately prepared, the plan of each matured before it was executed, the argument skilfully arranged, the rhetorical embellishment judiciously introduced, these volumes constitute a permanent and appropriate memorial of their author. We cannot wonder that he regarded them with a sort of parental satisfaction, for they were the progeny of earnest thought and warm interest. His head and his heart had joined in their production, and they bore the lineaments of their origin. They have made his name known on the other side of the continent, across the ocean, in Asiatic cities, and Australian homes; and though his voice is hushed, they will continue to spread the truths which were dearer to him than life.

Dr. Burnap did not confine his labors to the pulpit and the press. A new channel of usefulness was opened a few years ago, by a somewhat crude judgment of society respecting its own wants. The lecture-room became a place of popular resort, and they who could interest an audience were called to furnish agreeable or instructive entertainment. Your late minister was of course soon invited to take his part in this attempt to make pleasure the handmaid of improvement. He saw at once that, if the attempt should not be successful, there were incidental advantages which might not be slighted. Still he considered these as secondary, while the primary end he chose to make the instruction which the people needed. He never catered to a taste for mere amusement. The lectures which he delivered here and in other places were suited to convey information, awaken moral purpose, or excite religious feeling. The course which he read before the Lowell Institute in Boston was the result of the study and observation of many years.

Although living at a distance from those who agreed with him in his exposition of Christianity, Dr. Burnap was

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once and again invited to give them the benefit which they could not fail to derive from his well-disciplined and well-stored mind. He embraced such occasions gladly, for they enabled him to strengthen and extend sympathies that were a source of refreshment to his spirit. His visits to the North were seasons of fraternal intercourse in which he delighted. While he gathered fresh courage for his solitary toil, we were instructed by his example of steadfast faith and hopeful energy.

Indeed, the distinction, which seemed to me to mark him more than any other, was a settled and satisfactory faith. In days when we see so much of fluctuation, or of bold denial coupled with extravagant assertion, and so little of calm statement or sound opinion, it was no slight privilege to behold one whose belief was legitimated by careful inquiry, and was made a resting-place for the mind. With him of whom I speak belief was a deep conviction of the soul, receiving nothing on the ground of human authority, and rejecting nothing because it claimed to be of Divine origin. He accepted Christianity as a revelation from God, while he disowned the false interpretations which men had put on that Christianity. Dr. Burnap was a Unitarian Christian. To no man on earth did the name ever belong more justly than to him. He was a Unitarian in the strictest sense of that word. He was a Christian in the fullest sense of that word. He had no morbid dread of a name which at once indicated and described his faith. He repudiated every form of Trinitarianism as unscriptural; he assailed the errors of a rationalistic theology as anti-scriptural. The former, as he thought, misrepresented, the latter dishonored Christ. He drew his faith from the Bible. This was his citadel and his armory. He studied the Scriptures, he reverenced them, he loved them. The first book in which he took an interest, after the Primer from which he learned to read, was the Bible. The first money, of any large amount for a boy, which he ever possessed he spent for a Bible and a psalm-book. The most

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agreeable of the studies which he pursued at Cambridge was Biblical criticism. "I began this study," he says, "with the determination of making myself thoroughly master of it; and it has been one of the chief employments of my life ever since." It was not mere textual criticism which he meant, but that free yet reverent use of the Bible under the laws of a just interpretation, of which he has given us so admirable an example in his book on "Christianity, its Essence and Evidence," — a book of which he was accustomed to speak as his most elaborate work.

Dr. Burnap was pre-eminently a student. Much as he admired nature, and dearly as he loved his friends, books were the chief source of his enjoyment. To them he went for invigoration, to them for recreation. From early days he had felt the glow of literary enthusiasm, and in later years the greater part of his time was spent in his library. Some of you may have wished he had given more hours to social intercourse, and it would doubtless have been an advantage to him as well as to you, if he had lifted his pastoral service into a nearer equality of regard with his function as an interpreter of Divine truth. But no one could charge him with a neglect of duty at those times when a minister's presence is most needed in the homes of his people, and to him it seemed plain that the work required of him lay rather within his own doors than in passing from house to house. Who may presume to say that he mistook his work? Each man has his own aptitudes. "There are diversities of gifts." It is one of the advantages of Protestantism, that it cannot entertain a uniform style of ministerial service. Its strength lies in a reasonable indulgence of personal taste and private judgment. The greatest efficiency will always be found where there is the least of conventional restraint or professional routine.

We should communicate a very wrong impression respecting the friend who has been taken from us, if we should suggest the thought that his nature was not touched

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to issues of tender affection and genial sympathy. With all his habits of study, he was eminently a social man. Under a calm, and as some persons might judge a cold exterior, were hidden warm sensibilities. Few men took greater delight in conversation. Few had a quicker discernment or a more generous appreciation of excellence. As is often the case, a constitutional diffidence threw a disguise over his emotional nature, and the severity of his composure might be misconstrued into a lack of sympathetic feeling. They who knew him best knew how unjust was such an imputation. In his late visit to the North, writes a friend, he desired to see the portrait of a relative whom he had known in his youth. "He sat before it, and gazed upon it many minutes in total silence, his face betraying an emotion which forbade his speaking." Afterwards he rode to one and another spot with which were connected remembrances of them whom he had loved. On their way back to his host's residence "a long pause ensued, and turning round," his friend "saw the tears streaming down his cheeks." It was a sufficient indication of a genial nature, that he was quick to perceive whatever was pleasant, or might be turned to good account, in the conduct or remarks of others. To this ready perception of what was worth remembering he was indebted for the frequent anecdote with which his conversation was enlivened, and for the apt illustration with which he rendered scientific or religious truth intelligible to the common mind. It was from a speech which he chanced to hear on some public occasion — nor may it be improper to add that the speaker was not one of his own sex — that he borrowed the felicitous title of his treatise on the "Rectitude of Human Nature."

As a preacher, Dr. Burnap, more than many of his professional brethren, would be regarded differently by different audiences, — here admired, there perhaps not heard with pleasure. A certain stateliness of manner, which with some hearers would be impressive, on others would have the effect

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of an artificial delivery. That natural diffidence to which I have alluded, and which he himself said often "amounted to nervousness," and was never wholly overcome, may have been the foundation of a style of pulpit address which was not, I apprehend, best suited to reach the hearts of a promiscuous assembly. But they who gave their attention to the discourse found themselves listening to one who had measured his thoughts and weighed his sentences, and knew both what he wished to say and how to say it. Especially were they made to feel the unquestionable sincerity of the preacher, who might, with perfect truth, have introduced every sermon with the words, I "believe, and therefore speak."

On his personal attributes there is no need that I should enlarge. Of the intellectual vigor and the moral uprightness by which he was distinguished, of his reverential piety and his true-hearted kindness, of the solidity or of the proportions of his character, why should more be said? He had walked before you in open day through a long acquaintance, and you know that he was an able and a good man.

For more than thirty years had he labored in this field, sowing much seed, and permitted to behold some of it springing up and bearing fruit, while yet another portion is germinating in the secrecy of many an intellectual or spiritual consciousness. His ministry was not free from trial. He knew it would not be when he came here. But difficulty did not depress his courage nor disappointment chill his hopes. With trial was mingled success. He felt that he had not labored in vain, and he was grateful for what he had been able to accomplish. He loved his work, and the thought of leaving it was one which he could never entertain.

Those thirty years covered an important period in the history of religious thought in this country, and abroad. The Unitarian controversy had just passed its height, and questions of yet broader import were beginning to agitate

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the public mind. The momentous themes which revolve around the idea of a supernatural communication to man came into debate, and were discussed with a freedom that paid little regard to Christian sensibilities, and a pretension as offensive as the dogmatism which it denounced. Opinion grew lax as it grew bold, and men who had been sick of a surfeit of belief were now likely to die of inanition. A reaction by which some were rescued from this fate carried them back towards the old symbols of thought. For the last five years we have been witnessing and enduring the consequences of a dissolution of mere hereditary and prescriptive authority. Of this state of things within our own body, even more than without it, yet by no means seen only among ourselves, Dr. Burnap was closely observant. Having carefully defined, and both Scripturally and logically justified his position, he could not be moved from it by the currents which poured their waters around him. Liberal in feeling, yet conservative in judgment, he stood a sentinel and a champion on what he believed to be the Divinely built wall that encompassed the Christian household; undisturbed alike by the clamor of those who said it swept too large a circle, and by the cries of them who pronounced the enclosure too small; compromising neither liberty nor faith, but vindicating by his own example the practicability of their union.

In the midst of his labors he was called into his Master's presence. He had just returned to his familiar duties, refreshed by a visit to the scenes of his early life, and cheered by the renewal of an intercourse that could only be occasional. But a day or two before leaving New England, he spoke of the fresh courage with which he should resume his employments. You observed with what satisfaction he again entered this pulpit. Another week had partly gone, and he had begun a discourse in which it was probably his purpose to present to you his views on certain questions to which the public attention had lately been

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directed. After an evening which no one of those with whom it was spent imagined would be his last, he lay down, — to awake with the dawn of another day, and then to close his eyes forever on the light of this world. You were startled and shocked as the intelligence came to your dwellings or met you at your places of business. The city was moved. The electric messenger reported the fact in distant parts of the country, and men held their breath as when overtaken by some sudden calamity. In the midst of his strength he passed away. To us it seemed that there was more for him to do before the end came. He was wanted here as we thought. His friends needed him, society needed him, the truth needed him, letters and religion needed him. Yet God took him. And who may say that he was taken too soon? No man is needful to the eternal Providence; and though, in our apprehension, a thousand others could better be spared than he who is taken, to the unerring Eye it may appear that the fit time has come for his departure. Now that our friend has gone from us we can only prostrate our judgments, with our wills, in submission to the supreme Wisdom. Before his death we could transfer to him but a part of the Apostle's brief, yet comprehensive sketch of his own history; now what more apt language shall we find, in which to clothe our decision upon the life just ended? He had "fought a good fight," he had "finished his course," he had "kept the faith:" there was "laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge," was waiting to bestow.

By a single bound he conquered the space between the visible and the invisible, across which so many are led with painful and wearisome steps. It was his desire that such might be his privilege.

"To him God's angel came,
A messenger of love;
He sank upon the proffered arm,
And rose to life above."

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In one of the churches of Philadelphia may be seen a monumental structure, — perhaps the most beautiful with which modern art has soothed the grief of bereaved affection. At the foot of a cross recline three figures, in peaceful slumber. At their side stands the angel of death with gentle countenance, and wings spread for his upward flight, while his outstretched hand is just falling on the shoulder of one of the sleepers. More plainly than in written words it tells of the believer's passage, without fear or alarm, from an earthly to a heavenly life. Was not that symbolism realized in our friend's departure? Sleeping, we might say, with almost literal truth, at the foot of the cross, where his evening prayer of thanksgiving and trust had been poured out, he awoke at the touch of an unseen hand, which called him for a moment to a consciousness of his mortal state only to lead him thence to the realm of endless day.

And now with the plaint of grief must there not mingle notes of praise? Shall we not bless the Lord for the life which He committed to one who so well understood its value? Must we not be thankful for the faculties with which he was endowed, the opportunities with which he was favored, and the use which he made of those powers and opportunities for the benefit of his fellow-men? Shall we not acknowledge the goodness of God in giving us a friend, by whose instruction we were profited, and in whose society we delighted? Shall we not be grateful for the precious recollections we cherish, for the persuasion of an example but the clearer for its disconnection from passing events, as the foliage is brightest when guarded from the dust of the highway, for an influence which sinks the deeper into our hearts because it is now purely spiritual, and for that still widening circle of usefulness through which he who has infused any measure of just thought or holy sentiment into the world's literature remains its benefactor long after his personal presence is withdrawn? Truly we have much for which to be thankful, they who were

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nearest to him measuring the extent of their obligation by the pain of their bereavement. It is present loss that shows us past privilege.

With what importunity of solicitation do such a life and such a death address us! That change, so sudden, so great, from contact at every point with the sensible world, to an entrance into the world of spirits, how earnestly does it speak of the constant preparation which should be made for an hour of which we may have no warning! And what other preparation can be made than is seen in a life well-spent, — in uprightness of character, loyalty of soul, a practical interpretation of the Gospel of God's grace, an exemplification of the righteousness that is through faith! If God in his great mercy will accept sincere endeavor and consecration to a right purpose, for the faultless service which it belongs only to them who have passed "within the veil" to render, shall we not by such consecration and such endeavor press "towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus?" They who have gone before us beckon us on. Here they counselled, now they entreat us. The memorial which they have left on earth is an undying testimony in behalf of man's highest interests; the glory into which they have risen shines down, to lure and guide us in the path which they trod.

"Let not fortune, which hath no name in Scripture, have any in thy divinity. Let Providence, not chance, have the honor of thy acknowledgments, and be thy Œdipus in contingencies. Mark well the paths and winding ways thereof; but be not too wise in the construction, or sudden in the application. The hand of Providence writes often by abbreviations, hieroglyphics, or short characters, which, like the laconism* on the wall, are not to be made out but by a hint or key from that Spirit which indicated them."

* See Daniel.

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"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

ACCUSED, arraigned, the culprit waits to hear,
An awful choice requiring him to make,
The grave recorder of arbitraments
Speak by commandment of the primate judge,
Breaking the silence of the reverend fane
To justice consecrate, demanding first,
Guilty or not? then, How wilt thou be tried?

Who that this scene has witnessed can forget
The breathless sense of the divinity
That cinctures Law, at its first sight he felt!

But far more moving to the soul I deem
The vision of the introverted eye,
When man, self-tested by the Living Word,
Endures the question of his daily life.
God and his country are his triers then.
How lives he to his God, and for the land
That God has made his mother-land, must be
Seen by the light within.

What day by day
Our trial is, at the last day will be
Our trial; to our God and for our land
We must live daily; and the last great day
Will show us what we every day have been.
Let us be just, pure, merciful, and brave,
Because our God commands us so to be, —
Because, so being, we our country call
To justice, pureness, mercy, bravery;
And as our life to God and to our land,
So will our sentence in the judgment read.

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MEMOIRS OF A SAINTLY FRIEND.

No. X.

VISIT TO THE WEST INDIES.

The certificate of the Darby Meeting expressed that the visit of John Jackson to the West Indies was a going forth of their spirit. But the ensuing week the matter was submitted to the Quarterly Meeting, which included six Monthly Meetings; and there also the current of unity was still further opened up, and the following certificate obtained: —

"Our beloved friend, John Jackson, a minister in unity with us, opened in this meeting a concern, which has caused much weight of exercise to his mind, to pay a religious visit, in Gospel love, to the inhabitants of some parts of the West Indies. And he producing a minute from Darby Monthly Meeting, expressive of their unity with him therein, this meeting being brought into a deep feeling of sympathy with him in the concern, it was on solid deliberation united with, to set him at liberty to pursue his prospect as Truth may direct."

But this was not all. Two weeks after this Quarterly Meeting, the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders was held at Philadelphia; and to this, as one of their number, John Jackson named the matter, and showed his two certificates above mentioned. From this body he obtained another certificate: —

"Our beloved friend, John Jackson, a minister of the Gospel, in full unity with us, laid before this meeting a concern which had impressed his mind as a religious duty, to visit in Gospel love the inhabitants of some of the West India Islands. The importance of the undertaking obtained our serious and deliberate consideration, and the sympathy and unity of the meeting were expressed with his prospect. We therefore recommend him to the friendly notice of all to whom this certificate may come, desiring that he may be

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enabled to perform his religious visit under the Divine guidance, and to edification; and, after having accomplished his mission of love, that he may return to his family and friends with the reward of a peaceful mind."

We will now make extracts from the journal of this visit, which was made in company with George Truman, who was similarly accredited, and with Thomas Longstreth, who had watched with great fidelity over Mr. Jackson in his illness, and now felt it his duty to accompany them. In the beginning of the journal Mr. Jackson says: "The deep exercises and baptisms of spirit into which I have been brought, in having this service opened before me, while they have been such as no flesh could glory in, will, I humbly trust, tend to prepare me for the work which the Divine Master may allot for me in this part of his vineyard. From a sense of my great weakness I have been brought to see, that, without his holy aid and assistance, I shall be incompetent to the service he may require at my hands. Knowing that the service of Christ must not depend upon human wisdom for direction, but on the teachings of the Holy Spirit, which will be mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance, to all his dedicated followers, who place their confidence in him, and wait for the power which he will give them to accomplish his work, — to these his command remains as formerly, 'Tarry at Jerusalem until ye are endued with power from on high.' After having been brought into a willingness to resign myself to the work and service of my Divine Master, and having made the proper arrangement of my temporal affairs, I parted with my beloved wife and family on 7th day, the 14th of the 11th mo. 1840, with a view to embark from New York on the 16th."

With respect to the "arrangement of" his "temporal affairs," it may be said that a religious Friend offered to lend him the requisite money, which he subsequently repaid. A portion of this sum was afterwards refunded to him by

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the Yearly Meeting, who owned him as their own messenger of the Spirit.

"1st day, 21st of 11th mo. At our request this morning, a meeting for divine worship was held on board the ship, which was attended by nearly all the passengers. I believe those who did not attend it were absent on account of seasickness. It was a refreshing opportunity, in which I trust some of us were permitted to realize the truth of the Divine Master's declaration, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

"George broke the silence by some remarks on our manner of worship in silence; and afterwards had much to communicate which I trust was adapted to the occasion. My mind was led to take a view of the vision which John had, when he beheld an innumerable company which no man could number, who were gathered out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, to stand before the throne of God, with palms in their hands to serve him day and night. I was led to show, that, however we might differ in our apprehensions of the duties of religion, the desire no doubt was common to us all, to be numbered with this blessed company in singing with the redeemed of all generations the song of Moses and the Lamb. Therefore we should forget those sectarian prejudices which have a tendency to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus, and endeavor to draw near in spirit to the fountain of wisdom and instruction, that we might witness this to be the blood of the Lamb, which taketh away the sins of the soul, and arrayeth it in that white linen which is the righteousness of saints. . . . . .

"The meeting concluded, I trust, in the right feeling. It was perhaps the first meeting of the kind some had ever attended; and one of the passengers, who is a native of Jamaica, asked me if we confined our preaching to the Sabbath, — 'I was so well pleased, that it would be agreeable to me, and I have no doubt to the rest of the passen-

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gers, that you should preach again, towards the middle of the week,' — to which question I gave a prudent reply."

"25th. This being 4th day, we proposed to our ship's company to hold a meeting for divine worship, according to our custom, in the middle of the week; this being responded to, preparations were made to hold the meeting on deck; and nearly the whole of the ship's crew and passengers quietly seated themselves. Very soon my mind was led to open to them some of the doctrines and testimonies of Friends, showing that after the manner which men call heresy we worship the God of our fathers. I alluded to the great persecutions and sufferings our forefathers had to endure from other professors of religion, because they could not unite with them in outward performances; — how many of them fled to the wilderness of America, and found the shelter in the wigwam of the Indian which had been denied them by the more enlightened professors of their native land; — how the strong arm of worldly power, of bigotry, and fanaticism, there raised the hand of persecution on them, and some were banished to the isles which we are now about to visit, and forbidden a return to America under penalty of death; but some of them did return, choosing to obey God rather than man; and some of them suffered the ignominious death of the gallows, and New England shed the blood of martyrs. But the disciples of the cross have ever, by their faithfulness, advanced the interests of their Master's kingdom. Time has rolled on, and the spirit of intolerance has been banished from our land, and the once poor and despised Quaker is now permitted to worship the God of his fathers, and enjoy his religion unmolested by a spirit of persecution, unshackled by human authority. Some of our peculiar doctrines were shown to have been taught by Jesus Christ. Our belief that a measure of the Holy Spirit is given to every one, to profit withal, and, as it is lived up to and obeyed, will bring all things to our remembrance; that the true follower of Christ must deny self, take

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up his cross daily, and not rest satisfied with a mere name of religion. Hence we are called to bear a testimony against oaths, because he hath forbidden them; and against war, because it is opposed to the plainest injunctions of the Christian religion. As these views opened on my mind, I was enabled to offer them, I trust not unprofitably; and I believe they will be reflected upon. After a few remarks offered by G. T., and a season of supplication, our meeting concluded, and I felt peace of mind in having requested the opportunity."

"29th. We proposed, as the evening was pleasant, and it was first-day, to have a religious opportunity. We accordingly sat down with the passengers on the deck of the vessel, where, amidst the roaring of the ocean and the sound of the wind among the sails of the ship, we endeavored to draw near in stillness to Him who rewardeth richly all them who diligently seek him. My mind was clothed with an earnest solicitation that we all might turn our attention to a *voice* that could be heard even amidst the sound of many waters, even to the *still, small voice* which spake to Elijah, after the earthquake and the fire had passed by, and invited him to come and have fellowship with the seven thousand in Israel who had never bowed the knee to Baal. Believing that many within the audience had known, at many seasons, the silent whisperings of this voice, and were led to make the inquiry, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?' I endeavored to encourage them to obey every opening to become sensible of the visitations of the Divine Love; and leave all, to follow the Captain of their salvation whithersoever he might lead them. Faith is a living principle in the heart, which, working by love to the purifying thereof, enables the believer to overcome the world, and lay a foundation for a spiritual building, even an establishment in the Church of Christ. I have reason to believe our evening sacrifice was accepted, and our meeting closed with a sense of profit and comfort to some minds present.

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"One of our passengers is a clergyman who is visiting St. Croix on account of his health. He is a young man of fine talents, and has received a college education for the ministry. I have had much conversation with him, in which I have endeavored to show that a qualification for the ministry cannot be received from man or the teachings of man; and that the Apostles did not receive their ministry from man, but by the revelation of the ascended Christ; that Paul declared he taught, not as the Apostles taught him, but by the Holy Spirit, comparing spiritual things with spiritual; and that man could preach or pray only as the Spirit helpeth our infirmities with groanings that cannot be uttered; for he said, 'When it pleased God to reveal his Son *in me*, IMMEDIATELY, I consulted not with flesh and blood, but *gave up to the heavenly vision;*' he 'did not go up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before him' to receive an ordination, because Christ was his bishop, and was able to anoint him for the work whereunto he was called. Now if Paul received a qualification for the ministry by the revelation of Jesus Christ, and spake not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but *only* as the Holy Ghost teacheth, do not those who teach any other qualification for a minister of the Gospel as sufficient, teach another Gospel, pervert the office of Christ's ministers, and make them the *servants of men?* Hence do not they, relying on the wisdom of men and accommodating their religious services to please men, enter into a compromise with those who employ them, not heeding the language of Paul to the Galatians, 'Do I seek to please men? If I pleased man hitherto, I should not be a servant of Christ.' . . . . . I stated that there was as much certainty now of the clear manifestations of the Holy Spirit to the dependent follower of Jesus as ever there had been, and the same power was given to Christ's servants to the end of the world that was given to the primitive believers. To this my friend replied, that revelation had ceased; that our doctrine of the internal

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light was a delusion; and that there was no higher guide than God's written word (meaning the Scriptures). I gave him to understand, that upon that subject I had evidence to believe that 'the manifestation of the Spirit was given to *every one* to profit withal,' so far as relates to myself, as certainly as I had evidence to prove the existence of objects around me; and therefore no reasoning upon that subject could alter or change my belief, any more than I could be convinced that such a thing as light did not exist to make outward things visible. He said he did not question my sincerity, but the world had often been deceived by those professing to have an immediate revelation of the will of God, whose conduct was not Christian, and that a dependence on the suggestions of the imagination was calculated to lead to a denial of the written word of God. I told him that we were commanded not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits, and that every spirit which did not confess to the Spirit of Christ within, enlightening every man that cometh into the world, was not of God, but was Antichrist, and that Jesus had laid down a criterion by which we may judge whether we are actuated by the Spirit of God,—'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Now if, professing to be led by the Spirit, we produce not the fruits of the Spirit,—which are, first, love to God and a corresponding feeling to all those into whom he has breathed the breath which makes the living soul, and then, the Christian virtues enumerated by the Apostle,—there is an evidence that we are influenced by the spirit of Antichrist, concerning which John says, 'Ye have heard that he should come; and even now, clearly, he is in the world.' But if the fruits of the Spirit do appear, who will dare to say that the tree upon which they are borne is corrupt? 'A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can a good tree bring forth evil fruit.' My young clergyman still opposed the doctrine; saying, we do not know what the fruit would be, until we had already followed our inward guide too far; and therefore it is unsafe

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to depend on it. We parted with a brotherly feeling, but I could not but mourn over the desolation made by traditional religion among the professors of the Christian name. Verily, many who call themselves the teachers of religion, themselves need to be instructed in the first principles of the Gospel of Christ! Verily, so-called Theological Seminaries are instrumental in teaching for doctrines the commandments of men!"

The journal of the voyage is full of descriptions of the sea, of storms, &c., which evince the writer's sensibility to the sublimities and beauties of nature; but we select only extracts that are characteristic of his religion. From the subsequent journal of the visit we shall also have to make selections only; but they will throw much incidental light on the workings of the apprentice system, and the full emancipation plan, at this interesting period of the history of the West Indies.

E. P. P.

THE EARLY APOLOGISTS FOR CHRISTIANITY.

In reading lately upon the evidences of our faith, a prize essay by Professor Bolton of the English Cambridge met my attention for the first time, and seemed to me deserving of general notice. The results of much study are given in compact shape and sufficiently popular manner, so that we may look into the ages immediately succeeding the Apostles', and see how our religion was regarded by its defenders, — and partly by its enemies. Each of the early Christian Fathers, in succession, as far as Augustine, gives his argument upon one of the seven points of defence, Antecedent Probability, Antiquity, Prophecy, Miracles, Reasonableness, Morality, Success of the Gospel; and, curious as the collection is in an antiquarian point of view, the satisfaction of the reader as to the Christian evidences is far greater than in the study of many larger, more pretending books.

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Two of these arguments, that upon Christian Morality and that upon the rapid triumphs of Gospel truth, these earliest defenders of the faith present with peculiar power. For instance, the testimony of Lactantius as to the superior virtues of the primitive believers. "Produce me a man," he says, "addicted to anger, to evil-speaking, to any unruly and disorderly behavior; I will only apply to him a few words out of the book of God, and he shall become as meek and tame as a lamb. Give me an avaricious, covetous person; and I will restore him to you open-handed and open-hearted. Let me see a man impatient of pain and afraid of death, and I will presently make him perfectly fearless of dangers and torture. Show me an adulterer, and he shall return to you continent, chaste, and sober. Let a man given to bloodshed adopt the Christian faith, and all his rage will be turned to clemency and mildness; in short, let the most unjust, the most thoughtless and grievous sinner fall under the influence of the Gospel, and you shall soon observe him a lover of equity, innocent, and prudent in his whole behavior. . . . . Which of your philosophers was ever able to make such an offer as this? Though they spent their lives in the study of philosophy, they could never make either themselves or any one better. Their wisdom at the most only served to hide, not to destroy vice. . . . . Your spectacles tend to corrupt, and are to be avoided by all who respect their own peace and happiness. We renounce all noxious pleasures, lest we should be seduced by their fatal fascination, and so fall into the snares of death."

Then, as to the early, rapid, wide-spread triumphs of the cross, the testimony of those who witnessed this demonstration of the power of the Most High is particularly valuable, — as to the incredibly brief time in which the faith advanced so far, — its extension over the known world, — the violent, persevering, relentless opposition it had to encounter, — the moral means, apparently so inadequate, and independent of the assistance of eloquence or power. Tertullian perhaps is enough: "Our enemies exclaim that the

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whole state is overrun with us; they lament it as a calamity that Christians are found in the country, in the cities, in the islands; that persons of both sexes and of all ages and dignities come over to that name. . . . . All the extremities of Spain, the different nations of Gaul and parts of Britain inaccessible to the Romans, are subject to Christ. If the cruel laws against the Christians were enforced, Carthage would be desolated."

But Eusebius's statement is so graphic, we will close this intentionally brief notice with its citation. "If any one will consider what numbers of Christians and churches with vast congregations are said to exist in the East; and how many there are of men and women desiring to come over to holiness in the western parts of the world; that, throughout the whole of Spain and Gaul and the country of the Moors and Africans, in the islands of the ocean and in Britain, men subscribe to Christ, he will understand what is the power of that prophetic word, 'Many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom.' And this, too, effected by means of poor and illiterate men, by men ignorant in speech, Scythians in language, in character humble and mean. Thus, by Divine power fishers became preachers."

F. W. H.

OBITUARY.

REV. SAMUEL WILLARD, D. D.

"He was a good man, and filled with the Holy Ghost and of faith." He was honest clear through, from the core of his heart to his fingers' ends. I think he never could have said or done anything for effect. As little as any man I ever knew did he take counsel with flesh and blood. "An Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile," nay, a Christian

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as earnest and positive in his Christian convictions as large in his Christian charity. A clerkly man too, after the old methods and measures of scholarship, bringing the treasures of wisdom and knowledge to the house of the Lord and to the schools of our youth. Separated unto the Gospel of God, called to be a preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus, he could not consent to encumber the Divine messages with the metaphysics of Calvinism, and so in company with many noble men he was driven into secession from the popular Christianity, but into the bitterness of controversy or the dreary and dry places of rationalism he was never driven. His aim was to preach the Christianity of the New Testament, neither adding to it nor taking from it. Though overtaken by total blindness midway in life, he would not lay off the harness, but still did what he could, and that was not a little, in his chosen calling, occupying again from time to time, almost to the very day of his death, as there was need, the pulpit in Deerfield which his infirmity had compelled him to relinquish. Like the great Puritan poet, our glorious Milton, he found in sweet sounds the solace and joy which come to others from the splendors and beauties of the heavens and the earth, and became a proficient in music. By great painstaking, he had wonderfully cultivated the faculty of memory. It was my good fortune to listen to the discourse which he pronounced upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement, and it was a remarkable performance, I will not say for a man of fourscore, but for any man.

It was my privilege in years past to be occasionally under his roof, and he is and always will be associated in my mind with that lovely valley which seemed to be hallowed by the good man's quiet home, where the two or three met together fulfilled the conditions and inherited the promise of Church life far more truly than they are made good in many a great assembly. Last summer I looked again upon the face of the venerable man. He had come to this city and neighborhood, as it proved for the last time, to find those who

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might remain — few, alas! — of the companions of his youth. His interest in all things honest, true, and lovely was as fresh as ever, and from the pulpit and at the table of Communion he delivered his Master's message. One fact in his outward experience made a vivid impression upon me. He said that the night, dark to others, was often light to him. Were they fore-splendors of the world of glory vouchsafed to the patient worker and waiter? The perfect brightness, we are persuaded, shines about him now. It is well. He had fought a good fight. He walked lovingly, yet firmly, in the way of the commandments. He trusted in the Lord. He recognized the absolute supremacy of conscience, and because he loved God, all things, even much which is very hard to bear, worked together for his good and helped to achieve his salvation.

Born into our world in Petersham, Mass., on the 19th of April, 1776, he passed, as we humbly trust, into the kingdom of light, on Saturday, the 8th of October, 1859. Well done, good and faithful servant!

E.

The following notice of Dr. Willard is from the New York Independent: —

"At Deerfield, Mass., October 8th, Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., aged eighty-three, senior pastor of the Unitarian Church in that town, and a graduate of Harvard, class of 1803. He was ordained in 1807. The first council called for the purpose was composed chiefly of ministers in the neighborhood, who refused to ordain him on account of his defective theology; and a second council was called, mostly from the eastern part of the State. By his distinguished talents as a preacher, his earnest and consistent character, his amiable manners, and his activity in doing good, he soon won the respect of all classes, and enjoyed it to the last. He espoused the cause of the slave when very many ministers stood aloof, and he never swerved or faltered. He was active in improving the public schools of his country, by writing, lectures, etc., years before either Horace Mann or James G. Carter commenced their labor in the cause."

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SHE IS NOT MOTHERLESS.

She is not motherless, though the pure heaven
Hath opened, and received her loved one up;
The Hand that took a precious faith hath given,
Diffusing sweetness through the bitter cup.

What though the "eternal silence" rest unbroken,
Nor sound nor sign her outward sense hath met?
To her fond heart a still, small voice hath spoken,
"Daughter, thy mother hovers round thee yet."

True, the dear form is lost, and nature urges
The longing wish to see that face once more;
Ah, vainly! as the ocean's heaving surges
Wake but the echoes of the rocky shore.

Yet oft the very air around her seemeth
Bright with the coming of the viewless one;
And spirit lustre from the dove-eyes beameth,
Dearer than light of star, or rising sun.

And she is rich in blessed memories, clinging
To her true heart from those dear scenes of yore;
Sweet words of fond endearment, softly ringing
From that loved voice, now heard on earth no more.

And as she treads the path of humble duty,
There comes to soothe her, like a healing balm,
The memory of that holy, heavenly beauty,
That sat upon the face, so still, so calm.

The mystic rapture of that smile, transcending
Aught that the living features ever knew,
A glory to the earthly temple lendeth,
As 't were celestial brightness shining through.

Call her not motherless; there dwells within her
The conscious presence of that deathless love,
Seeking with gentlest, tenderest force to win her
Through sorrow here to holiest joy above.

D.

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RANDOM READINGS.

SQUIRRELS AND LAUGHTER.

We have read a very good article on Laughter, by a writer in the New Jerusalem Messenger, in which the squirrel is made to symbolize the sportive element in human nature. "Laughter," says the writer, "is of two distinct kinds. The one is the result of sympathy, the other of antagonism. The one laughs *with* its object, the other laughs *at* it. The one partakes of the character of its object, and may be either good or evil. The other always despises its object, and is by its own nature necessarily evil. We laugh *with* the ludicrous; we laugh *at* the ridiculous." This seems to us a very just discrimination, and it may be questioned whether laughing at *persons* ever originates in a state of mind entirely humble, childlike, and pure. We presume, however, this classification was not intended to be exhaustive. There is a third kind of laughter, we think. You may call it laughing *into* other people, proceeding as it does from a superabounding humor and good-nature, which does not need any object to excite it. It goes out of itself in wavelets of drollery and innocent fun. We have known in our day a great many lean, lathy, elongated, grim, dyspeptic sort of people, who think that two and two always make four, and have never found that it is just as likely to make five, and the greatest blessing you could bestow upon them at first would probably be to roll into their spiny natures a few floods of billowy mirth. Dr. Nott was famous for his power over bad men. He would disperse any mob sooner than the Mayor and his police. He would meet them armed with clubs, looking lean, hungry, and defiant. In five minutes they would drop their bludgeons, and disperse in roars of laughter. The Doctor never despaired of gaining a man, if he could first make him laugh. Sidney Smith, at some dinner-party, saw one of these lathy men sitting beside him, and plied him with a joke. The man sat grim over it, say for five minutes, trying to extract its meaning. At last he looked up, "Why, Mr. Smith, you probably intended that for a joke." "I did n't intend it for anything else," was the reply. Whereupon the lathy gentleman began to laugh, and could n't stop, probably finding for the first time in his whole life that things had a ludicrous side.

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We once recommended Knickerbocker's New York to one of these elongated gentlemen. He read it, shook his head at it, and thought the style much inferior to that of Prescott and Bancroft, and doubted very much whether everything in the book was true.

These natures, which seem so poor and thin, very often have the saccharine matter in them, but it is at the bottom and undissolved, and they need shaking and stirring up in order to impart richness and flavor to their whole being, and save them from bigotry and meanness; and if you can once get a flood of humor fairly to sweep through them, the end may probably be gained.

There is a fourth kind of laughter, — laughing at follies and the smaller sins, by showing up their incongruities, and making men feel how contemptible such things are. This is not laughing at persons, but at qualities abstracted from persons, making vice and folly ridiculous as well as odious. Unless this is a right use of the humorous faculty, we must proscribe Cervantes, Shakespeare, Dickens, Hood, Charles Lamb, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Stowe. It is doubtful whether Luther could have accomplished what he did, if he had not been preceded by Erasmus. The works of the latter satirizing keenly the vices of the monks and the priesthood before they could be openly denounced, were widely circulated and read, and prepared the way for the Reformers.

Carlyle, in a criticism on Shakespeare, hits the distinction very justly between antagonistic and sympathetic laughter. "His laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt of his bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play, you would say roars and laughs. And then, if not always the finest, you would say it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery, or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not the crackling of thorns under a pot. Even at stupidity and pretension, this Shakespeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter; but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing, and hope they will get on well, and continue presidents of the city watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me." It may be doubtful whether we

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like Falstaff any better after his tumbling out from Mistress Ford's clothes-basket, or hope he will "get on" in that line; and it may be doubtful whether, if Dogberry, Verges, and Falstaff were real persons, and not vices and follies personified, they would thank the poet for making them ridiculous, or us for laughing at them, as he "tumbles and tosses them in horse-play."

MAN-HUNTING.

EVERY one ought to know what work is going on with the operations of the Fugitive Slave Bill, while we are listening to funeral orations in praise of its authors and abettors. We believe there is no express law which authorizes shooting down fugitives in a free State, but the public sentiment on this whole matter has been so lowered down and corrupted, that there is not masculine energy in it sufficient to bring such villany to punishment. This will not always be. The time will come when we shall see the Divine Lord in "the least of these," and our hands will not hang down, "while pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast." The following item we find from the Alton Courier. It will be borne in mind that the county of Randolph is in the free State of Illinois. "Five slaves recently escaped from Missouri, and made their way across the Mississippi into Randolph County. On Sunday night, 18th instant, their pursuers overtook them about five miles from Chester, and fired on them as they attempted to escape. One of them fell, mortally wounded, with about two hundred shot in his body, and died on Thursday morning following. Two of those who escaped were also wounded."

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

THE grandest strains are those which have been struck out of the heart by sorrow, to which class the two following pieces evidently belong. They were sent to us by an unknown correspondent, who confers a favor, not only upon us, but upon the public, by reviving such poetry, and giving it a fresh circulation. The first is ascribed to T. H. Chivers, M. D.; the author of the second is not known to our correspondent. We have never met with either before, and do not know in what form they were first published.

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SONG FROM THE INNER LIFE.

Sing to the Lord, O weary soul of sorrow!
Sing to the Lord, though chastened by his rod!
Sing to the Lord, that others hope may borrow:
The pure in heart see God.

Sink not beneath the yoke of tribulation,
Poor, weary mortal on life's thorny road;
But bear up stately with this consolation:
The pure in heart see God.

Take up thy cross! When thou art weary-laden,
Think how Christ sank beneath the heavy load!
High over Calvary shines the heavenly Aiden:
The pure in heart see God.

Cherish the golden words that he has spoken,
Then march up Calvary with thy heavy load,
Where his pure body on the cross was broken:
The pure in heart see God.

His yoke is easy, — light, too, is his burden;
Death is the gate to his Divine abode, —
The land of promise lies beyond the Jordan:
The pure in heart see God.

Angels of light their vigils now are keeping,
Crowding the ladder up to Heaven's abode, —
While Jacob soft on Bethel plain lies sleeping:
The pure in heart see God.

A flood of glory down from heaven comes streaming,
Washing the angels white along the road, —
While, weary with his wrestling, he lies dreaming:
The pure in heart see God.

God's golden glory up the east is springing,
Flooding with splendor all that blest abode,
While angels cluster at the high gates singing:
The pure in heart see God.

Rising, re-strengthened, like the blest immortals,
Climbing the ladder from the dewy sod,
He hears, again, at heaven's crystalline portals,
The pure in heart see God.

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Thus, while the good are on the dark earth sleeping,
Weary with travelling on life's thorny road,
Angels around their heads strict watch are keeping:
The pure in heart see God.

So, while the thorns are round the good man springing,
Bleeding his feet till they baptize the sod,
Angels of light are to his high soul singing,
The pure in heart see God.

Wide as Ezekiel's ever-flowing river,
No eye could see across, it was so broad,
Shall this sweet song flow down the world forever:
The pure in heart see God.

THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
A flinging the shuttle fast;
And a thread, that would last till the hour of doom,
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning upbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich, soft web were bedded;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours,—
Not yet were Time's feet leaded.

But something there came, slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell.

And a thread, that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

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But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray;
And the flowers and the buds and the leaves were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark, and still darker and darker grew
Each newly woven thread;
And some were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in,—
Sighs, down-crushed hopes, and fears;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A weaving those life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with glozing words he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye,—

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on — on — on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head,
And, gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.

And after, I saw in a *robe of light*
The weaver in the sky;
The angels' wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, 'mid the folds, all the iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung,
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

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And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the footprints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky
Shone the labor of Sorrow and Gloom.

And then I prayed: "When my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Puritans: or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. In three vols. Vol. I. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — No one who will be at the trouble to read a score of Mr. Hopkins's fascinating pages will need any further commendation of his history. Beginning the volume without any definite purpose of perusal, we were carried along from chapter to chapter, or rather from picture to picture, until we reached the end, only sorry because there was no more. Less judicial than Marsden, and with much less sympathy for those who stood by surplice, cope, and tippet, Hopkins is nevertheless always fair, and, so far as we can judge, has never yielded, even unconsciously, to partisan bias. Unquestionably he is an enthusiastic admirer of the Puritans, and therein he is right. Without sacrificing the truth of history, Mr. Hopkins has avoided the stately dulness which those who are not very hungry for dates, and who crave a pleasant narrative quite as much as an exact statement of the facts of the case, do complain of in many histories. We shall be much surprised if this volume and those that are promised do not secure for the author a place amongst our ablest and best writers. Those who suppose that they know all about the Puri-

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E.

Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox, the Representative Men of Germany, France, England, and Scotland. By JOHN TULLOCH, D. D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, Author of "Theism," (Burnet Prize Treatise,) &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859.— In sketches so brief as these the reader will not look, of course, for any fulness of detail or for elaborate analysis of character; but those who have no time to read more will be glad to find so much, and so much that is accurate in statement and sound and kindly in judgment, whilst even to the student the book will be very welcome, as a series of outline pictures drawn by a skilful and bold hand. It is a timely production, and will be of special service to those who would understand the great and living issues between Romanism and Protestantism. E.

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Historical Vindications: a Discourse on the Province and Uses of Baptist History, &c., &c., with Appendixes, containing Historical Notes and Confessions of Faith. By SEWALL S. CUTTING, Professor of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859.—A manly and scholarly production, well fitted to diminish the force of some old sectarian prejudices. E.

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The Logic of Political Economy, and Other Papers. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. — An interesting addition to the edition of De Quincey which Boston has made up for the lovers of strong thought and vigorous English writing. E.

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The Crucible; or Tests of a Regenerate State. Designed to bring to Light suppressed Hopes, expose False Ones, and confirm the True. By REV. J. A. GOODHUE, A. M. With an Introduction by REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. — We have read enough of this book to satisfy ourselves that it is all well worth reading, and that it is the production of a wise, high-toned, and thoroughly evangelical man, whose word will edify the churches, and be of service even to those who may feel obliged to dissent from some of his conclusions. E.

A Discourse on Rev. Theodore Parker and his Theology. By REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Mr. Clarke accounts himself to be "debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise," and has discharged a large instalment of the debt in a sermon which contains a great

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deal of valuable Christian truth; we cannot, however, agree with him in the opinion, that what is suitable for the fireside is always fit for the pulpit. Striving to be honest and direct, and no abstractionist, one may yet guard against personalities; for example, the pulpit eulogies upon the late Mr. Choate seemed to us very unwise, but to *preach* about their unwisdom in the Music Hall, or anywhere else, seems equally unwise. We wish, too, that Mr. Clarke had pointed out more clearly than he has done the abatement which a believer in our moral inability must exact from one who holds the positive doctrine of the adequacy of man for all his functions. We think that he does not mean just what he seems to mean, when he affirms his agreement with Mr. Parker in his positive theology. E.

God in His Providence: a Comprehensive View of the Principles and Particulars of an Active Divine Providence over Man, his Fortunes, Changes, Trials, Entire Discipline as a Spiritual Being, from Birth to Eternity. By WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: Otis Clapp. 1859. — A partial examination of the contents of this book leads us to assent very heartily to the words of commendation with which, in our last number, our associate announced its appearing. E.

Home Dramas for Young People. Compiled by ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1859. — A good piece of work, for which the young people and their elders are already very thankful, and will be more so before our long winter shall have come to an end. E.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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AND

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, by Rev. E. H. Sears	361
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, by Rev. J. F. W. Ware	372
THE CHANGING AND THE TRUE .	377
A VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF CHESTER, by W.	379
THE EVER-PRESENT CHRIST, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey	386
"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE" .	393
DIVINE REWARDS. A Sermon by Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D. . .	394
A CHRISTMAS HYMN	411
THE POET, by J. V.	412
EDITORS' RANDOM READINGS.	
The Brooklyn Pulpit	413
The Frozen Tear	414
The Skaters	415
Men and Women	416
"Old John Brown"	417
Wait and See !	418
Last Days and Last Words . .	420
NOTICES OF BOOKS	421

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXII. DECEMBER, 1859. No. 6.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE New Testament comprises four classes of writings. The first—the four Evangelists—is the biography of Christ, or the Incarnate Word, living and acting upon the earth; the second is a history of the Church, which was gathered and formed around this central truth of God manifest in the flesh; the third comprises letters of advice and exhortation to the communities that were thus gathered and organized; the fourth alone is exclusively prophetic, and describes the consummation of Christianity. Christ had said that he should come again, that he should come spiritually, that he should be with his Church to the end of time, and therefore that it should prevail and subdue the world to itself. There might be declensions, apostasies, and schisms. These were transient, — mere ripples on the face of the sea, whose heart profound was always the same. These were transient, he was permanent; — the inmost life of the Church; "the central calm of all agitation;" the heart of the sea whence new ripples and waves of life would go out forever. This fourth and last writing, therefore, looks forward and sees the latter-day glory. It takes into view both worlds, and sees what

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the earth will be when Christ shall have come fully into it and rules its affairs, and when the heavens shall have descended and made the earth at one with themselves. It describes the stupendous agencies and changes that are to precede this consummation. The consummation itself is that God dwells with man perennially, and tears are wiped away from all eyes.

By "the tabernacle of God with men" reference is made to the Jewish Shekinah, which represented God's presence with the Jews, and which prefigured Christ as the Shekinah of his Church; or Immanuel, God with us. So that the prophecy, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men," is equivalent to saying, The time cometh when God shall be seen and acknowledged in the Divine Human Nature of the Lord Jesus Christ, — when Christ will be felt and seen as God's ever-living Shekinah within the Church, — and then communion with him will be so full and life-giving that there shall be no more death nor sorrow nor pain. Such was the Church of the Future which the prophet saw.

Almost every one believes that the race is to have a future. That man, socially and religiously, is to remain as he now is, — that humanity is always to be chaotic and at war with itself, the most advanced of its tribes hardly out of barbarism, — nobody will imagine but atheists, whose theories make man only a higher kind of animal. Every one who sees anything before him has some prevision of a millennium, or an age of gold.

But what shall it be, and how shall it come, and what are we to do for it? These questions do not get answered with any uniformity, and therefore the real friends of human progress cross and jostle each other, sometimes with bad temper and bad names. Great evils are in the world, lying about us, and within us, and it would be rather difficult to say at which end of society the perishing classes are most to be found, — the victims of war, intemperance, and lust, at the upper end, or the victims of slavery, poverty, and grinding toil at the lower.

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Those who believe in progress, however, and are willing to work for it, can be very easily classified. There are only three divisions of them. It is quite important that we observe them; for a question is half decided when you see distinctly the alternatives between which your choice must lie.

First, then, there is the No-Church party, or the forces of Naturalism, who think that Christianity has had its run and is now to be superseded by something else. Christianity, like Brahmanism, like Mahometanism, like Judaism, was a partial, not an absolute religion, useful in its day, having some germs of truth, overlaid with a great deal of superstition and error. The truth will live and be taken up into a universal religion; the error will scale off and pass away, and so Christianity, after the truth in it has been eliminated, will be numbered among the hoary superstitions of the past. Then humanity, out of its own instinctive beliefs, and taking what is true out of the old religions, will grow into a new era; philosophy, science, culture, education, self-development, will supersede Bibles, churches, and all authority but the individual reason, and so create all things new.

All these notions of progress are grounded on the assumption that there is in man universal an inherent element of progress, always active, and working itself clear; that no revelation ever comes to him except through the natural growth of his own reason; that all of truth which there is in Christianity came in this way. It came to the prophets and to Christ himself just as it comes to us and to all men; Christ was only a model man, that we can come up with, and that all men may come up with, and even outstrip in the race; miracle is the garb of myth and fable, the crude belief of undeveloped minds; there is but one kind of inspiration, and that is given to all men, and the difference is only one of degree. In the new age, and as humanity unfolds, all will be prophets, all Christs, all inspired to make their own Bibles, and every true man and woman will be the word made flesh.

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It does not enter into the plan of my argument just now to reason the case with Naturalism. Two facts in passing, however, it is worth while to observe. If there is in man such an impulsive tendency to self-elevation, if humanity is so inspired by native instinct, it is rather strange that only one of the five races has had any development at all. All over the American continent as Columbus found it, all over the South Sea islands, all over the continent of Africa so far as discovered, all over the steppes and plains of Central and Eastern Asia, the races lie helpless and prone, — a dead sea of barbarism, where there is no appearance of men, but only the crude material for men to be made out of. And there they have lain, age after age and cycle after cycle; the palsied limbs of the race stretched out huge and helpless, just as they were, for aught we know, when the trees and the grass began to grow. So of Northern and Central Europe away back to where history cannot climb. Rather strange it is, on this self-development theory, that these vast members of our common race lay stretched out huge, and dead, and in darkness which you might cut as with a knife, and that they never begin to develop morally except around the man of Nazareth himself, and in conjunction with the race into which God descended and was clothed in humanity.

There is another fact which is noteworthy. It so happens that these self-developing people, when they undertake to leave Christianity behind and work out an absolute religion without it, instead of getting us into the circle of universal truths, let us down considerably into the limbo of inanity from which Christianity was lifting us up. M. Comte's Positivism seems to be the farthest in this direction, and he demonstrates pretty clearly, that to work out a positive religion and a positive morality without Christianity is like putting out the sun and the stars, and finding your way by the stars that strike through your phosphorescent brain as you knock it against the obstacles that interpose.

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The second party of progress is the Old-Church division,— and he who adopts this instrumentality gets shut into some sect, and thinks that human progress depends on the conquests which it makes. The sects assume that Christianity has been learned out, that we know about all of the mind of Christ that we may ever expect to know in this world, and each one thinks that this all is deposited with the denomination to which he belongs. Progress with him, therefore, is the same as the lateral extension of his own denominational lines. For instance, the golden future with the Catholic will be when all become Papists; with the Baptist, when all people become Baptists; with the Calvinist, when all become Calvinists; with the Unitarian, when all become Unitarians; and so to the end of the list. Hence you hear all over Christendom the working of this sect-machinery, the establishment of organs, the funds for propagandism, and the counting of numbers. With the larger and more prevailing sects the end of all their measures is the extension of themselves. All things else must give way to the enlargement of the sect, and even humanity and mercy themselves are sometimes sacrificed for this.

But the question must here come up,— Suppose any one of these sects should make a complete conquest and subdue the world to its religion, is that all which the world needs? Is the golden age coming only by our getting up to the level which any one of them occupies? In those periods of time, or those places of the world, where these sects have had all to themselves, did they work any such transformation as the world waits for? Catholicism once had the whole of Europe in her hands; Puritanism, the whole of New England. What did they do with them? Why, they turned out Papists and Puritans enough, but never a whole Christian, except by his working against their cultus, and working clear of it. Does our own Unitarian theology need nothing but lateral extension? Does it not need to increase also in depth and altitude and consistence and richness, be-

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fore it enlarges to complete Catholicity and fills the whole range of human desires? Ask any one of the sects, What is the state of things among you? and, if honest, they will tell you a sad story of coldness and declension and collapse, relieved only by periodical fervors. Moreover, they cannot answer some of the first questions pertaining to God and man, the resurrection and a spiritual world, and the conditions of a glorious immortality. They cannot even answer the child's first question with any sort of intelligence, and tell you whom you shall worship, or present an object of worship which is undivided, and which does not leave your mind distracted and cloven. If what they tell us about the object of worship, about man as he is and as he is to be, about the essential relation between man and woman, about the life after death wrapped up in the life that now is, — above all, if Christianity is to do no more than they have done in subduing and transforming human nature here below, — then indeed the naturalists are right, and Christianity is learned out and its force well-nigh spent. For if you extend it only as the sects possess it, it is only a pale and feeble light, and it leaves unsolved the mightiest problems that press on the mind of this present age. This is not denying by any means that the sects have had their use, and been permitted for a good purpose. They have done a good work. They have drawn off and put into their creeds all the truth which they could bear, mixed up doubtless with their own absurdities and errors. They hewed to themselves cisterns, and let in just so much as the cisterns would hold. Their radical mistake was in claiming that the little duct which led into them was the Great River of Life, — whereas that river sweeps on and on, and sweeps by them, fed by springs eternal and fresh from the heart of God; and long after the cisterns have become dry and rotten, it will bear the argosies and navies on its bosom, and make the banks grow green where it flows, and lave all the shores with its tranquil and fertilizing waters.

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We come then to a third view of the matter. There are those who do not believe that Christianity is learned out, or is to pass away, or is shut in by the sects; but that it is to have an opening down upon us with a power and richness which the world has never seen yet. They believe that God's plan is one continuous and unbroken, — that Christianity itself was wrapped up prospectively in Judaism, and was a fulfilment thereof, and not its abolishment. That, in like manner, the universal and absolute religion will not be a superseding of Christianity, but a fulfilment thereof, and an unfolding of its intrinsic meaning; that from beginning to end, from Genesis to Revelation, it is God speaking, though the interpretations thereof have only been men stammering; that for eighteen hundred years the mind of Christ, as embodied in his word, has been slowly apprehended; that the sect religions are only provisional and partial, the baby-lispings of truth, preparing the way for its full breaking and intonation from the word of God. They believe that Christ himself is present and living, in his Church and in his Bible and in the hearts of believers, and slowly and surely is melting through into the ages as fast as the ages can see him; that this is the second coming which he promised, — coming in the clouds or breaking through the obscurities of the letter, and making it white as the light. They believe that human progress is not a normal self-development and self-lifting that leave Christianity behind, but a regeneration under Christianity as it opens down into man's soul with inexhaustible warmth and effulgence.

These are the believers in a new Church, — not any sect that goes by that name, — but a new Church Catholic, forming within all other churches and in the minds of all true believers, — not always visible to men, but visible to God, — disclosing to all true minds higher views of truth than the sects can any of them hold, and imparting to all hearts that turn only to the Lord a life which the sects as such can never give. They believe that the Lord Jesus is coming

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nearer and nearer and yet nearer, not in person, but in spirit; that around him, and him alone, the Church of the Future is to be gathered and formed; that in the brightness of his coming the old sects will pass away, as partial religions that have done their work and are needed no longer. They do not suppose it will be a new ecclesiasticism, a Lo, here! or a Lo, there! but a new life, fresh from the Lord Jesus, and out of that new life a more heavenly, practical, and universal theology, before which the old and scragged dogmas will melt off and fall away. They believe that the sects, so far from having learned out the Scriptures, have barely got beneath the surface and the covering; that a Divine Book, like a Divine work, will never be learned out by man, but disclose its contents forever, as the sun himself keeps shining on to successive generations, yet never empties his urn of its light and fire.

If this be so, then there is a Church within the churches, ever seeking to be made manifest. The churches — the sects — are but the temporary sheddings and scalings off, that the one Catholic Church, the Divine Shekinah itself, may send out a new wave of its truth and power, to meet the wants of a new age or an ever-progressive humanity.

The Church of the Future, — the New Catholic, or the Broad Church, — let us pause upon these words, and see what they mean, and what in the nature of things such a church must be. It must be a *church*, and it must be *catholic*. Let me put each of these two points with some fulness of illustration. It must be a church, — a descent from God out of heaven, — and not merely a self-development out of man. It must be catholic and broad; it must contain the principles of a universal or absolute religion, not of one that is partial and temporary, to be succeeded by something else.

And what is a church truly catholic? Obviously it is not one that gathers all sorts of men and things into it, but which makes those that are in it truly catholic men. The church truly broad is not an agglomeration of everything and anything, but it is a church that has the power of

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broadening those that are in it, and making them whole men and women, — perfecting all the faculties, and especially setting free the affections till they embrace the whole. Herein it must reverse the whole process of these old sects and churches. Almost every one of these has made salvation by faith alone its first principle. Belief in special dogmas is an act of the understanding, which always protests and divides; hence a church grounded on this will always be splitting in pieces. Not such is the foundation of Christ.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." "These three, Faith, Hope, Charity, — but the greatest of these is Charity." A true catholic church, then, makes life and charity fundamental. And this is the principle which unitizes and draws together. And this is what saves a man, if he is to be saved at all. For what is it that condemns and dooms him, excludes him from heaven and shuts him up in hell? Heaven is a grandly organized charity, fed from the Lord; and hell is just the opposite, — a grandly disorganizing selfishness. What one needs to be saved from is his own self-love. There is nothing so foul and so hateful as that. Yea, rather, there is nothing foul and hateful but that. This corrupts his heart and destroys its peace. This poisons the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brothers, neighbors, citizens, and man and woman. This inverts our manhood, and turns it downward, and fills it up from earth and hell. This generates all our individual, social and political evils. No church can cure the world of its sin-sickness which does not lay its finger first on this central virus, and proclaim salvation by charity — good works out of a clean heart — as its fundamental law, and make provision for all this to be accomplished; which does not regenerate human nature, casting out the native devil of self, and bringing into its place the angel of an unselfish love; which does not bring into the home the sweetness and fragrance of charity, and make the home a seminary for the skies;

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which does not bring into the neighborhood that highest communism that draws the wants and woes of each within the sympathies of all; which does not bring down into the market-place, and write over all the porch-doors of the exchange, the letters of the golden rule; which does not make marriage sacred, and join man and woman together with hands that are white and clean; which does not make the Church and society a compact of mutual helps, and bind each heart to all other hearts in the offices of self-sacrificing love. This is the first principle of a true Catholic Church; and you see it turns the doctrine of the old churches right square about. It stands on a higher plane, and has its foundation, not in the understanding that protests and divides, but in the heart that comprehends and draws together. They proclaim salvation by faith and charity as incidental. A church of Christ's catholicity proclaims salvation by charity and the faith that is born of charity, grows out of it, and is fed by it. The foundations of the first are in the intellect that divides; the foundations of the other are in the heart that includes and embraces. The understanding is always protestant and sectarian; the heart alone is catholic.

Very well, perhaps the reader will say; this is just what we Unitarians have always insisted on. Perhaps so. But I fear there is one other thing we have not insisted on enough. This new life that melts down our selfishness and sweeps it out of us, and brings in the Divine love in its place, and makes it crop out in all the charities and graces, comes not of self-development. Try that process, and we only develop our own self-love and self-conceit under specious names and disguises. You see how it is; — how self-culture fails, because it is only a sort of self-polishing, making us sleek and shining without, but hard and cold within; how Reform fails, because men put their own passions into it red-hot, instead of Christ's melting and subduing love; how preaching fails, because it sets forth abstract theories

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about Christ, while the living Christ is not in it. Do you not see, then, that there is still another truth, — not only salvation by charity, but salvation by Him alone who gives the charity and breathes it through us as a baptizing fire? Do you not see that it only comes to us through the God-with-men, — the Great Shekinah of Christianity, — God melting through the human heart as he comes to it in the Divine Humanity of Christ, and thus opens and sets free all the resources of its love? Hence do you not see that the charity and philanthropy that have not Christ in them are destitute of that warm and contagious life which reproduces itself in other souls? Abstract and afar off, God does not change our wintry natures, and our good works are automatic and not inspired. But "behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them and be their God." And then it is the heart's summer-time, and its deeds are effusive of the Divine grace. Christ seen and acknowledged, not as an historical person who lived eighteen hundred years ago, but as one who lives now more than ever, — the central life of his Church, the fountain of its charities, the river of its peace, the tabernacle of God with men, — and then his love melts into all your hearts, breathes through all your speech, puts a soul into all your morality, sheds perfume through all your house, takes out of reform the virus of passion, and puts into it the contagious tenderness of Christian ardor, transcends denominational lines and claims its own everywhere, and gathers the good out of the sects into one communion around the living Head, as doves flying to their windows. And this is the New Jerusalem, not evolved out of man by self-cultivation, but coming down from God out of heaven, adorned and beloved as a bride.

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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE peculiar peculiarity of New England is its annual festival of Thanksgiving. What was the origin of a custom which seems to be inwoven with the very fabric of New England character and affections, — a custom to speak against which would be like speaking against the Temple to the Jew, — a custom which it were madness to hint at abolishing? It was thus. Edward Winslow, under date of 11 December, 1621, — just a year to a day from the landing on the rock, — writes to a friend in England: "You shall understand that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation, and have made preparations for divers others. We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and pease. Our corn did prove well; and, God be praised! we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our pease not worth the gathering." That was the first New England harvest! "Our harvest being gotten in," the writer goes on to say, "our Governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the whole company almost a week, at which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our Governor, and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty." Thus, according to Edward

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Winslow, in the first year of the Colony was this now venerated custom instituted, — a chance seed dropped in the wilderness; or, since it has come to hold so great and so grave a place in our affections and our hopes, may we not the rather say a providential seed, ripening and multiplying into this religious and domestic — to be yet perhaps a national — festival?

Let us go back to that first Thanksgiving Day. Upon each side of the street now running from the old church to the harbor there stand eleven small and rudely-builded houses, their rough sides made of logs filled in with mud, their roofs covered with thatch procured in the woods and fields. Seven of these only are used as dwelling-houses, and they now contain, not only the fifty survivors of that first sad winter, but the five and thirty who had arrived the month previous in the Fortune. Up on the hill is their humble fort, on which are mounted the great guns of the colony, and within which they assembled for their Sunday services, both for security and because no meeting-house was built until 1648. Before them is the sea, and in the offing lies the Fortune, to sail in a few days with the first-fruits of this little settlement, — "furs, beavers, clapboards, sassafras, and wood of divers sorts, in value about £500," — herself destined to reach England only after a French privateer had appropriated her cargo. About them the long, undulating, and sandy shore stretches cheerless and cold, while behind them spread the deep, untrodden forests, — home, as they think, of lions, — as they know, of wild men, who had been taught long ago, by the treachery of Hunt, to hate and distrust the English. On this little spot, between the hill-top and the sea, lies this tiny colony, — this handful of needy, but pious, men and women, — this nucleus of a mighty civilization. Around their dwellings and up upon the hill-slope they have cleared and planted six and twenty acres; and we know by other accounts that Mr. Winslow has rather overstated the results of their first har-

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vesting. Still it is their first. The terrible winter is passed, summer has reassured, and autumn now blesses them. The work is done, and the harvest garnered. They could rejoice in the present, and hope for the future. The Governor, Bradford, brave in words and deeds, a good man and a wise ruler, considers this a result for special rejoicing. No doubt in many a prayer and many a discourse the marvellous mercies of God had been largely descanted on, for those Puritan Fathers of ours were not men to forget Him, either in success or reverse. But the Governor deemed it an occasion for other rejoicing. He seems to have had that humanity about him which allowed him to recognize some other methods of gratitude than those of religious service. There shall be rejoicing over the ingathering, and a feast; and he sends out his men "fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors." Little did he dream, as they came back loaded with turkeys and venison, and gathered about the Thanksgiving board, that he was instituting an annual feast, that should be to posterity welcomest of all feasts; that should go with the New England man wherever he went; that should be made familiar and welcome in the prairie of the West, by the river of the South, and on the shores of the great Pacific; that should be kept in the cities of popes and emperors and kings; that should be remembered on the sea and in the mine, or wherever the sons of New England might be. It was a rough, but a hearty feast;—none of the boisterous cheer many of them had known in other days in dear Old England; none of the sumptuous abundance under which groan the tables of New England to-day; but a substantial repast of men who were not used now to dainties, nor wholly unused to want. They rejoiced and were grateful; but over many a heart deep shadows stole, as the very cheer and plenty brought to mind the weary ones who had drooped and faded under the privations of that first stern year, whose silent resting-places lay close by

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their living abode. Of those who landed scarce a year ago, one half were gone, and there are tears amid their thanksgivings and sadness amid their joy. The worst is, however, over. Dear friends, those who returned when the Speedwell was condemned, have just joined them. The Fortune rides at anchor, just ready to sail for home, with words of good cheer from the colony, and a cargo that shall satisfy the clamor of the Gentlemen Adventurers. They have no thought of going with her, or of abandoning their enterprise. The desert has given them what they sought, and they are content to bide the issue. It was a day of gratitude and trust.

And they had guests at their feast, — Massasoit, that stanch friend of the Pilgrim, with ninety of his men. It must have been a drain upon their hospitality to have entertained that hungry horde, and no slight tax upon their good nature. However, upon policy and principle, they may have treated the red man, — and it is due to the memory of that primitive band to say that uniformly their dealings were upright and fair, — he never could have been a pleasant inmate or companion. Winslow and Roger Williams bear witness to the personal inconveniences and disgusts they were subject to in their much intercourse with them; and though at this time they did good service, bringing in five deer to the Governor and Captain, I think they may not have been wholly welcome. But since they are there, the Governor and Standish think it may be well to give them an entertainment more in their own line, and this too with an eye to its bearing upon the future. Every citizen had of necessity become a soldier and was drilled to arms, and Miles Standish had a pride in showing the great sachem and his warriors the mysteries of tactics, an art by the savage reduced to its simplest elements; and so, after other recreations, they are exercised in arms. Altogether it was a singular occasion, that first Thanksgiving Day; who could

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have guessed that it was to be the prolific source of so many Thanksgiving Days?

It was a day of good cheer and rejoicing, of religious gratitude and social good-will. And yet look at the facts. In one short year, a half of the colony gone; those who remained, exiles from home; for the support of ninety persons through a long, uncertain winter, the indifferent yield of six and twenty acres, — a store scanty indeed, and which they knew must require great husbanding, — and could they have foreseen what they must endure before spring, how that small stock must be divided again for the outfit of the Fortune, they could hardly have rejoiced as they did, though they would still have trusted. I am afraid we of to-day should hardly appoint or enjoy a Thanksgiving Day if our autumnal returns were as scant in proportion, while the prospect of half-allowance for six months all through the community would create panic and flight.

Gone is that Pilgrim band; vanished the red man's race. The forests have bowed their head, and the brave old fort has sunk level with the sward. At the foot of the hill lies the village they founded, — home of schools and churches, commerce and manufactures, of a peculiar social character and a rare hospitality, of precious relics as of holy memories, — while on each side of it stretches the shore, still sandy and cheerless. The wide wilderness that lay behind and beyond — the home of the savage and the snake, the wolf and the deer — has grown into a fair and civilized land, teeming with cities and towns, smiling with harvests and industry, — a land of cheerful toil and sufficient plenty, of good laws, of general education, of domestic habits, — a land of morals and religion. Not one of its thousands of inhabitants but, on its annual return, feels some influence from that "*First Thanksgiving Day.*"

J. F. W. W.

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THE CHANGING AND THE TRUE.

'T was a yellow leaf they brought to me,
As it fell from the dark-green maple-tree;
But it spoke of autumn and vanishing hours,
Of summer passed by, and the time of flowers.

'T was one silver hair, that braided lay
'Mid my locks as brown as in childhood gay;
But it told a tale few are ready to hear,
Of our waning youth, with its visions dear.

'T was a withered flower, for thousand such
Are dropping their leaves at the gentlest touch;
But a word it said to my listening heart,
And I only sighed as it fell apart.

'T was the faintest shade of gathering night,
For the skies all that wintry day were bright,
And we knew that the moon on the glistening snow
Would shine with the radiance of "long ago;"

'T was the dying chant of some old song,
As it floated away on the breeze along;
'T was the parting glow of the setting sun,
That tinted with light the forest dun;

'T was the arch that spanned, with spirit hue,
The wood-clad hills and the waters blue;—
But a change so slight that we scarce knew why
Then told us the glory was passing by.

'T was the fading flush on a mother's cheek,
'T was the smooth, light touch of her hand so weak;
For we felt that age its stamp had set
On one whose beauty we cherished yet.

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'T was the tremulous tone of the waiting saint,
Though the soul within him put forth no plaint;
But we heard a voice he could not hear,
And it whispered low that the end was near.

But I looked above, and a holy beam
From behind the silvery clouds did stream;
And it floated so brightly above my head,
I knew that a spirit smiled and said:

"Look forth to the morrow's rising day,
When darkness and change have passed away,
And read in the charm of the early hour
The beauty and promise of God's full power."

Then I looked abroad on the kindling earth,
Where the glory of God to a higher birth
Had waked the sleeper, and gilded the shade
With that deathless light that cannot fade.

And I blessed the gray hair and the withered leaf,
With their dreams of earth-life faint and brief;
I dared not weep o'er the fading flowers,
Nor sigh for age with its drooping powers;

For I knew they only foretold the day
When nature, declining, should melt away
In the glorious light of the Great Unknown,
And earth be as heaven before His throne.

**

"Sit not down in the popular forms and common level of virtues. Offer not only peace-offerings, but holocausts; where all is due, make no reserve, and cut not a cumin-seed with the Almighty; to serve Him singly to serve ourselves, were too partial a piece of piety, not like to place us in the illustrious mansions of glory."

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A VISIT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF CHESTER.

We had been dashing with the speed of an excited express-train through the mountains and picturesque scenery of North Wales, when, at about noon, we descried in the distance the thickly-set houses, and, above them all, the great tower of the Cathedral of Chester. As we neared this rare old place, of which friends had given such enthusiastic descriptions, but of which tourist-writers have not taken over-much note, tall chimneys appeared, and the thick smoke rolled massively from their tops, and the sound of the trip-hammer began to be heard, and the old quiet and dulness of Chester seemed to have passed away. At the railway station, too, all was bustle and nineteenth-century life. The old gardens outside the city walls have now been made to bear up a stately station-house, where six railways centre, running with their branches to all parts of the British isles. The current of Irish travel runs through Chester, the Great Western and the Great Northwestern begin here, and thus Chester has become one of the great railway cities of England. But let not the reader be deceived by these things. The three thousand visitors who pass through Chester station-house daily come and go, and leave not a trace behind. We put the depot, with all its stir, behind us, passed for a little way through manufacturing streets, and saw the tall chimneys stand around us, monuments indeed, but only monuments of industry. In ten minutes we turned a corner, and were in a street laid out by the Romans, excavated by them from the solid stone on which the city was built. All was in contrast with what we had seen. The people walked leisurely along, looking fair-faced and round, and very well contented with the world. Stores were thick on both sides, but the customers went in and out in a quiet way, and made their demands in no feverish haste. The tradesmen stood behind the counters and folded

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their parcels with the deliberation of former days. A few cabs were in the street, but the drivers did not leap from their seats and throng us in the modern way, when they saw from our dress and faces that we were strangers; but leaned forward with an easy, neighborly air, and whispered, "A cab, gentlemen?" The boys even played in the streets in a soft and gentle way, and the very dogs seemed to walk with a demure look, as though the credit of Chester rested upon them. The houses, too, stood meek and venerable, as if their work was done, and they were to stand and look quietly at the generations as they pass, while the on-coming generations tread lightly and walk slowly as they go by the old homes.

Of course it is the houses which attract attention first. That you are walking along an old Roman road is a thing which you can hardly realize; but there is no such thing as being insensible to the charm and the claims of those old dwellings. Can you imagine a street dotted with houses tenfold more curious than the "Old Feather Store" of Boston? If you can, you can imagine what Chester is in one of its features. You enter Fore Gate Street, let me suppose, as our little party did. On the opposite side of the way you read on almost every other door those quaint names of comfortable inns with which our old English literature is filled. Here is the Royal Oak Tavern, there the Old Nag's Head, anon the Bear and Billet. Will you step into the Hop-pole Inn, or will you break a little bread and Cheshire cheese at the Liver, or lunch at the Dog and Duck, or, better still, go down to the Yacht Inn and take a chop in the room where Dean Swift once purposed to dine with the clergy of Chester, but every man failed to meet him there? You have heard of that? And you have heard, have you not, how the irascible Dean went to the window of the Yacht, and wrote with his diamond ring upon the glass,

> "Rotten without and mouldering within,
> This place and its clergy are near akin"?

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The pane of glass containing the spleeny couplet was broken about three months ago, and the people of Chester are no doubt well pleased, and the clergymen of Chester better yet.

But in looking up an inn we have wandered away from Fore Gate Street. Cast your eye up the way, and you shall see one of the gates of the city, where the wall crosses the street. We will go to the East Gate. It is quite new, having been built not over eighty years ago. You step into a little recess from the street, where a flight of stone stairs leads you to the top of Chester Wall, here about twenty-five feet high. You are now on a wall which, though it is to-day in entire repair, and runs around the city with not a broken stone, was built by the Romans not many years after Christ, and on the foundations of another wall, erected earlier still by the ancient Britons. It is two miles long, and makes a most pleasant walk. It is broad enough for three to walk comfortably abreast. It passes through the very shadow of the Cathedral, rising most grim and ancient, not beautiful, but impressive in its very strength and massiveness; it runs on yet farther, and displays the remains of its ancient towers,—among which is one which interests you much, for it is that one whereon Charles stood and witnessed the defeat of his army on Rowton Moor. Down the steps of that tower the king hasted when his hopes were lost, and that tall form hurried along this wall where you now stand. Within plain sight, not a mile distant, stands the house in which Cromwell dwelt during the siege.

It would be pleasant, at least for me, reader, to take you with me during this walk around the ancient city on its walls, and point out what would, I am sure, interest you. We should pass the old drilling-ground of the Roman legions; we should pass close under the walls of the old castle; we should have a landscape view hardly surpassed by any in the world; while ever and anon, as we walked over the city gates, we should have glimpses of those queer

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old streets and houses, which would make us almost feel that we were communing with the unburied Past.

You have heard of the Rows of Chester? If not, you should; for I do not know that anything in street architecture more strange and comic is offered in the world. In some places they are formed by removing the front room of the lower story of successive houses, while the upper stories project like a piazza, and are supported by beams which reach the outer edge of the sidewalk. In some streets a front room is taken out of the second story of successive houses, the third is supported by beams resting upon the lower one, and thus a public walk is carried through the successive houses, fifteen feet above the street. It would be a very good arrangement for our climate; for the pedestrian has a perpetual umbrella over him when it rains, and a perpetual parasol to protect him from the summer's sun. The people have, indeed, a fair and pale look, as though this constant shelter were unnatural, and unfavorable to the best development of the body and the freest circulation of the blood. But the convenience of these Rows of Chester is certain, and a most pleasant place to walk and observe are they. Of course the side towards the street is open, except that a slight railing prevents the absent-minded ones from stepping out upon the carriages that rattle over the pavement below. The side away from the street is lined with shops of all kinds, and among them those of booksellers are frequent, and speak loudly in praise of the culture and literary turn of the people of modern Chester.

After our party had rambled for some time, — had "counted the gates and told the towers" of the city, had wandered admiringly through these strange old Rows, — I noticed that the objects which excited especial admiration were the attractive windows of the green-grocers and well-decorated apartments of the pastry-cooks and confectioners. A little while after, on glancing around at one of the most sentimental ladies of our party, I detected a loving glance

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bestowed on a finely-dressed leg of mutton hanging at the door of a meat-shop. This, reader, you may have remarked, is a most significant sign, and to me it was as true as the barometer to the face of the sky, that the party would not in that frame of mind profit by a visit to the Cathedral. On taking sundry other observations, the fact was plainly evident that the ladies were passing into that state of mind and feeling when the sight of the dinner-table would be more full of romance and poetry and life than all the antiquities of Chester. A rémark of mine, that one in the midst of all these fine testimonials of the past is lifted above all the common cares and wants of life, and is sublimely indifferent to meat and drink, was received with evident disgust. So we ignobly went off to dinner.

Well, thought I, if we must leave all this for such a purpose, we will at least search out the most attractive, cosey, picturesque inn that we can find, and imagine ourselves at an old Chester dinner. So we found the very place, nestling right under the corner of East Gate, with such a quaint, good-natured, inviting look that it did not seem an ignoble or unworthy change of the antique without for the antique within. The landlady had one of those broad, red, wholesome faces that one wishes to see, and expects to see, in an English landlady. The maid who waited at the table had a bright, clear face, and, what was better, a modest countenance. The windows were filled with flowers, and the walls a little overburdened with pictures; but that is a good fault. The furniture was massive and dark with age, and, in short, we had fallen upon just the place to enjoy a dinner in. And when the potatoes came in, hot and steaming, and the chop appeared, tender and juicy, and the golden Cheshire butter, with the whitest of loaves, was set hard by, it did not cost a single struggle to become reconciled to the present order of things. At length we overcame the dinner, and, with smiling countenances and merry hearts, paid the bill, and set out again to see Chester Cathedral. But the green-

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grocers' windows had lost their attractive look. The shops of the pastry-cooks were no longer explored with sharp, inquisitorial glance; and the whole carcasses of sheep which graced the doors of provision-stores and markets had lost the power to rivet the gaze and awaken the longings of three sentimental American ladies that day in Chester.

I suppose a visitor to Chester ought to go into raptures about its Cathedral, and I have known some to do so; but for one, I shall do no such thing. It is massive, venerable, and time-worn; to some it may be awe-inspiring. But in size it does not come up to the proportions of a first-class cathedral, nor in beauty does it equal many a quiet English church. In many things it is rude and unfinished; and though there is little that is heathenish in its carvings or devices, yet there is a lack of those things which strongly kindle the feelings and awaken admiration. It has its beauties, it is true; its cloister and court are perfect; its choir is so rich in its oak carving that it makes even the never-to-be-forgotten choir of St. Paul's fade in comparison; while its aspect from the city wall combines strength with age, and, viewed from that point, it is almost majestic. There is a rare curiosity hanging in its library, which would well repay an American for a visit there, if the massive tower and the beautiful carvings of the choir did not. I speak of two banners borne by the English troops at the battle of Bunker's Hill. One is of silk, and is tattered and fading; the other is of poorer stuff, and is still whole and untouched by a ball. I asked the sexton what proof he could give that they were in that memorable battle. "Because they belonged to the twenty-second regiment," he answered, "and there is not an officer of the twenty-second who cannot tell you, if you ask him, where every one of the old banners of his regiment is kept." This seemed definite and authentic; and I felt that with a reasonable assurance I might think that the banners which inspired the British with courage on that memorable day, and led them on with such a dauntless air that even their enemies were con-

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strained to admire, were there before me in the chapter-house of Chester Cathedral.

And now, with one object of interest more, reader, I will leave you and Chester. In walking along Bridge Street, and wondering at the grotesque carving of its old houses, I spied over the doorway of a store, whose windows were filled with mugs and plates and all kinds of pottery, the words, "Roman Bath." This must be a curiosity, thought I; and on going in to inquire, I found that only a short time since, during some excavations, a real Roman bath had been disclosed, and was now exhibited in a perfect state of preservation. A little girl went below to light the gas, and I followed to wonder. At the foot of a gentle flight of steps there was a basin about ten feet long, five wide, and eight deep, partly filled with water. The stones were in perfect preservation, and nothing showed that the masonry was wrought eighteen hundred years ago. The water continues to run into it, and when it reaches a certain height is conveyed away, as when the Romans of ancient Chester used it. In another apartment you may see a sweating-bath, the place for fire still as marked as though the old flames yet curled up, the pillars still standing which supported the old stone floor on which the bather lay, the floor itself perfect as ever, — in one word, a Roman bath, in the same condition for use as ever, in the cellar of a crockery shop in Chester. Not a year passes but some relic of Rome is discovered, though few are so perfect as this old bath.

But it is useless to try to touch even upon the antiquities of Chester. If I have said anything in this letter to awaken the interest of those who may be, some day, tourists like myself, it is all that I have laid out. Chester is neglected by Americans, because it does not lie on the main line from Liverpool to London; yet a ride of an hour from Liverpool carries you there, and Chester is well worth that hour's ride

And so farewell, thou rare old city of Chester.

W.

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THE EVER-PRESENT CHRIST.

We are accustomed to speak of Christ as having passed into the heavens, and separated himself from us. He left his religion — this is the conception — behind him. He left also his example; and that is all. The living, operative Christ is no more on earth; and till we ascend up where he dwelleth, we shall never be permitted to enjoy his society, sympathy, and aid.

But is it indeed so? Have we only a dead Christ? Can we look at him only through the cold, bleak heavens, and as a distant and unapproachable being?

There is a presumption, on the threshold, against the truth of this view. When we think of the Redeemer, the heart always craves his personal presence. Every church, so far as it has possessed any spiritual life, has plead for a near and intimate communion with its great Head. It was so in the Reformation; Luther, Melancthon, Knox, Zwingle, all the leading men in that movement, dwelt continually on a living and ever-present Christ. This has been the great anchor which held martyr, confessor, missionary, and saint in all ages. And have these, an uncounted multitude, who thought their Saviour verily at their side in the dark hours of trial, conflict, and grief, been grasping a mere phantom?

I know it is said by many, We do not need a present Redeemer; all we want is the aid of our omnipotent Father. To him we look and pray; of his helpful love we are always sure; and why ask for anything more?

But this argument proves too much; for if *we* do not need a present Saviour, neither was one necessary at all. God might have left the world as it had been from the beginning. The idea that "the Word" must be "made flesh, and dwell among men," was a delusion. Christ, born of Mary, living, teaching, and bleeding on the cross, was a superfluity.

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The world before Christ did not argue in this way; heart and flesh, age after age, cried out for a personal manifestation of the living God. He seemed too distant for their apprehension, their faith, and their love. They pleaded for a Saviour who should be born of God, and yet shine forth here below with a face radiating the Father.

Then, again, Christ is the Head of the Church, confessed on all sides to be its Head to-day no less than before his bodily ascension. But would the Father, by any probability whatever, take away the very Lord and Master, and leave the disciple a forlorn wanderer? Would he erect this noble edifice, the Christian temple, and then remove its corner-stone from beneath it?

Yet more, it could not be but Jesus himself *desired* to be personally present with his followers in every age. His deep interest in our conversion and progress must have led him to yearn for a place around our path and about our pillow. He would fain whisper, ever and anon, a cheering word to his fainting followers, and breathe out a holy influence upon them. And the Father loved his dear Son too well to deny him that blessed privilege.

Nor is there, as some imagine, any intrinsic difficulty in this nearness of Christ. He would not come as a cloud between us and the Father, dimming the light of his countenance, or drawing our hearts away from the love and the worship of God. On the contrary, he is a perfectly translucent medium. As an eminent Biblical critic once said to the writer in Germany, holding up at the time a glass of water before him, "Christ transmits the light and love of God as freely as this water does the sunbeam."

If Christ was born as the New Testament describes, he must be, not what we are, but "a blood relation," so to speak, of the very God, and therefore he can continue his presence with us as no mere mortal could. If he is the brightness of the glory of God, instead of interfering with the Father, he is now and forever one with him, streaming

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down upon us with an effulgence inseparable from that of the ever-living One.

We feel always the need of persons about us; they exert an influence for which we can find no substitute whatever. The face of a friend imparts a power, strength, cheer, and solace to which no other can be compared. Better than his writings, more effective than the most confiding of letters, is his own presence. Are we compelled to forego this in our relations to Christ? With no epistle from his hand, with not a line he ever penned, must we sit down and feed ourselves spiritually with his abstract qualities, with a cold record written by others, and written merely about him, or written even, every page of it, by the finger of inspiration? No, we want the Inspirer himself constantly with us.

And this the New Testament assures us we have. True, indeed, so far as the senses are concerned, Christ went away from his disciples. No more did they look on those beaming features, or hear those thrilling tones. But Christ himself, that mysterious and Divine presence, he promised should be near them. "Lo, I am with you always."

He knew well the power of this assurance; he foresaw that, when he was taken from them in the flesh, their hearts would sink within them. And so it proved; the hour soon came in which they could only recall his cheering voice from the caverns of memory.

> "It fell, and fainted, and, like music past,
> Hung in the ear, as some memorial song,
> That will not leave us while we walk among
> Old scenes, — although they whom we prized of yore
> Now live, or haunt those pleasant spots no more."

But the branches could not live when severed from the vine. Jesus did not separate himself from his disciples. He fulfilled his gracious promise: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come again." When he had risen, and after he ascended on high, he showed himself still; he gave them a mouth and a wisdom to gainsay their adversaries,

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and shed on them spiritual gifts and miraculous endowments.

Nor was his presence confined to the Apostles; he was seen by Stephen when stoned to death, and by Paul at his conversion, and again when he gave him a special revelation, and on other occasions. He promised "another Comforter," who should abide with his disciples forever; that Comforter came; it was his own presence manifested as it had before been when he breathed on the Apostles, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." On the day of Pentecost, when three thousand had been converted, Peter affirmed it was through the agency of Christ. "Having received," said he, "of the Father the Holy Spirit, he," Jesus, "hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." Thus was his presence unlimited as respected numbers.

It was equally so in regard to time. His last prayer was, not for those at that moment before him alone, but for all who in future ages should believe on him through their word, — "that they may be one," is his language, "even as we are one, I in them and thou in me." His mediatorial office, according to that Apostle who communed with him so often in person after his ascension, was to continue on to the end of all things, even until he had "put down all rule, authority, and power" opposed to himself. To accomplish this mighty work he must be, not away in the distant heavens, but with, and in, his own Church; for neither body nor spirit can operate where they are not present.

But many still contend that Christ has gone forever from this world. They tell us that when his religion was established, then miracles ceased, and then the Wonder-worker was no more with his followers. It has even been affirmed that the touching expression, "If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him," is "a mere figure of speech! The Father and the Son," it is said, "do not come to men personally;

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they are only manifested in their moral being, present to the heart. And this," it is said, furthermore, "is a more intimate acquaintance, and a far more inspiring union, than could be formed by mere personal intercourse."

I do not and cannot so regard the Lord Jesus. This view of him, which not only banishes *him* from our presence, but makes our union with the Father "a mere figure of speech," seems to me as fatal in its moral effects as it is repugnant to the Scriptures. If the primitive disciples needed his presence and influence, we do still more. They — many of them, certainly — had enjoyed his society once, and the memory of his form and his voice might perhaps have sufficed their spiritual necessities. But no such memories are ours; and, with no faith in his personal presence, the heart must often feel a void which neither doctrine nor precept, neither the letter nor yet the spirit of Christ can fill. In our highest moments we yearn for a near intercourse with our beloved Master; we plead that he may himself come, and restore his blessed kingdom to the Israel of our affections.

Now it is no part of wisdom to repel such desires and aspirations. On the contrary, "Christ, not a dead Christ, such as is hung up in those mausoleums called cathedrals, but the living, reigning Christ of heaven and earth, living and reigning in every human heart that opens its everlasting gates to this "King of glory," should be cherished by the wise men of the West, as the wise men of the East brought unto him, when a babe, "gifts and gold and frankincense and myrrh."

The intellect, it is true, may sometimes remonstrate, and, Nicodemus-like, ask: "How can this be? What proof is there that the once ascended Redeemer ever returned again to earth? How can he be present to the great company of his followers at once?" But we forget on how many other points we should have no religious faith at all, if we waited until the understanding could clear everything up. What

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is God? and where? How did he begin to exist? How can he exercise any providence over us? We cannot answer these questions; and yet we *believe* in God, in his self-existence and his providence. Philosophy requires us to admit all facts in the spiritual world, as we do in the material, even though we cannot as yet explain them. Indeed, we do and must receive many truths of religion, as we constantly do truths on moral subjects, notwithstanding some difficulties attending them which no finite mind can perfectly solve. Enough for us that the heart craves a present Saviour, and that Jesus has uttered language which means plainly that he would continue with his Church through all ages, and would minister to the individual soul.

"Without me," are his own words, "ye can do nothing." And so it has always proved. Make God an impersonal existence, and you slide into a subtile pantheism. Put Christ far from you, and you lose the very germ of his power and sway in your heart. It is remarkable how these doctrines run side by side. He who denies the personality of the Deity, and resolves the Eternal One into mere law, or an unconscious force, will deny also that Jesus Christ stood, either by nature or inspiration, essentially higher than Pythagoras, Plato, or Confucius. And we cannot retain firmly the likeness of a Father in heaven, beaming with love and exercising a personal guardianship over us, and still join in the insane interrogatory, "What," in any special manner, "have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?"

The truth set forth thus imperfectly lies, I believe, at the foundation of a spiritual prosperity. A belief in it would quicken and energize the whole Christian community. This age, absorbed as it is in science and material nature, needs to see a personal Redeemer. Not one who died eighteen hundred years ago, and went up to the skies to sit forever there, inactive and unconcerned for our salvation. We need to know and feel that he is on earth now, an unseen

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yet real presence. Such a faith would take our hearts off from this consuming worldliness, this insane devotion to gain, fashion, party, power, — to sin and death, — and fix them on the ever near and ever dear Saviour of our souls.

If the world needs it, the Church does still more. Why are even the professed followers of Christ so cold and numb? Among other causes, *this* is prominent. We imagine ourselves following a dead Master; not one that "ever liveth," and is now with us, — a glorified, invisible, yet actual presence. Did we believe this, these drowsy souls would start from their slumbers, and go forth full of life, full of love, full of work. As one looks out on the so-called Christian world, he sees in many quarters, not the bright Sun of Righteousness, calling forth life, bloom, vigor, health, but the dim twilight, as it were, of some arctic region. The great luminary of the Church is below the horizon, and we are wedged in the thick ice of a natural religion, our faces pale, our limbs rigid, death in our central being, and sterility all around us. When are we to leave this polar sea, and waft our way to the warm skies of a living faith? When shall we combine an earnest piety with a broad, sincere charity? Then, when we can each say, from the depths of our being, Jesus Christ, God-irradiated, God-exhibiting, is now at my side, the light of my eyes, the loved of my heart, the law of my very life.

The professed Church of Christ now sees him, in how many cases, as the half-recovered blind man saw "trees walking." What she needs is to open her eyes fully, and she could behold the Lord shining round about her like the sun. She would look him in the face, listen to his word, and march on under this Captain of her salvation, scattering light in her way, her allies gathering in from all lovers of humanity, marching on, freedom and joy in her rear, and to all upholders and enacters of evil terrible as an army with banners.

The individual needs our doctrine. If we could each but

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realize that Christ is with us, it would purify, exalt, and hallow our whole mortal course. God help us to the precious faith that He who so loved those saintly friends at Nazareth, Bethany, and Jerusalem, loves us also; that he is ever on our right hand and our left, strengthening each good purpose, helping us in the dread conflict with sense and sin, pointing us to the cross, and whispering those words of cheer, "By this we conquer."

A. B. M.

"PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE."

Put money in thy purse. And what is money?
The representative of all commodity,
The sign of the exchange of good for good,
Of mutual interest in the living truth,
Of merchandise in purest gems and gold,
Whose worth the fire has tested; pearls like dew,
Clear as the waters of the "sea of glass,"
Bought to be sold for the one pearl of price.

The miser uses not his hoarded coins;
The spendthrift wastes his means, and loses all
That he receives for money; only he
That knows the uses of the things he buys
Spends money well; he only truly trades,
Who, while acquiring goodness, truth, and power,
Gives them to others, and from them receives
Such things as he is giving by his life.

Put money in thy purse in this high sense;
Make thy life good to others, and thus make
Their lives all good to thee; and the exchange
Of life for life shall make thee rich indeed;—
Not in expectancy of good from them,
Not in a sense of their subservience
To the good Providence that works thy good,
Not even in knowing them reciprocal;
But in the bliss of living but to bless.

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DIVINE REWARDS.

A SERMON BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

MATTHEW XX. 20-23: — "Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children, with her sons, worshipping him, and desiring him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able. And he saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give."

WITH a dim perception of his objects, and a feeble feeling of his divinity, but with sincerity, these two disciples had attached themselves to Christ's company and to his fortunes. Something in that wonderful person and ministry — they hardly yet know what it is — has drawn them honestly to him, and the attachment grows with a growing intimacy every day. But presently there creeps in a thought for their private position, which is the first form of selfishness; and then a thought for their national ambition and revenge, — damaging the whole-heartedness and beauty of their devotion. They are loyal to the great and good Master they have found; but they are not yet Christlike enough to forget that his imperial ascendency will probably bring with it their own promotion. They really mean to be true to his interests; but they are not so far spiritualized as not to be thinking that they can at the same time serve his interests and advance their own. They are following, but following half unconsciously for a personal reward.

Christ's answer is not for these seekers of office only, nor for place-hunters in our day only, but for all men who would think of being Christians for a compensation, in whatever form we give that compensation shape, — in a secular civilization, in public prosperity, in agreeable society, in our neighbor's confidence, votes, trade, esteem, or in personal happiness. He says, You may drink of my cup, which will often be bitter; you may be baptized with my baptism,

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which may be one of fire and blood: but you are not to think of honors and rewards: those are all of so different a sort, and are to come in ways so different from those you dream of now, that, if I were to tell you what they are, you would only marvel and doubt. Wait! think nothing about sitting on my right and my left, in my new kingdom, which is even far newer and stranger than you imagine. Follow on in my path. Do all the daily work of a disciple. Take up my cross and learn what its great redemption means. Warm and enlarge your hearts with my Holy Spirit. Be concerned about your service and sacrifice, not about the recompense.

This introduces the doctrine of Divine Rewards. For what reason is Christ to be sought? Out of what motive is his will to be done? Is it because he has the power to make us miserable, and the power to make us happy? and so is it for the hope of getting payment, or for the fear of getting punished, — which are only opposite sides of one and the same principle, — or is it from another reason altogether: viz. out of the affection, the reverence, the trust, and the gratitude due to his divinity and awakened in us by his goodness? As the answer to these questions affects the very motive out of which men begin and pursue a religious life, or refuse to do so, the subject is of course abundantly practical. Is not one of the main reasons why Christian faith exercises such an imperfect power among men, that they misapprehend the sort of advantage they may expect to get from it?

There appear to be three principal desires which direct attention to religious truth. The first of these, and the lowest in the order of moral purity, is a want of personal comfort. Those actuated by this motive have heard that religion makes life happier, — eases its burdens, lightens its labors, heals its pain, and, generally, gratifies the sensibilities. That is, on the whole, it will be a pleasanter thing to live with some religious emotion and protection than without.

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The idea that this pleasure will be of a higher character than sensual or worldly pleasure is not entirely forgotten; but it is secondary. Comfort first, nobleness afterwards. And so this class, deciding that they will get more happiness from religion than by any other process, go in search of a religion.

The second want is that of moral guidance, or a rule to act by, and is of a much higher grade than the first. Persons under this motive, having got clear of a supreme concern for comfort, look out on life as a school for training in right exercises, and for the practice of the virtues. They are conscious of being under the weight of a tremendous law, or command, which they must obey. Their interpretation of Christianity is summed up in the maxim to keep the commandment. But the world is a perplexed scene, they find. One way of doing right seems to conflict with another way. The paths cross and recross each other. It is a tangled labyrinth. A thousand questions of casuistry come up. The problems are hard to solve. Too much is thrown on a short-sighted intellect and an infirm heart. Besides, duty as duty, by compulsion, is not inspiring, but drudgery. God's law, even if known, can never be perfectly kept, but is broken somewhere by fallen man continually. From sheer inability to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, such persons go to religion to help out their deficiencies; but they go to it rather reluctantly, as to a rule, — not as an inspiration, nor for love of it.

The third want is of a different character. It has no regard to selfish satisfaction whatever, whether by agreeable emotions, or the complacencies of good performance, or exemption from the fear of penalty for bad performance. It is, so to speak, a want of giving and loving, — of giving to the Lord what the soul feels belongs to him, — affection and gratitude: a want of loving, and of rendering all the hearty service that love inspires. It is a spiritual aspiration. It would pour out freely and forever the spontaneous tribute

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of a glad and self-forgetful spirit. It does not stop to inquire so much about the pleasure to be got out of piety, nor about the commands that apply to conduct. It springs straight up by an impulse whose proper name is faith, and puts the whole heart into the keeping of the Holy One, to let him have it, and mould it, and fashion it as he will. Meditating on the Divine excellence and mercy and sacrifice, it feels that He is the irresistible object of a devotion uncalculating and unlimited, which it would be impossible to keep back. It ceases to calculate, and hardly even prays to be made happy. It is the desire of an harmonious and affectionate union with God in the reconciling and forgiving Spirit of the Saviour.

Here are three motives sending men to religion. After their simple statement, no man needs to be informed which is the loftiest and best. Not that each of them is necessarily free from all intermixture with the others. They may be blended in different degrees. But one of them is likely, in every case, to predominate strongly over the other two; and so each of them is represented among us by a distinct class of persons, with specimens that all of us have seen,—the religionists of self-gratification, the religionists of moral obedience, and the religionists of spiritual aspiration and affection, or of faith.

Next, be reminded that these three different wants spring up from different places, or faculties, in our nature.

The first comes from a mixture of natural instinct and shrewdness, which we commonly call by the suspicious name of self-interest. When that feeling turns to religion, it acts in different constitutions in various ways, from the hypocrite who puts on the profession of Christianity and goes through its ceremonies merely as a means of advancement or social currency in a Christian community, up to the sincere and aching sufferer, who applies to the New Testament, precisely as he would to a medical adviser, to be rid of pain. Between these are many degrees of char-

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acter: the dishonest formalist, deserving nothing but disgust, — the bereaved mourner, or the victim of misfortune, or treachery, or disease, who carries an agonized and dissatisfied heart to the Bible for a cure, and is to be met in a spirit of tender compassion. But none the less is it a serious question for every one of us, how far self-interest, in any of its shapes, is at the bottom of our religious pretensions; because just so far as it is, these pretensions are hollow, — we are on the wrong road, and are estranged from the large and beautiful soul of our Lord, whose greatest work is sacrifice, and whose name is Love.

The second want comes from the region of the conscience. Conscience exacts obedience. It refers to a law. It speaks of the irreconcilable opposition between what is right and what is wrong. It is the seat of morality, and governs all our moral action. It is the noble faculty that rules by divine right over the appetites, and even the understanding. All honor to obedience simply as obedience, — to duty as duty, — to men and women who try to find out God's command and keep it They are not far from the kingdom of heaven, and keeping on shall surely come there. Among the nobilities and glories of religious character, this is next to the very highest, and second only to the life of love. No man can be a complete or Christian man who slights conscience. It is what regulates most of our human intercourse and social relationships. It girds up business and amusements, commerce and personal habits, with mighty restraints, checking all manner of excess, forbidding fraud, and instigating many righteous deeds. Its demands are just, and it has a right to be satisfied. Nor can those be mistaken who go to the Saviour to satisfy it. For it can be thoroughly enlightened, and kept quick-sighted, nowhere but in him. Yet this need not make us confound the religion of conscience, which is somewhat legal and rigid alone, with the religion of spiritual aspiration and affection, — of Christ's faith.

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The want of this third kind originates, not in the understanding, nor the passions, nor the conscience, but in the soul and the soul's peculiar activity, — especially, as was said, in its love, its trust, and its gratitude. These do not so much send us out in search of a religion; for love, trust, gratitude, directed to the soul's Saviour, constitute the Christian religion. They are the thing itself, in its divinest purity and dignity. Filial love, trust, gratitude, rising to the Father, are greater than anything a servant in the bondage of the law can know, and more glorious than the fairest form of self-interest. They are the peculiar brightness and power of the Christian style of religion. They exalt the faith of Jesus over every other principle. They bind the heart in generous and immortal fellowship with him who is the Light and Life.

It becomes evident enough how out of these three fountains flow three sorts of religious life, as distinct from one another as their sources are. One we may call the religion of calculation, the second the religion of duty, the third the religion of holy love. This last is pre-eminently the religion of Christ. It is what we find in the New Testament. It is our gospel. Here the willing and affectionate heart, touched by grace, and springing freely up to the Father, adores no longer a judge, but a friend; not a lawgiver merely, but a Redeemer. It takes up all the law, but looks at it in the light of love. It keeps the commandments, but from another motive, — not *as* commandments, but as the will of Him whom it delights to honor, and in whose bosom it longs forever to dwell.

We have now prepared ground from which we can look more clearly at the rewards God promises to those that diligently seek him. They depend, in each case, on the motive and spirit in which we serve him.

First of all, then, religion will never yield its true rewards to those that seek it *for the sake* of its rewards. It deals very frankly with us, having no concern to make proselytes

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under false pretences. It is willing we should understand that those who court it for anything else than its Giver's sake will meet perpetual disappointment. Whatever else they may get, it will not be Christian peace. Men may carry their selfishness into their religion, or rather into certain religious formalities and observances, as into everything else. But they will bring away only what they take in. If you espouse the Christian cause only to better your social position, or your business prospects, you will find you have grasped a phantom. You only provide an accumulated fund of shame, against the hour when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open. Under the pretence of seeking God, you have only put on a mask, and gone on seeking and serving yourself. God has never engaged to be a "rewarder" of such; for it is not *Him* that they seek.

But suppose you rise a step above this covetousness for outward gain, and enter on what is called a religious life for a better kind of comfort, — as, for example, to obtain relief for sorrow, or the satisfaction of self-approval. No man can say that in such cases God may not lead the soul on, through this half-selfish state, into serving him for some more disinterested affection. His compassion is boundless; the very contact of the mind with him in any way is hallowing; and he is willing to save to the uttermost the weary and stricken hearts that lift their eyes from earth to heaven. But just so long and just to the same extent as their motive is personal comfort, they will fail of any glorious reward. I have known persons to be so haunted and scourged by some great grief or suffering, that they were ready to try any new prescription, to get rid of the aching. They begin at the wrong point, with a wrong idea, and cannot succeed. What they need first of all is a renunciation of the worldly and selfish heart they are still carrying in their bosoms, and because it is offensive to the pure God; what they need is repentance and a renewed life inwardly; what they need is the change that will put them at once into thorough recon-

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ciliation by faith with the spirit of Christ, fixing their chief interest to a new centre. Gaining this, regardless of comfort, and willing to suffer on, even, if that should be the Divine purpose, so entire is their subjection of unworthy self to the blessed Hand, — saying, with the great-hearted patriarch, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," — comfort will come fast enough of itself; and precisely because they did not ask nor think of rewards, — knowing, in fact, that, sinners as they were, they deserved none, and if they had done their very best had done only what it was their duty to do, — the most splendid of all rewards will suddenly appear.

There is a deeper meaning than we sometimes seize in that saying, that God will reward every man "*according* to his works," — not merely in proportion to his works, and in some way or other, but in one way, and that way according to his works, in the line of his works, in the kind of them, — love for love, purity for purity, faith for faith, — heaven, which is perfect holiness, for holiness. Precisely in that temper Paul said, "What is my reward, then, for preaching the gospel? Verily, that when I preach the gospel, I may make the gospel of Christ without charge." So Christ puts the disinterested spirit at the very centre and core of the whole message: Drink of my cup, be baptized with my baptism, — no matter where you sit, on thrones or footstools! Do good, and lend hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great; for ye shall be the children of the Highest.

In this honorable quality, man's Christian service is not disconnected from his best acts in other lines of life. The higher sentiments answer with Antipater of Macedon, who, being presented with a work on happiness, replied that he had no time to study happiness. Those memorable and inspired deeds that waken the world's delight, and live on its tongue, are never done for a price. All heroic achievements, the sublime sacrifices of man for man, of ease for right, of

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life for love, of self for country, stand clear of calculation for reward. The moment History has to say of a man, "He did it for pay, and took his wages, — he played the hero by bargain," — that moment she strikes him from her catalogue of heroes, and kindles her enthusiasm at other fountains. The friendship that gives blood and breath for a friend, the martyrdom that is borne cheerfully for faith, the patriotism that faces death or crucifixions of feeling worse than death, — these and all of the same high race of magnanimities spring from uncalculating affections. So our instincts demand, and so the facts testify. In these august enterprises of the soul, all thought of recompense, and even of obligation, is gone. Moral revolutions are not brought to market. Oppressed peoples are not set free for a consideration. Terrible wrongs are not righted with an eye to the main chance. A state is never made illustrious by its office-seekers. A church will never "arise and shine, the glory of the Lord being risen upon it," through the agency of those who are ambitious to enjoy its dignities and administer its affairs, — whether Hildebrands and Gregorys, or village popes and parish demagogues. And in the quiet joys of every-day life, and the graces of household devotion, the delicious charm and the beauty never lie in the computed service, but in the willing offering for love's dear sake alone.

If these are the nobilities of man elsewhere, we need not hesitate to recognize them as legitimate in our Christianity. Indeed, it is Christianity that interprets and sanctions them. When we go down into its deeps, through the words of Jesus, or through the lives and confessions of its strongest believers, or through a profound experience, we come to the same discovery. Man is meant to live his best life, not because he must, not because he shall smart and ache if he does not, nor yet because he shall be made happy — he, in his little selfish paradise of personal comfort — if he does. Christ's gospel holds another language, offers a more inspiring doctrine, reads man's deeper soul by a heavenlier lamp.

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Its central idea is self-sacrifice. Its everlasting symbol is a cross. Its universal sentiment is love. All its apparatus of punishments and rewards, threats and promises, — which are certainly very real and very frequent, — is to educate us up to that mark, at last. If we are far below it, the law as law must come in to train us up to it. Command, obligation, duty, must rule and discipline us in that elementary stage. The law is our schoolmaster to lead us on to Christ, just as in earthly schools the scholar is taught, by coercion, to live and learn from higher motives. In the framework of a compulsory discipline, he grows up to seek knowledge for its own sake and to study from love of it, which is the highest result of any education. Duties, Christ teaches, must be done as duties, work as work, till in the regenerate spirit of his own self-forgetful devotion we do them spontaneously, or do them even as he died for us, for love.

Here, too, we shall find the peculiar and distinctive ministry which the Christian Revelation brings. Precisely what the world wanted was a being, near, visible, palpable, — good enough, gracious and divine enough, to inspire an affection or a faith of such mighty energy as to breathe in this new motive, and start the moral life of men from a new point. And this came in Christ, our living, suffering Lord. The unseen Jehovah had done much for his people; but in the distant deific Providence man had not seen yet that last and crowning proof of mercy, a willingness to suffer for the beloved's sake. In Christ, in all his humiliation, and most of all at Gethsemane and Calvary, that is embodied. And whosoever has in him the grateful and believing sense of it, is a new creature. He lives again. He lives forever. It is the regeneration. It is the Life Eternal. No more to sit on the right hand or the left of kingly power and splendor, no more for outward reward, no more for fear, no more as a servant obeying the rigorous and literal commandment, but as the loving child, with filial discipleship, he lives for God. All the weighty and striking words of the New Testament

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and its new and divine philosophy are fulfilled in him. He walks with Christ, rooted and built up in him. He has put on the Lord Jesus. Christ is verily formed within him, a new creation, a spiritual, personal life, — which is the life of self-forgetful, of more than obedient, of trusting love.

Nor can it be said, to derogate from the virtuous character of this unsordid fidelity, that it is merely impulsive, and partakes of the fitfulness and uncertainty of impulse. To be spontaneous, and to be impulsive, are not the same thing. The acts of the maturest, most rational, most thoroughly disciplined saint, may be just as spontaneous and just as natural as the simplest instincts of the child. It only requires that the inward life shall be so full, so harmonized, and so holy, that its acts shall proceed, as it were, unconsciously from it, by a choice so constant and ready that the mind does not seem even to choose. In fact, this is probably the highest result of religious discipline. Friction ceases. Effort is lost in free allegiance. Only it is now not instinct only, as in infancy, but the instinct of the convicted soul and principled conscience, of the man "born again of the Spirit" into the kingdom of Christ. It differs from the spontaneity of childhood, just as the purity of the man from the purity of the child. It has been tried by temptation, and had its fight with the world. There has been the struggle of passion and the warfare with evil. Between this and that lie all the conflict and trial and agony and experience of the converted heart and the developed life. They differ as Peter the consistent Apostle, fervent and self-renouncing, from Peter the natural man, hot and self-asserting. Command has been obeyed. Law has done its work. But now constraint is swallowed up in the Christlike eagerness of doing good because it is good, and all things for the Father's glory.

The same principle must be applied to the desire of going to heaven as a motive to religious endeavor. Just so far forth as I desire to go to heaven for the sake of any per-

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sonal pleasures to be enjoyed there, because it is a place where there is more ease, or an endless round of festivities and happy excitements, so far I degrade the true conception of heaven and prepare a certain disappointment for myself. But if we hope for the next life as a scene of larger spiritual freedom, nobler opportunities, and an escape from all sin and meanness, we are right to long for our immortality. The kingdom of Heaven is a state of spiritual purity, not meat and drink. This is the sense in which Christ always holds out to us the promise of a hereafter. "Set your affections on things above," he says, i. e. noble, exalted, disinterested, divine things, — eternal truth, a Christlike life, God's love, angelic holiness, — not easy, comfortable, pleasant, good-tasting things. When he says, "Your reward shall be great in heaven," he is speaking of disinterested conduct, and he means that its whole consciousness and feeling shall be lofty and serene as heaven, — and he assures the spiritually-minded who have faith in him that they shall have eternal life. But he nowhere offers us heaven as a price for good behavior, as foolish parents, or rather wicked parents, i e their children to obey with sweetmeats and toys. It is in no such sense as this that he engages to be a rewarder of them that seek him. The very passage just quoted discredits such a thought; for it says, "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?" There must be spontaneous service. The heart must go into it, uncalculating and ungrudging. You must love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and bless them that curse you, and lend hoping for nothing again. Then you will be children of the Highest; and, precisely because you expected no reward at all, verily your reward shall be great.

There is a striking legend of saintly old Bishop Ivo, who walked with God, and saw through the self-seeking religionists of his time, and longed for larger faith. He describes himself as meeting, one day, a figure in the form of woman, of a sad, earnest aspect, like some prophetess of God, who

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carried a vessel of fire in one hand, and of water in the other. He asked her what these things were for. She answered, The fire is to burn up Paradise, and the water is to quench Hell, — that men may henceforth serve their Maker, not from the selfish hope of the one, nor for the selfish fear of the other, but for love of himself alone. God does not consume Paradise, nor quench Hell. He keeps the fountains of sweet and living waters leaping and flowing in the one; he keeps the awful fires of the other burning. But surely all this promise and penalty do not mean that we are to stop in their discipline, and calculate the price of our obedience. O no! Not while the glorious voice of the Apostle rings out over the centuries, "The love of Christ constraineth me: I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him." Not while the Saviour says to the aspiring heart of the world, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," "hoping for nothing again."

So we come up at last to those acts of the true religion — our Christian religion — which are done in the faith of the heart; and here we reach the highest view of the Divine rewards, simply because God has made these to be their own reward. The reward is in doing them; in the inevitable feeling that goes along with them, far enough from being set about as the end, but interwoven with them by the gracious bounty that ever surprises faithful souls. With all these true acts and emotions of the really spiritually-minded man, it is precisely as it is with any of those acts of common life that the heart goes most into. You cannot speak of any rewards for the love that is the bond of a true marriage, without insulting those to whom you speak. You cannot connect the notion of compensation, pay, with the affection that twines a child's arms about the mother's neck, or that keeps her waiting, in vigils that outwatch the patient stars, over the child's pain or sin, without profaning that affection. You cannot associate the prospect of a

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reward with the heroic humanity which keeps the friendly vessels hanging close, many days and nights, in the frightful companionship of a common peril, to take off the passengers of the imperilled and sinking ship; nor with any generous and brave rescue or sacrifice. Now, to any spiritual estimate, the services of daily piety are as full of the charm and fascination and glory of self-forgetting devotion as any of these. Christ is nearer than wife or husband. The Father in heaven is more real, and infinitely holier and tenderer, than the human mother. All fellow-souls in moral misery or sin need help more urgently than the shipwrecked company. And so, if our piety is real, like Christ's piety, it must be just as self-oblivious, as hearty, as spontaneous and free, as that. And then it will have a more unspeakable, glorious, infinite reward.

These, then, are the Divine Rewards. They are rewards in kind. They are large just according to the spirituality of our lives, the zeal of our worship, the strength of our faith. They are interior, not visible. They are incidental, not sought. They are of nobleness, rather than of happiness. Sometimes "the Rewarder of them that diligently seek him" will reward the true Christian soul by giving him a strengthening and encouraging consciousness of harmony with the Divine will; sometimes by taking him out from under the power of temptation, or a straitened self-accusation, and setting his feet in a large place; sometimes by redoubling his spiritual energy and quickening his Christian activity, breathing a prompter zeal into all the secret forces of his being, through the unseen agencies of the Holy Spirit; sometimes by giving him a blessed sense of renunciation, of having given up all to Him to whom all of right belongs, together with an exalted sense of liberty from all limitations of appetite and ambition; sometimes by affording us greater satisfaction in our appointed struggles and our every-day drudgery; and sometimes, too, by granting us — provided we do not ask it too eagerly, as if it were better for us than

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toil — an inward peace, or rest from care and from strife and from fear, passing all understanding, — such as the world never gave.

I have read of a devoted sister of charity, who, year after year, attended a division of the army of France in every campaign, to care for the wounded and watch with the sick. Her energy, courage, gentleness, and presence of mind saved many lives, and gained her the reverence and admiration of officers and men. On the field of slaughter and agony, her impartial, Christlike compassion made no distinction between her own people and the enemy; and three foreign empires — Russia, Austria, and Prussia — conferred upon her crosses of honor. From her own nation it was contrary to the rules of her order that she should receive any badge or decoration, as a reward for her services. But the gratitude of the generous soldiers found out a way to remunerate her as beautiful as it was appropriate. Knowing well whence her lofty pleasures sprang, they petitioned and obtained for her, from the Minister of War, the privilege of pardoning, every year, two criminals condemned to death. This is what I mean by rewards *in kind*. It gives us, I think, some feeble conception of what may be the noble joy and the spiritual recompense of heaven.

> "For when the power of imparting good
> Is equal to the will, the human soul
> Requires no other heaven."

"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us."

But, O greater mystery yet, which faith must still accept or die, — for God leads us to himself through ways that we know not, — he rewards us sometimes, in his deepest love, only by setting us to the performance of larger and harder tasks; only by beckoning us on to steeper heights, with sharper rocks, where we must climb; only by handing down to us grander opportunities of endurance; only by calling us on and up, with his own animating voice, to some more splendid,

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because more grievous sacrifices. These also, to the truly brave and truly consecrated heart, are rewards. On the heads of some of his children God sets special sufferings as crowns of honor, as signs what great things he has yet in reserve for them, because he will make these crosses ladders of light whereby they shall ascend nearer to himself. And to all that are truly his, when he would give his greatest reward, he gives himself, the Holy Spirit, in his Son. Or, if we will have it set in music, we shall find it in a brave and lofty hymn of Francis Xavier: —

"My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love thee not
Must burn eternally.

"Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace; —
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony, —
E'en death itself, — and all for one
Who was thine enemy!

"Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Shall I not love thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell, —
Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward, —
But as thyself hast lovéd me,
O ever-loving Lord!"

It is well to seek salvation; — that old phraseology is not mistaken. Only we must remember salvation is not a thrifty, self-promoting concern, by which we just graze and enter the gates of Eden, and get somehow landed in a place of comfort, where there is no hard work. Christian salvation is a spiritual state, here or hereafter, where nobler and heartier

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service can be done for God and man. That is a weighty saying of St. Augustine: "God counts among the reprobate not only those who have received their comfort on earth, but those who grieve because they have not." It is right to exhort men to make sure their calling and election in heaven. Only, we must remember, heaven is not a spot to lie down in, and there, on our couches, tuning our harps, to think how much misery we have personally escaped. The Christian heaven is an exalted society of self-sacrificing spirits, bound together in mutual fellowship by their common consecration to Him who is above them, where each accepted soul will go from strength to strength, run and not be weary, toil and not faint, aspire and not be baffled, do good and not be misinterpreted, and will be assimilated in ever closer and closer affinity to Him who is its Light and Life, in whom whosoever liveth and believeth shall never die.

Reconsider, then, I pray you, whether, having all broken the heavenly command so often and so long, we can so much as speak or think of compensation at all; or, if we do, whether it will not vitiate all our aims. Let us fearlessly carry our standard beyond the old line of our inferior moods. Let us speak and think rather of service, of grateful aspiration, of devout trust, of unselfish love. Readjust your measurements of the honors and deservings of the heart. And if any of us find we are asking for a religion that shall make us comfortable, or put us at ease, be sure we are asking, out of a false spirit, what no reverential prayer should dare to petition, — what cannot be, — and we are no longer in a posture to receive the Master's gifts, nor the favor of our God. For of our Christian religion the badge is a cross, — even as self-forgetfulness is the spirit, love is the motive, disinterestedness is the principle, faith is the inmost spring, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" the first lesson and the last.

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WELCOME! welcome! glorious day,
Which gave Messias birth!
Angels! waft to your starry bowers
The choral songs of earth.
The soul — the free, free soul — shakes off
The fettering chains of sin;
The crystal gates of bliss are oped,
To let the ransomed in.

Ye floods, lift up your voices now;
O clap your hands, ye hills!
A glory resteth on the isles, —
The sea and land it fills.
Earth, earth sends forth a thrilling shout,
The blue skies echo back; —
Light, golden light, is resting now
On the Redeemer's track.

In the far wilds of Palestine
Breaks forth a joyous cry,
Prepare! prepare! a King, a King
Leaves the bright courts on high!
Heaven's host with sparkling lyres bend low,
The angel's song to pour, —
"Glad tidings we bring down to earth,
Now, now and evermore!"

He comes! he comes! the Prince of Peace,
God's well-beloved Son:
Nor gems nor costly robes adorn
Christ, Christ, the Anointed One!
Yet, lo! the star-led Magi bring
Rich gold and spices sweet,
And, kneeling, worship and adore
At the Redeemer's feet.

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Shall we for whom the angels sang
The chorus of the skies, —
Shall we for whom, in the deep waste,
Were heard the prophet's cries,
Proclaiming to the guilt-stained soul,
"Repent and be forgiven," —
Shall we refuse to crown him King,
This Lord of earth and heaven?

Star! star of our salvation! still
Shine on, shine on forever:
Messias, let thy kingdom come,
And pass away, O never!
Till the ransomed of the earth go forth,
With songs and shouts of praise, —
One temple and one altar shrine
To God the Father raise.

* * *

THE POET.

As one who 'midst a choir alone doth sing,
When voices harsh fill all his soul with pain,
So that from even a note he would refrain,
And flee away as with a dove's swift wing,
Yet for Religion's sake you see him stay,
And try to raise her service what he may; —
So doth the Poet live amidst his age!
Though at the first his lyre he scarce can hear,
He does not drown its discords in his rage,
Nor fly where they will not offend his ear;
But for their very sakes who spoil his songs,
His heaven-taught strain he more and more prolongs;
Till one by one they with his pæan blend,
And all in one harmonious concert end.

J. V.

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RANDOM READINGS.

THE BROOKLYN PULPIT.

"WHAT has given such power to the Brooklyn pulpit?" was pertinently asked at the last annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. The Brooklyn pulpit answers for itself: —

"Here, then, is the teaching of the New Testament in respect to the Lord Jesus Christ: God, looking in love upon his family upon earth, descended into the world, clothed his soul in the habiliments of the flesh, subjected it to the conditions of natural law, lived among men, loved them, taught them, suffered and died for them, was raised up out of death and the grave, went up on high, has received all power again, being restored to the glory which he had with God from the foundation of the world, and now lives to make intercession for us. That is my creed and belief in respect to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"In view of this, I remark that, as it is by the *personal* power of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the hearts of his children that he works all goodness in them, so all attempts to live a religious life which leave out this living, personal, present sympathy of the Christ-heart with our human heart, will be relatively imperfect. Men's lives will be imperfect enough, at any rate; but when they neglect this vital inspiration, it seems scarcely possible to live at all with religious comfort. Our religious joy never springs from the conception of what we are, but of what God is. No man's life, attainments, purposes, or virtues can yield him full peace. It is the conviction that we are loved of God, personally by name and nature, with a full Divine insight of our real weakness, wickedness, and inferiority, that brings peace. Nor will this become settled and immovable until men know and feel that God loves them from a nature in himself, from a Divine tendency to love the poor and sinful, that he may rescue and heal them. God is called a Sun. His heart, always warm, brings summer to the most barren places. He is inexhaustible in goodness, and his patience beyond all human conception. If he is our friend and lover, if he conducts our life from a fidelity that belongs to his nature, and not from reasons existing in us, then our trust will stand in the majesty and certainty of Divine goodness, and not in unworthy moral conditions in ourselves.

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"It is not because God is indifferent to moral qualities that he loves sinners. His love is medicinal. His life is a world-nursing life. He cleanses whom he loves, that he may love yet more. God's nature is infinitely healing and cleansing. They that are brought in contact with the Divine heart feel it by the growth that instantly begins in them. And his Being is so capacious, that all the want of all sinful creatures, through endless ages, neither exhausts nor wearies him. Ten thousand armies might bathe in the ocean, and neither sully its purity nor exhaust its cleansing power. But the ocean is but a cup by the side of God's heart. Realms and orbs may bathe and rise into purity! No words will ever hint or dimly paint the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of Christ. It is love that pours, endless and spontaneous, just as sunlight does, — simply because God is love! By the side of Christ a mother's love, that on earth shines high above all other, as a star above night-candles, is in comparison like those glimmering, expiring stars when the sun shines them into radiant eclipse! In the bosom of such a God there is salvation for every one that will trust him! And what chances of safety or purity are there for those who reject him, — who light their own candle, and walk in its pale glimmer, rather than in the noonday glory of God in Christ?

"All attempts to base a life of rectitude upon mere conscience, — good and noble as conscience is in its applications to secular life; all attempts to become a Christian on the ground of duty to your convictions of right and wrong; all attempts to live in conformity to certain moral rules, — lead to a state of bondage. No real liberty can be in Christian life till Christ turns all *duty* into love. Conscience and Law are sworn friends. But Love makes performance of right so quick and spontaneous, that Law is always behindhand. Love *does* what Law, lagging behind her glowing steps, tells sluggards and ingrates they *must* do. Indeed, Love gives Law its enactments, and tells it what to proclaim, and love is the fulfilling of the Law!"

THE FROZEN TEAR.

CHILDREN, please to read the following. Children large and grown up need not pass it over. Thanksgiving season is a very good time to thaw frozen tears. We culled this flower from an old Christian Register some time ago. It purports to be a true story verified.

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THE SKATERS.

My child, (the good old man did say,)
  My child, come near to me,
Come tell thy father what this day
  Has pleasant been to thee.

Father, (the buxom boy replied,)
  When school was done and o'er,
With a merry shout and a joyous stride
  We ran for the frozen shore.

Down on the knee we in a trice
  Buckled the binding strap,
And away we went on the glary ice
  With a whoop, hallo, and clap.

And curious figures we did cut
  As ever were cut by skate,
The circle now, then heel to heel,
  And now the figure eight.

And away we went, — nor felt no fall.
  There 's a hole; take care! take care!
Look out! look out! there comes the ball;
  O, what a bound was there!

And thus we warmed the cold away;
  Our cheeks were rosy red;
But there was one whose feet did stay,
  Nor on the ice did tread.

Why stand you there upon the snow,
  You timid one, and cold?
Come, venture here, and we will show
  And learn you to be bold.

Away we went upon the race,
  With scarce a look behind,
But still the boy in the same place
  To stand was yet inclined.

I could not brook to see him so;
  And to him went and said,
To the same school we both do go,
  To sports the same are led.

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And then it was upon his cheek
I saw the *frozen tear;*
He did not try, — why should he speak
When nature speaks so clear?

The tear its story did relate
In language strong and true;
No sled had he, nor yet a skate, —
To buy he was too poor.

My Hollanders of burnished steel
Now on his feet appear; —
O, 't is a pleasant thing to feel
I 've thawed that frozen tear!

Well done, my boy! thus ever live;
Such actions never grieve;
Know thou it is more sweet to give
Than ever to receive.

And when thy cheek, my child, to-night
Doth thy soft pillow press,
Sink thou to sleep in pure delight,
For God thy deed will bless.

MEN AND WOMEN.

THE doctrine of Swedenborg, that "man is truth from love, and woman is love from truth," would in this concise statement be very enigmatical to most people. Mr. Fernald, in his very interesting chapter on marriage, expands and illustrates it. We have an annual deluge of nonsense and absurdity about the equality of the sexes, which will have this good result, however, that it will turn attention and earnest thought upon this subject, till the discovery is made that women cannot be improved into men, nor men into women, and that to ask whether one is the equal of the other, were about as sensible as to ask whether a pound sterling were equal to a pound avoirdupois. They belong to different denominations, and we might try to work them in the same equation till the day of doom, without getting the answer.

"There are but two principles which constitute the Divine Nature,

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and these are the Divine Love and Wisdom. Both man and woman receive of both these in an eminent degree. It is the predominance of one over the other which constitutes the difference of sex; and also the remarkable fact, that with man his love is inmost, and with woman her wisdom is inmost; or with man it is love with a covering of wisdom, and with woman wisdom with a covering of love. Any one may notice this from the fact that man in his social life is not at all unsusceptible of love; it glows in his breast with great vigor and strength, but it does not manifest itself so readily and easily; it flows not from him with such constant and effortless exuberance; and it is more apt to be selfish and withdrawn. Woman, on the other hand, outflows with her nature, as though affection came first and uppermost; it is all on the outside; not in a superficial sense, but in a sense of 'first have, first give.' She does not wait to have it well up through the great deeps of thought, of a calculating intellect, and many prior considerations; she is too frequently the dupe of her own quick affections for *not* so doing; but being first placed, it first flows, ever ready, spontaneous, free, and graceful. But to show that she has wisdom beneath all this, and very deeply, it is only sufficient to notice how admirably reflection comes, looking as it were *through* that love to the subjects that love was first taken with. How fondly *contemplative* of such objects of affection! Her intellect seems to have love's eye, while man's love has intellect's eye. And in company with men, though she is not disposed to converse so much on the higher subjects that come within the range of his intelligence, yet her concealed wisdom shows itself in that appreciative listening which is sometimes so terrible!"

"OLD JOHN BROWN."

NOT any spot six feet by two
  Will hold a man like thee:
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
  From the Blue Ridge to the sea,
Till the strong angel comes at last
  And opes each dungeon door,
And God's "Great Charter" holds and waves
  O'er all his humble poor.

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And then the humble poor will come
In that far-distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave
They 'll brush the leaves away,
And gray old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine-tree shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes
Where "old John Brown" was laid.

S.

WAIT AND SEE!

SUPPOSE some speculative, over-curious, wandering angel had wandered earthward during the ages that the geologist speaks of, would he not have been very likely to have asked, Of what use can such a world as this ever be? He would have found our planet covered with an unbroken sea, and inhabited by creatures scarcely animate, — *graptolites*, i. e. carved stone coffins, for so they have become and are called by us, having their dwellings in the weeds, *polyps* patiently building up coral reefs, *crinoids*, lily-shaped *echinoderms*, *trilobites*, extinct species all of them now, sole occupants of the earth then, — not a very hopeful state of things! What could he have made of it all? Nothing. Happy for him if some Wise One might come and whisper in his ear, *Wait and see!*

Well, wait! Wait for ages! Wait until patience seems to be scarcely a virtue any longer! And what has been gained? The angel has wandered earthward again. At first, things look a little more promising. Here are vast forests, a most magnificent and luxuriant vegetation, — a glorious sight, were there only discerning eyes to gaze upon it! But alas! what means this? The destroyer is at work. The decree has gone forth, and these gigantic trees, a mighty host, yield before the rushing tides, and are swept down into the valleys and water-beds. Of what use! saith the questioner, not without a certain tone of triumph and confidence, an ill-disguised sense of satisfaction that nothing has come of it all as yet. *Wait and see!* again counsels the Wise One.

Ages upon ages the chaotic planet rolls on incomplete, yet undestroyed, teeming with its strange forms of life, — monsters we call them now, — gaining the least possible with every journey round the sun, for when the Creator goes forth from the depths of Absolute Being

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by his creative Word, and the Infinite becomes finite, it pleases Him to move, as we say, slowly. A thousand years are as one day. Ages upon ages come to an end. Graptolites and trilobites are gone, but in their stead a race which, degraded as it is in many of its members, points to heroes, saints, and sages numberless. Graptolites and trilobites are gone, but in their stead Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Socrates, Bacon, Fénelon, Howard, Washington! *Wait and see* man created in the image and growing into the likeness of God! *Wait and see* the sons of God for whose manifestation a groaning and travailing creation longed! See HIM, the perfect Image of Deity, the realized ideal of Humanity, the Son of God, the Son of Man, to whom our curious angel must render honor! So much hath already come of waiting. Ought not the experience to rebuke our impatient questioning, and calm our fears about the world's future?

Wait and see! The world does advance, though slowly. A positive improvement can be demonstrated in some matters concerning which decline and degeneracy have been most confidently asserted. The much-vaunted armor in which the old knights were encased is too small for our improved frames. Men are larger than they once were, not smaller, as some will have it. Macaulay tells us that the difference in point of health between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is greater than the difference between London in ordinary years and London in the cholera. From 1776 to 1843 the duration of life increased in France at the average rate of fifty-two days annually. Discouraging assertions are for the most part sustained by picked facts, selected from the pages of history for a purpose, and, because selected for a purpose, not fair specimens of the mass. The worst institutions have their south and sunny side. The loyalty of the old serf was a very pleasant thing, though even this, it is likely, we appreciate better than he did; but brutal ignorance, periodical famines, plagues, and perpetual wars were not good things. It is easy to draw a very fascinating picture of old Catholic Europe, but it would hardly answer to put into this picture an *auto da fé*, like that, for instance, in the great square of Valladolid, in the times and in the presence of his most Catholic Majesty, Philip the Second of Spain. What should we say to such a horror in this city of Boston, in this nineteenth century of Christianity? The world has improved. It will improve in ways more than we can think of. The tabernacle of God is with men.

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At all events, *wait and see.* The Future shall interpret the Past, just as the coal which burns so cheerfully in your grate, as you muse by the fireside, interprets for you the destruction of all those mighty forests that ages ago covered the earth. *Wait and see.* Yet labor meanwhile; for we can always see a pathway of duty, and light enough to guide our steps is ever given. E.

LAST DAYS AND LAST WORDS.

We have reached, as it seems almost in a moment, the last month of the Religious Magazine for Eighteen Fifty-nine, and before we shall again be able to address our readers we shall have written "1860" as the name of the new twelvemonth. Our pleasant task is done, and yet done only to be recommenced, if we are permitted to enter upon the new time. We are glad to learn that the number of those who are willing to read our word is steadily increasing, and this knowledge emboldens us still to put it before the eyes of all to whose condition it may be fitted. Would we could think that any are one half as glad to read as we are to write, in the freedom which is so abundantly accorded to us, — a freedom that recognizes no metes and bounds save those of Christ and his Spirit. Is it not singularly desirable that there should be one religious journal that shall address men and women, not in the name of a sect, or as members of a sect, but in the name of that dear Master and Lord who is for all of us the Mediator, and the only Mediator, between our wayward souls and the Heavenly Father? Is it not singularly desirable that the attention of Christians should be often and earnestly solicited for what they hold in common? Not, we hope, with the liberality of indifference, nor yet with that patronizing, Pharisaic spirit which saith, I am more advanced than thou art, and above these petty sectarian strifes! but out of a very earnest conviction that there is an experience of the heart and life in which believers are at one, we would try to save ourselves and others, by learning and by uttering the truth. If we have done ever so little in this direction, we have cause for gratitude and encouragement to say on.

It is the last month. Would that each one of us might find it a month of growth! The tree of life, it is written, bore twelve manner of fruits, and yielded its fruit every month. It is the last month, and

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yet it is a twelfth part of the year. These last days may redeem all that have gone before. Old year's homilies are for the most part preached too late. No time is left to practise upon their lessons. There is an advantage in pronouncing them whilst there are still days to be redeemed. If you have suffered the sun to go down upon your wrath, contrary to the injunction of the Apostle, let it not be with the circuit as well as with the revolution of that glorious symbol of Divine Light and Love! And yet do not say, There is no cause for haste, — are there not yet thirty-one days? For what assurance has any one of us of to-morrow? "I must work the work of Him that sent me," said the Saviour, "whilst it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Gold-Foil, hammered from Popular Proverbs. By TIMOTHY TITCOMB. New York: Charles Scribner. — These are essays on various subjects, written in a style easy, flowing, and sometimes beautiful, setting forth important truths, now with a quaint humor, and again with solemnity and unction. Mr. Holland is an earnest believer, and we rejoice to find vital and saving truths commended in a style so pleasing to the popular mind. The essays also evince considerable insight into human nature, and as descriptions of character and manners will be read with much pleasure and edification. There are twenty-eight of the essays, among which, to show the range of topics, we specify, "The Infallible Book," "Patience," "The Ideal Christ," "Providence," "The Way to grow Old," "Home," "The Secret of Popularity," "The Great Mystery." S.

The Word of the Spirit to the Church. By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — The Spirit above the Church and its rituals, is the doctrine which Mr. Bartol unfolds and enforces, sometimes with a pith and flavor worthy of old Fuller himself. We have read with delight, and we believe with entire assent, every word that is here written, but with the feeling that the writer has described the highest results of the Christian life and experience, without taking

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sufficiently into account the means and processes through which we get them. To be filled by the Spirit, and be led by it, is the Christian's last and highest privilege. *How shall he arrive at that state?* — A question that opens the whole matter of discipline, doctrine, ritual, experience, prayer, to whom and by what methods, struggle, regeneration, and union with Christ. To be led by the Spirit, and to have it as a new "incarnation" in all we do, is a beautiful ideal state which none of us have yet attained. How shall we come into it? Mr. Bartol could not tell us everything in these eighty-six pages, and we thank him for this strain of sweet music out of a high interior life; but a great many will ask, on closing the book, "How did you get there?" S.

Religious and Moral Sentences culled from the Works of Shakespeare, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ. From the English Edition, with an Introduction by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. — If the object of this book were to recommend the Bible by the patronage of Shakespeare, we should think it worse than useless. But it is rather to recommend Shakespeare, and the Bible incidentally, by showing how Shakespeare's imagination gained vigor and splendor from the Scriptures. The parallel passages are sometimes fancifully drawn, but the reader will have a book of choice quotations, and may compare them for himself. S.

Self-Education. Translated from the French of DEGERANDO, by ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Third Edition, with Additions. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — The name of the author of this treatise is identified with the cause of public instruction in his native country. He founded the system of public schools for France, and the end he worked for and the immense amount of his philanthropic labors resemble, says Miss Peabody, those of our own Horace Mann.

The treatise is divided into three parts. Part First treats of the nature of the human faculties; Part Second, of their employment; Part Third, of the culture of the moral powers. It is a treatise on mental and moral philosophy, as well as self-education. It has throughout the French sparkle and perspicuity, which the translator has preserved in her exceedingly vigorous and graceful English. Almost every chapter is an eloquent incitement to the study of one's self, and the attainment and practice of excellence. In some of his

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statements the author does not win our assent; touching the nature of self-love, we should side with Fénelon rather than Degerando. But every chapter suggests and quickens, and in this respect reminds us of the brilliant pages of Mr. Mann himself. S.

Dialogues, Essays, and Stories, Original and Selected. By SOPHIA WHITE. Boston: George Phinney. — This is a little book of 220 pages, written for children, designed to interest them in the doctrines of the New Church, and illustrate them to a child's comprehension. We should think it very well adapted to its end. S.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India; being Extracts from the Letters of the Late MAJOR W. S. R. HODSON, B. A. Edited by his brother, REV. GEORGE H. HODSON, M. A. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Major Hodson was one of the brave men who fell at the battle around the walls of Lucknow, in 1858. He was distinguished, not only as a brave officer, but as a man of almost miraculous personal influence. His name "was known, either in love or in fear, by every native from Calcutta to Cabul." The brother who compiles the biography has almost unbounded reverence and affection for the subject of it, and the letters certainly depict a character in which energy, bravery, generosity, and tenderness of affection were rarely combined. S.

The Money-King, and Other Poems. By JOHN G. SAXE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Mr. Saxe evidently takes Hood for his model. "Ho-ho of the Golden Belt," and "Tom Brown's Day in Gotham," are set to the tune of "The Tale of a Trumpet," and the sparkle of wit and pun are worthy of Hood himself. The satire in "The Money-King" and "The Press" is sometimes tolerably keen. Mr. Saxe's aim, however, evidently is not to inform or instruct, but to amuse rather, and he generally succeeds. Innocent laughter is good and healthful, provided it be hearty enough, and we do not see that Mr. Saxe uses his gift for the purpose of exciting any other. S.

Stories of Henry and Henrietta. Translated from the French of ABEL DUFRESNE, by H. B. A., with Illustrations, from Designs by Billings. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1860. — These stories will be ready in abundant season for Christmas, and we heartily commend them to all who are engaged in that somewhat difficult

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enterprise of selecting a book for a child, — a book at once level with his comprehension, and not beneath his human dignity and capacity. Henry and Henrietta, as one might guess from the names, will not satisfy those who must have *sensation* stories; children can read them and go to sleep quietly in their beds, without fear of dreadful visions, and for this we like them. We have not read the French, but the English is good, and evidently accurate. We are confident that the little volume will prove a valuable addition to juvenile literature, and all the more, because it will not need to be accompanied by a grammar and dictionary, or a living expositor. E.

True Womanhood: a Tale by JOHN NEAL. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — "A Tale by John Neal" will touch a chord of memory in a great many minds, and bring up very vividly old scenes and associations. Mr. Neal says he is not at all satisfied with those old stories, Logan, Seventy-Six, Brother Jonathan, &c., and, instead of revising them, prefers to write a new and a better one to justify the good opinion of his friends. Whether Womanhood is really such, we cannot judge as yet, for we are only in the third chapter now as we are going to press. The events which occurred in the commercial paroxysm of 1857 – 58, and the religious awakening that followed, furnish the occasions and incidents through which to set forth what true womanhood is equal to, and we hope to find that the well-known genius of the writer has done justice to so good a theme. S.

PAMPHLETS.

A Church Memorial, consisting of the History of the First Unitarian Congregational Society in the City of Nashua, N. H., with Articles, Covenant, and Statement of Faith; to which are added Letters from Past and Present Pastors. Nashua. 1859. — Positive Theology of the Christian sort.

Address Commemorative of Rufus Choate, by THEOPHILUS PARSONS, delivered before the Students of the Law School of Harvard University, at their request, September 29th, 1859. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

The Free-Will Baptist Quarterly. October, 1859.

A Sermon of Old Age, preached January 29, 1854. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. 1859.

ERRATUM.

On page 106, line 17, of the August Number, for "Miss Lowell," read "Miss Sewall, author of Gertrude, &c."

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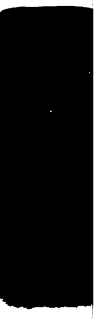
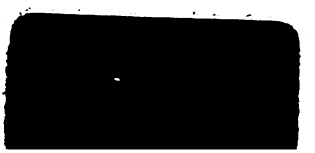
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